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THE
GRANITE MONTHLY

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE MAGAZINE

VOLUME LIII.

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1921

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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The

Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

GOVERNOR BARTLETT'S ADMINISTRATION

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

CONCORD, N. H.

This Number, 20 Cents

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Entered at the post-office at Concord, N. H., as second-class mail matter

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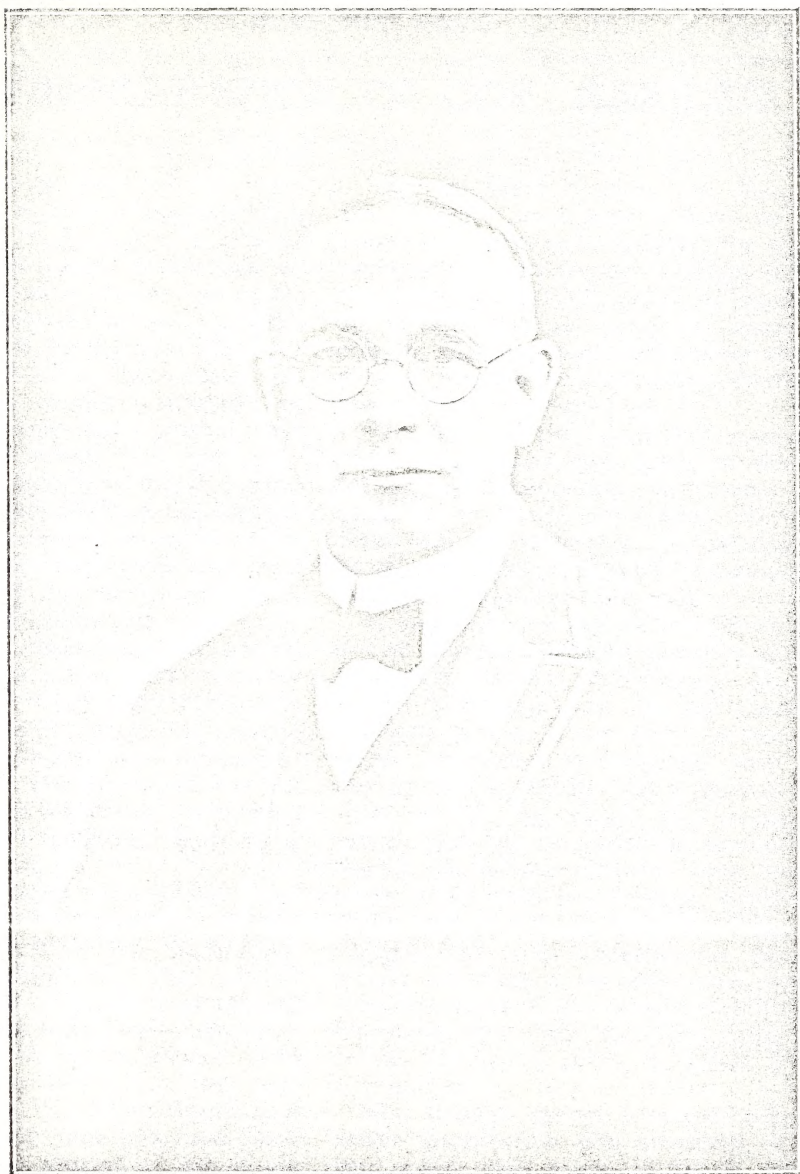
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HIS EXCELLENCY, JOHN H. BARTLETT,
GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1919-1920.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIII.

JANUARY, 1921

No. 1

THE ADMINISTRATION OF GOV. BARTLETT

By H. C. Pearson.

Within the memory of the present generation, New Hampshire has had no chief executive, who attained more widespread distinction as a public speaker than Governor John H. Bartlett, whose administration ended on January 6th.

New Hampshire governors always are in constant demand to speak at gatherings within and without the state. If our governors accepted all of these invitations that come to them during the two years they are in office, they would have time for little else than preparing and delivering addresses.

Governor Bartlett has been quite as popular a choice to grace special functions and important gatherings with his own constituents, as have been his predecessors; and he has also been in frequent demand to speak outside the state, and has accepted enough of these invitations to make him a national figure as a platform orator.

I am informed on reliable authority that the director of the speakers' bureau of the Republican National Committee, has stated that Governor Bartlett was ranked as one of the four most effective campaigners the Republicans had in the country last fall. This will be no surprise to New Hampshire people, for they have long had Governor Bartlett placed in the front rank of public speakers.

Governor Bartlett, in whatever sort of gatherings he finds himself, and whether the notice is long or short, always has something interesting to say and he says it in a thoroughly pleasing and effective manner.

Two of his addresses to New Hampshire audiences, however, stand out most prominently, not to mention his inaugural message to the 1919 Legislature, which outlined an administration program about equally pleasing and displeasing to a large number of those who heard him deliver the message.

The first of the specially noteworthy addresses was made at the Labor day celebration in Contoocook River Park, on Labor day, 1919, and the other was his address to the Merrimack County Pomona Grange in Concord last year.

It required courage of a high order to discuss the labor question as Governor Bartlett did before the Labor Unionists, for he did not hesitate to tell them that in too many instances workingmen were not giving anything like a fair return for the big wages they were being paid. It was not the sort of speech an orator desirous only to make a hit with his hearers would make, but it did come in for wide reading and commendation for the timely warning it carried, and it is to the credit of the Concord Labor Unionists that they took the counsel in the broad spirit in which it was given.

The Grange speech attained still wider distribution, the members of the order who heard it being so deeply impressed with its splendid Americanism and the effectiveness of its summary of world conditions, then even more chaotic than at present, that almost before the speaker had taken his seat, they voted unanimously and enthusiastically to have copies printed and

sent to every Granger in New Hampshire. The New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association also had the address attractively reprinted and sent to many similar organizations and Chambers of Commerce throughout the country.

Here in New Hampshire Governor Bartlett has been counted an able political campaigner for some time, but until he became his state's chief executive he had done little, if any, campaigning outside the state. When Governor Coolidge was so viciously beset in the campaign following his courageous action in the Boston police strike, and the Republican leaders, fearful that the exponents of disorder bade fair to triumph in the election, were sending out frantic calls for help everywhere, Governor Bartlett responded and went into Massachusetts to help his fellow Governor.

His first assignment was to address an unimportant meeting near Springfield. He made one of the speeches, we in New Hampshire would call a characteristic Bartlett speech, which is to say "hot stuff." But it was a revelation to the Massachusetts politicians. The Bartlett itinerary was immediately revised and throughout the remaining ten days of the campaign he was in the thick of the fight, winding up with Governor Coolidge at the big final rally in Faneuil Hall, the night before election.

What he did in Massachusetts became known to the national committee managers, and, last fall, Governor Bartlett was early invited to go out on the big speakers' circuit. He accepted gladly and was used every night he could be away from New Hampshire during the last three weeks of the cam-

paign. He made no less than six addresses in New York City and numerous others in New York State, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, being used, when possible, in supposedly close and doubtful localities.

It is on the strength of what Governor Bartlett did in the Coolidge governorship campaign and the national campaign last year, that those cognizant of what is likely to be awarded New England in the way of important appointments by the Harding administration, expect Governor Bartlett to be one of those in this section who will be offered special distinction.

From the foregoing there might be an inference drawn that all of Governor Bartlett's time has been devoted to making speeches during the past two years. That is wide of the truth, however, for he had in hand many affairs of large importance to the state's welfare, and, invariably he has handled them with the prompt efficiency to be looked for from one with his political, legal and business training.

Not everybody, by any means, has always agreed with Governor Bartlett's viewpoint. As a matter of true statement there has been very wide divergence from his views on some questions, but those who have disagreed with him never have questioned his honesty of purpose, nor his courage in carrying out his ideas, whether the storm headed his way was one of approval or disapproval.

He welcomed Devalera and Rockefeller and Edison and Burroughs with even grace when they visited the state, and he was no less gracious in sending an invitation to the

Prince of Wales to come to New Hampshire, when the Prince was in Canada.

Governor Bartlett himself has given a comprehensive outline of what he deems the important official acts of his administration, in his farewell address to the Legislature, which is printed herewith as an important part of the historical record of New Hampshire. The Governor said:

The administration which is now ending has dealt with that two-year period of New Hampshire's history immediately following the victorious conclusion of the most devastating and deadly world war. The next biennial period which is entrusted to my worthy successor and to you, will also have its very serious problems. In passing to others the insignia of office and public trust, it becomes our duty to give at least a brief report of our stewardship, and to endow you with such recital concerning our experience as may be helpful in continuing without impairment the progress of the ship of state.

In accordance with the law, the departments have already prepared reports in detail of their service within the jurisdictional limits defined by statute. These reports must all be studied by one who seeks to know the condition of the state, I express no opinion of the departmental requests for appropriations.

The retiring administration began by the enactment of certain laws and the making of certain appropriations which may be found in the pamphlet entitled "Laws of 1919." Your work begins where this volume ends.

Two pieces of legislation enacted during the past two years will undoubtedly stand forever towering at mountain height above all others. I refer to "suffrage" and to "prohibition." These are history. With a strong public sentiment behind

them, and because they are so manifestly right in principle, there can be little doubt that they will be allowed to remain as completed and settled issues.

Next in importance as marking a real epoch in our state was the adoption of the principles of "Americanization," "Equalization," and "Supervision" with relation to our school system. At a time when reconstruction measures of the surest objective were desperately sought as necessities of continued national existence, this legislation was particularly fortunate, and has made New Hampshire somewhat of a pioneer in the new era of schools following the war.

Of the soundness of the principles, there can be no question. Of the wisdom of making the state the educational unit, and directing center of all public schools it would seem there could be no doubt. Of the advisability of having a state school board of practical business men to act as an administrative and judicial bulwark, there can scarcely be any difference of opinion. An organization of highly trained professional, and more or less technical educators requires the solid backing of courage and common sense which should always exist in a state board, and which I believe does exist in our board which consists of Messrs. Streeter, Hutchins, Fry, Lessard and Paine. I desire here to express my deep appreciation of their splendid service.

With reference to finances, particularly, the new school law is not well understood because of the fact that it consolidates lines of work formerly done separately, and in other matters acts as a kind of clearing house. It might seem to the casual observer to have added more to the expenses of the state than it really has.

The law compels universal supervision. Prior to it, there was no

supervision in a large number of places and those were the ones that most needed it. This additional supervision costs someone about \$70,000. The law provides for paying for all supervision in the state by a \$2-per-child tax. This method distributes the expense so that the more favored centers, to some extent, aid in bearing the burden of less favored communities. Experience has proven that \$2 is not enough for this purpose unless the salaries of the superintendents are to be reduced. The State Board decided that men having such important work to do should be men who are worth \$2,000,—should be men of that size. The law permits the districts or unions to increase this sum by bearing one-half the increase themselves. The fact that every union in the state has itself increased this minimum salary, entirely relieves the State Board of any criticism that they are too high.

You have a right, if you desire, to amend the law making the districts pay all the increase, or you may reduce the minimum if you desire. But in doing so you are sending cheaper men into these important fields to feed the minds of future Americans. There are sixty-four supervisory unions. The salaries amounted last year to \$186,596, which was about \$40,000 in excess of the receipts from the \$2 tax. The State Board collects the tax and pays the superintendents who were formerly paid from the city or town treasuries.

The "equalization" feature of the law is as large as you care to make it. Many poor towns cannot have decent schools unless the state aids them. Last year \$283,000 was used for this purpose. This amount does very good work. I note that the Board this year suggests \$400,000. This would do excellent work. It is your problem.

The actual additional expense for

administering the department is only about \$15,000 more than the old system of administration.

The State Board carried on without interruption the work of the former Department of Public Instruction, including the direction of the two normal schools, the administration of the child labor and mother's aid laws, and the inspection and approval of high schools.

The state aid has made possible a thirty-six-week year for all children, giving 6500 rural school children at least four weeks more of schooling than the districts have ever been able to give them before.

The Board has caused 526 of the 1117 school buildings in use to be improved or remodeled along better lines.

It has formulated and put into operation plans for the systematic improvement of the health of school children. It has brought to clinics 117 children. It has extended health supervision until it has reached 98 per cent of our public school children.

It has been able to so combine the districts of the state into supervisory unions that economical supervision is for the first time possible. It has employed well trained and experienced superintendents for all unions.

For the first time it has certified or licensed all teachers in our public schools. It has improved the quality of instruction by accepting as teachers only those who meet fixed standards of education and training. The morale of the profession has been improved.

It has brought Americanization ideals to thousands of foreign-born and has increased the attendance at evening schools from 1500 to 6000.

It has secured co-operative working relations with the parochial schools of the Roman Catholic church and with other private schools, and has sympathetically

inspected and reported on all such schools. I officially commend this patriotic co-operation.

It has accomplished these results in a period of advancing costs at a total increase in expense to state and districts of about 21 per cent.

The worst abuse of advancing costs is in connection with the law compelling the transportation of school children. The total cost of all transportation of pupils in the state in 1916 was \$90,000, but by 1920 it had increased to \$195,000. There must be some wrong here somewhere. For your information only, I quote a few other figures. The total cost of all schools in the state in 1916 was \$2,285,000, in 1918 it was \$3,248,000, and in 1920 it was \$3,960,000, or a gain in two years of about 21 percent as compared with the gain of about 42 percent for the preceding two years. The total cost of all teachers in the state was \$1,269,000 in 1916, and \$2,071,000 in 1920. Janitors' salaries increased from \$100,000 to \$175,000, text books from \$55,000 to \$81,000, fuel, light and incidentals from \$128,000 to \$248,000.

The cost of all schools in the state in 1920 averaged approximately \$7 on a thousand on all taxable property in the state. But there were almost shocking differences, however, in the different towns and cities. Some raised only \$3.50, while others raised as high as \$12 on a thousand. These conditions which are being revealed under the careful study of the board open up new problems. I think our present system is best calculated to solve them. The fact that the total school expense in the entire state increased only 21 per cent under the new board in the past two years as against at least 50 percent increase in the cost of living, and as against 42 percent increase in schools themselves during the two years preceding the advent of the

school board not only vindicates but extols the system.

There are outstanding instances of criticisable things in school matters but they are the discoveries of the law and not the off-spring of it. For instance, the city of Concord received school aid under the law in a class with needy towns. No city or town of over 3,000 people should be eligible to state aid or to be reimbursed for high school tuition.

No one who opposes the policy of putting money into the neediest towns in order that small children there may have a decent educational start in life can ever be heard to advocate appropriating even one cent toward giving the older boys and girls a college education at Durham or elsewhere. If we cannot afford to care for our small and helpless little ones, we certainly cannot afford to aid the strong "grown-ups" who can hunt for themselves for a college education, as many of us were obliged to do. The quality of our citizenship is developed in the district and elementary schools. The elementary schools are for all, the colleges for only a few. The young should have the first lien on our money.

The elementary schools of the country are being ruined by the far too numerous and extended requirements fixed by the college authorities. The high schools have a curriculum forced upon them by the college requirements that precludes the possibility of thoroughness. This high school situation compels the grammar schools to cover too much, to make the work superficial, to put languages in at the expense of the rudiments, and to spoil the training of the many who can remain in school only a few years. The pace is too swift and the road too long for thoroughness. It is set by the college idealists for the benefit of the brilliant

10 percent, while the remaining 90 percent who are to become the backbone of our civilization fall by the wayside of learning, and go into life ignorant of those absolutely indispensable elements of education, and lamentably handicapped in the struggle for a livelihood.

The voice of the American people must cry out against such leadership by the college pace-setters. The average and ordinary boy and girl must have a chance to learn a few necessary things with abiding thoroughness. They cannot do this, and they do not do this, under the existing educational standards of this country today. The poor boys and girls who constitute the mass do not have a fair show in such a swift pace. They can go to school only a little while. It is bad for our civilization. We are as speed-mad in our educational system as we are in automobilizing. I speak of it here only to aid in arousing public sentiment to fight what is next to crime against the young of our land.

This may well lead me to report on the State College. Its future policies must be left to other advisors. We have recognized its value, its important place and have appropriated more generously than usual for it. We have been, or have tried to be, as just friends to the institution as a survey of the interests of all departments in the state permitted us to be. It must continue to serve the cause of higher education in fields intended for it. But it is perfectly clear that we have in this college a vital question which must be dealt with carefully and firmly.

The state is not in sufficiently close business relation to this institution. We are educating young men there, and also young women, at an average loss, or cost, to the state of from \$300 to \$500 per scholar per year, and all of the in-

crease falls upon the state treasury, since its permanent income is fixed. General expense conditions here will improve as prices go down. But the growth of the college in numbers has been phenomenal, possibly alarming, considering the cost of each one to the state. There is scarcely any limit as to how large it may grow or as to how much it will cost.

I believe the state by a very definite law, after figuring out what it can annually afford to do for this institution, should most carefully prescribe by law the limits within which the college must keep in every line of its activity involving the public moneys. The state should, by some system of supervision make certain that those limits be not passed. I will go no further into the details of this question since my purpose is merely to emphasize that no department of the state should be permitted to establish, by its own action alone, any policies, practices, or salaries, which create debts for the legislature to meet.

This institution, as I understand it, has the power to borrow money, receive a limitless number of students, enlarge the college curriculum, erect new buildings, fix salaries, in other ways add to the permanent charge upon the state, and all without legislative authority. The state should be consulted first, before any step is taken which adds to the expense of the state. I express this view with positiveness, and with the reassurance that I am a friend of the college, and have the highest respect and admiration for the capable, honest, efficient and most excellent President of the college who is, in my opinion, one of the hardest worked men in the employ of the state, and also with full confidence in the excellent board of trustees.

I would expect that the president himself would prefer to have such

a definite and fixed plan prescribed, and to know precisely the very definitely policy of the state, and his financial limits, rather than be left in the maze of uncertainties and worries which surround his problem at the present time. There is, presumably, some limit on the amount of money which the state can afford to raise by taxation for this institution, consequently some limit upon the size to which it may be allowed to enlarge at the expense of the state. If this be so, let those limits be fixed. If it be not so, let us be prepared (without censure) to raise any sums asked for to meet the debts created, or work to be performed. I can testify to the excellence of this college and I appeal very earnestly to all charitably inclined persons, and to benevolent will-makers to create memorial endowments to assist struggling students at this institution.

The Department of Agriculture is of very substantial value to the state. It is effectively and progressively managed, and I believe its funds are very economically administered. But it is for you to decide how much money shall be devoted to its various activities.

In co-operation with the federal bureau of Animal Industry there developed an unlooked-for and serious situation with reference to bovine tuberculosis. Our appropriated funds were entirely insufficient to compensate for the necessary destruction of animals, and the governor and council, under emergency powers, transferred considerable sums to meet the crisis.

There exists sufficient evidence of at least a small percentage of transmissibility of this terrible disease to humans, and particularly to babies, enough to forbid ignoring it, although there are experts who are skeptical about the theory of transmissibility. All concede the commercial value of a good reputa-

tion for New Hampshire animal products in the general market, as to being free from this disease. We have no reason, however, to be panicky about it. Conditions here are much better than in most states.

The Bureau of Markets is proving of substantial help to the farmers and to the local purchasers as well. It is increasing in efficiency and practicability. The certainty of a market for the small producers is a great stimulus to additional endeavor.

A state like ours can afford as a business proposition to spend small autumn of 1919 was pronounced. Our exhibition at Springfield in the autumn of 1919 was pronounced the best of the ten states there represented. Practically every kind of a New Hampshire enterprise was there displayed and exhibited to hundreds of thousands of people. We deemed the money well spent.

The Department of Agriculture attends to insect suppression, the regulation of the sale of commercial feeding stuffs, commercial fertilizer, fungicides and insecticides, testing agricultural seed, inspection of nurseries and nursery stock, registry of stallions, licensing of dealers in dairy products, inspection of fruit under the apple-grading law, and it holds profitable farmers' institutes. Its work should go on.

Vital beyond our usual conception is the highway problem. In general it may be said that the roads of the state viewed as an entire system, averaging up the good and the bad, have been a little better than in previous years, meaning by this that we are actually making some steady progress. The department has never been one half so well equipped as at present, having adopted a policy of owning instead of hiring. It now owns equipment property of a total value of nearly \$500,000. It has purchased the three story brick structure known as the

Eagle stables in Concord to house its machinery and tools and repair them. It has secured gratis about seventy-five high grade auto trucks from the federal government. It now shovels by steam instead of by hand where possible. It has begun to buy gravel banks in all parts instead of buying gravel by the load as formerly to a large extent. It has established repair gangs in different sections of the state, supplied them with facilities for doing good repair jobs more quickly, and has adopted the idea of repairing more and faster and building less, of keeping up what we have rather than allowing them to become too far worn out while we are trying to build too much new. When prices reached sky heights about six months ago we practically abandoned new construction, and, therefore, we now have about \$300,000 ready to do projects when deemed wise to begin. One informed must admit that this department is in splendid condition. From my experience comes the conclusion that, with our present equipment and business methods, we can keep on improving our highway system each year by raising about the same amount of money as we did two years ago, bearing in mind that the auto money is increasing and that it should be made to increase more rapidly by larger fees on heavy trucks.

The federal money comes to us with so many strings attached that we do not get nearly the practical advantage from it that we ought to receive.

We should be permitted to spend the federal aid money in a way suited to the needs of our own state. We ought to be trusted to that extent.

The tremendous destruction of our state roads when soft in the spring is the greatest waste that exists in the state. It is enormous

when reduced to dollars and cents. For the first time we have attempted to invoke common law and prohibit the use of the roads by heavy trucks entirely during the soft season, and this, with some good results, but a statute law may be devised by you which will be more effectual.

Probably no state in the union has its roads worn out more than ours are by those autos which pay no license fee whatever. As a tourist state bidding for transient visitors this condition cannot be avoided unless we reduce the length of time in which they may remain free, or charge a fee to all. A financial compensation in part comes in the money left within the state by the summer tourists.

Patrolmen with horse power are unprofitable. They get over the road so slowly and do so little that the cost is not compensated for in results. Scientifically equipped and manned patching gangs with a few auto patrolmen, and better district supervision, would give better results for the same amount of money.

If the state lays out a road and then waits three years before it improves it a condition arises which is scandalous. The town waits for the state and the state waits for the money, while the public endangers their lives. This must be remedied. We have done a little to remedy such situations, but legislation is needed to cure it. It is far better to have passable roads everywhere than to have stretches of princely roads abruptly terminate in impassably bad ones, and besides, that creates a grave danger to life and limb. Ten notoriously bad places in the roads of a state will give us more unfavorable advertising than can be overcome by hundreds of miles of magnificent boulevards. Our aim should be to keep all the roads at least decent, and then to add to our fine roads as fast

as we may, while keeping up such a policy.

The recognition which we gave our world war defenders was \$100, a medal, and a state certificate. This was creditable as compared with the action of other states. The law provided also for a memorial to the dead of the entire state to be placed in or about the State House. A complete honor-roll believed to be accurate has been made through the commendable efforts of our state historian, Professor Husband, and plans for the memorial, though underway, have been impossible of completion.

You will permit me on behalf of all our people to express very feeling gratitude to our service men and women, not only for their wonderful service, but for their stabilizing and loyal influence during the turbulent reconstruction days. And the splendid spirit with which they are uniting with the veterans of the Civil War and aiding them in their years of enfeebleness is worthy of special commendation. Regardless of all other consideration and understandings and without the least personal allusion or feeling, I deem it my duty to record the belief that for the highest good of the state its military establishment should be placed in the hands of those splendid heroes who risked their lives in the world war to preserve our civilization.

My experience as governor does not permit me to criticise in the least the prosecuting and police authorities of, or within, the state. My belief is, however, that the automobile has opened up the possibility of criminality in the rural communities of the state to an extent which has not been met with adequate police protection. Then, again, the dangers from rioting, such as we experienced at Raymond, suggests that the state should be able to furnish police as-

sistance without calling on the military establishment. We have state police now, but their jurisdiction is limited to the work of particular departments. There is an opportunity, without additional expense to the state, to so organize and coordinate our prosecuting and police agencies, and the similar agencies of the counties, cities and towns, as to better meet the new conditions. The rural communities of the state, during the automobile season, require active motor police service both day and night, not only against speeding, but against all kinds of criminality.

Permit me to discuss things somewhat elementary in relation to our state finances, and this for the purpose of establishing a right view point.

The amount of the state tax for 1919 was \$2,200,000.

For 1920 it was \$1,700,000.

Prior to these years the state tax had been \$800,000.

The reason for the increase was: to take care of obligations of over \$350,000 necessarily left over from the preceding administration suddenly confronted with war conditions; to meet the probability of the same war scale of prices being kept up, which probability was more than realized, since the war prices not only kept up but continued to increase; and then \$600,000 to pay the war bonus in part.

The legislature of 1919 voted no new buildings except a small farm house at Glenclyff. It denied all requests for normal schools and armories, and dealt only in absolute necessities.

It enacted the so-called new school law which added around \$300,000 to the state appropriation, and it dealt rather more liberally with the State College than had been done formerly, buying war buildings and paying old debts.

It released the war conditions on

the balance of the military act funds of around \$300,000 and put that at the disposal of the governor and council to parcel out to the departments as they became pinched by soaring price emergencies.

We had on hand at the end of the last fiscal year, viz: Sept. 1, 1920, the sum of \$124,478.01.

There will be some deficit before the end of the next fiscal year, which no one can now definitely forecast.

Under the new executive budget law enacted by the last legislature, the various departments have put in their requests for the next two years, and, if our non-state-tax income remains the same, and all these requests are allowed by you the state tax will have to be about \$2,200,000, or the same as it was in 1919.

There is a hopeful side to this situation. It is not for me to recommend what you shall do with these requests, but no legislature has ever allowed all every one asked.

Again there is hope in the future of prices. The state can certainly care for its more than 2000 pent-upwards more cheaply than during the past four years.

The extension of the inheritance tax law by act of legislature of 1919 will begin to show big results during the next two years producing an *additional* income of probably \$200,000 per year.

The new corporation law will continue to increase our income, in my opinion.

It is scarcely possible that we will be confronted with such extraordinary emergencies as last year.

The automobile income will increase.

The insurance income will increase under its thorough and competent administration.

Firmly believing that we are headed in prices back toward normal, I believe you can, if you

desire to economize reasonably, bring the state tax back to somewhat below \$2,000,000 without curtailing the efficiency of the school law or unduly limiting the State College, or any other established function of the commonwealth. I say this without prejudice to any policy which the next administration may have, and only to give you the view-point of my experience.

Now, I beg you to permit me to correct the erroneous impression that the state tax is what causes the local taxes to be so high. It is not. The state tax is the merest fraction of the local tax.

The total taxable property in the state on our present basis is \$556,647,000. If we wish to raise \$1,700,000, as we did last year, we first credit the railroads, insurance companies, and savings banks tax of \$1,040,000, leaving \$660,000 to be raised by some other tax. This would require about \$1.20 on a thousand. In other words, the tax rate in your town was increased about \$1.20 on account of the state tax last year. If your rate was \$31.20 it would have been \$30.00 without the state tax. Every million dollars we raise for the state on the total valuation requires \$1.80 if there are no credits. You will see by this that any taxation plan which only helps the state raise money will not give much relief to the local taxes in the towns and cities. Several towns and one city paid no state tax last year, but, on the contrary, received a check from the state.

I believe high taxes are fundamentally bad for any form or kind of government and exceedingly harmful to business. I favor some tax on "intangibles," but not a duplication of the government's income tax. Too easy money leads to profligacy.

The question of salaries and wages of such officials as are not

fixed by law, but are left to the decision of the governor and council, has been extremely perplexing. Going through crises of rising wages and scarcity of labor, both male and female, we have dealt with individual cases in such ways as seemed for the time necessary to keep the work of the state going as unimpaired as possible. The time may have come now when the whole subject can be dealt with on some better and fairer basis, both to the state and to the employees involved.

This administration has not discovered a satisfactory solution of the transportation problem. We found a system of paying ten cents per mile for the use of privately owned autos by the state employees obliged to travel, but this was not universal as some of the departments owned cars. Urgent requests have been repeatedly made to us to increase this mileage allowance, but we have not done so, except in instances where it seemed that large cars were demanded by the service. How and when autos shall be used instead of railroad service has been and probably must be left to the administration of each department. But the whole situation impresses me as rather loose. I will merely ask the question, "Should not the state own all its necessary automobiles, have a central garage, and require any state employee who has need of a car to go to this garage and procure one and have it charged up to his department, returning it and accounting for it as he would be required to do in a strict business system?" We had this somewhat in mind when we decided to buy the old Eagle stables.

The fish and game department, under executive direction and approval, has established at New Hampton one of the very best hatcheries in the entire country, in

the opinion of government experts, and this from the income of the department. It should go a long way toward solving the fishing question in our state. With it we have a state park of 160 acres.

The Daniel Webster farm is another state park which, when made approachable, will add to our summer attractions.

The forestry department is doing good work. These departments which have to do with the material beauty and richness of our state must be looked upon as a part of a business proposition, not as luxuries.

The management of the state institutions by the several unpaid boards of trustees has been highly successful, so much so that I know of no one now who would change. The presence of councilors on these boards has been fully warranted. It has kept the executive in close touch. I wish to express my fullest appreciation to the various men and women who have given such valuable, loyal and patriotic service to the state.

The office of the purchasing agent under the new law has done its work well and efficiently.

Conditions at the Industrial School have been made more humane. Flogging has been abolished. But there is a great unsolved and fundamental problem there, in my opinion. More than half of these children should never have been put into a criminal institution with a life-long stigma put upon them. They most need homes and kindness, things most of them have never had.

The State Hospital and the School at Laconia are both in excellent condition. The Sanatorium at Glencliff is doing splendid work, while the State prison is a model institution.

The work of the Board of Chari-

ties and Correction has been uniformly sympathetic, efficient and thorough.

The treasurer and auditors have been particularly careful and painstaking in their vigilance over the finances of the state. The legislature of 1919 was the last to have the valuable services of the late James E. French to guard the appropriations, and his final work was well done. This administration has gone beyond no limits set by law under his leadership.

The services of the secretary of state have been very exacting on account of the new corporation law, new duties, and the troubling details of elections, in additions to all former duties, and I think they deserve special mention.

My experience leads me to the conclusion that appropriations for any department, or for any cause should be made definite, and not made in addition to the varying income of that department. All incomes should go into the treasury as income.

Those of us whose sworn duty it is to administer or appropriate for all departments and causes, have a far different task than the head of any single department. Each of them naturally makes ambitious requests with a view only to his special activity and interest, while those who must view the whole, who must decide the relative importance of things, and who must "add," and see what the total should be, have an obligation to the state which demands far-seeing wisdom, unvarying fairness and courage. No executor or legislator can rightfully be the special friend or advocate of

any one department. His duty is, at all times, to have the whole machinery of the state in mind, and keep all in the right relation and proportion.

All of the departments have served the state well, and there has been a general desire for co-operation. I wish to thank each one of my fellow servants in the employ of the state for his or her loyalty to the state, and an always ready and willing assistance. Particularly would I publicly appreciate the splendid services of my councilors, Messrs. Clow, Whittemore, Welpley, Goodnow and Brown.

The attempt which I have made to serve and benefit my native state has been in reverent good faith. How much I have succeeded is not for my utterance. I have thoroughly enjoyed the service, and shall forever prize its associations and friendships, and I pass along to my most respected and highly esteemed successor my sincerest wishes for God's blessing upon his labors.

There is an immediate and imperative call for us all in every small or large way to assist in tiding the poor and unemployed over this winter of hardship and privation to very many. This is not a state matter, it is merely the call to practical charity and fraternal patriotism, which I may be pardoned for uttering. If we stand helpfully and hopefully together during this winter I feel sure that better days of employment and business will open up to us in the spring-time and summer, and continue improving into an epoch of real prosperity.

SIR JEFFREY AMHERST

Contributed by William Boylston Rotch.

Mr. Upham writes a most interesting story of the "Province Road" in the November number of the Granite Monthly. It tells of the building of New Hampshire's first "state road." It also illustrates incidentally how most of the early "trunk lines" were laid out.

They were bridle paths and trails followed first by the Indians and adopted to a less or greater extent as the main arteries of travel, and doubtless influenced very largely the location of villages, some of which grew into cities, in New Hampshire.

Mr. Upham writes of the influence of Sir Jeffrey Amherst, commander of His Majesty's forces in North America, in the construction of new roads, particularly the Province Road, between Charles Town and Pennycook and Boscawen.

Amherst was a skillful soldier. He carefully prepared every move he made and Mr. Upham well says: "His ceaseless preparation was a decisive factor in the triumph of the British which swept the French off the continent except near the mouth of the Mississippi."

It was in 1760 that the town of Amherst was incorporated and it was one of the first of the nine townships in the Union to adopt the name of Amherst in recognition of the deeds of Sir Jeffrey.

New Hampshire raised a regiment of eight hundred men in that year (1760) to serve in an expedition for the invasion of Canada. It was under the command of Col. John Goffe and marched from Litchfield, through Monson, Peterborough and Keene to Charles-town, on the Connecticut river. Thence they cut a road twenty-six miles through the wilderness, to the Green Mountains, after which they

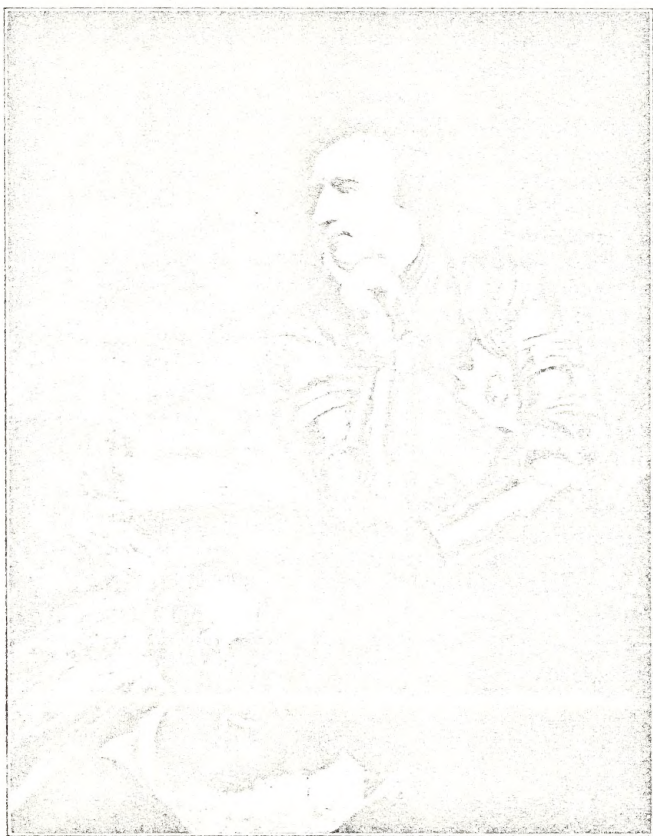
followed the road cut the previous year by Stark and the rangers to Crown Point, where they joined the invading army of General Amherst. They were forty-four days in cutting the road to the Green Mountains. A large drove of cattle for the army at Crown Point, followed them.

General Amherst's success as a soldier brought him into great prominence and the British government showered upon him many honors. His life's history is interesting reading. A brief sketch written by Warren Upham, a native of the town of Amherst, New Hampshire, and published in a little book called "Colonial Amherst," recently printed says:

"Towns in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Nova Scotia, were named in honor of General Jeffrey Amherst, the commander and hero of the second siege and capture of Louisburg. That great fortress and stronghold of the French, built at immense cost for defense of their settlements in Canada, was on Cape Breton Island, at the entrance to the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. It was first besieged and captured in 1745 by an expedition from New England, a most remarkable military exploit; but it had been surrendered again to the French three years afterward in the terms of a treaty of peace. A few years later began the Seven Years War, during which Amherst captured Louisburg in 1758, Wolfe took Quebec, defeating Montcalm, in 1759, and Amherst took Montreal in 1760. Thus Canada, first explored and settled by the French, fell to the ownership of Great Britain, as ceded in the peace treaty of 1763. France also ceded to Spain in the same treaty her other great

North American possession, the vast territory then called Louisiana, west of the Mississippi river, which forty years later Napoleon sold to the United States. After sending the earliest explorers and settlers of large regions of this continent, France by the war ending in 1763 lost all her North American colonies.

Duke's influence, young Jeffrey at the age of eighteen years was appointed an ensign in the First Regiment of Foot Guards, receiving a commission similar to that of a second lieutenant today. Having served in the army twenty-three years, partly in England and partly in Germany, rising meantime to



SIR JEFFREY AMHERST.

Jeffrey Amherst was born at Riverhead, a village of the parish of Sevenoaks in the County of Kent, England, on January 29, 1717. He was the second son in a large family, of whom three other brothers and one sister grew up. His father and grandfathers were lawyers, and the Duke of Dorset was a near neighbor. Through the

the rank of colonel, Amherst was commissioned in the spring of 1758 by the British premier, William Pitt, as major general to lead in the English campaigns against the French in America. With what success these campaigns were crowned, we have already seen, being indeed complete victory and conquest of the great French pro-

vinces of Canada. Of the martial qualities of Jeffrey Amherst which led to that result, Parkman wrote: "He was energetic and resolute, somewhat cautious and slow, but with a bulldog tenacity of grip." Another writer has added: "Amherst had the best fighting qualities of his race and nation, and was withal sagacious, far-sighted, and eminently humane in his policy of dealing with men."

From the writer last quoted, in the History of Amherst, Mass., we may further note the sudden rise of the victorious general to the highest plaudits and gratitude of his countrymen. "Louisburg was duly surrendered July 26, 1758, with all its stores and munitions of war, together with the whole island of Cape Breton and also the Isle of St. Jean or Prince Edward Island. All the outlying coast-posessions of France in this region were thus cut off at one blow. It was a signal victory. Throughout the English colonies men thanked God and took courage. England went wild with joy. The flags captured at Louisburg were carried in triumph through the streets of London, and were placed as trophies in the cathedral of St. Paul. In recognition of his distinguished services General Amherst was made Commander-in-Chief of the King's forces in America, and his name was honored throughout the English-speaking world."

Describing the public acclaim two years later, when Montreal had fallen and with it all Canada, the same author says: "The present generation is in danger of forgetting who Amherst was, and what he did to make our forefathers rejoice in his name for our town. They knew the reason for their rejoicing. The pulpits of New England resounded with Amherst's praises. The pastor of the Old South Church in Boston said to his congregation: "We

behold His Majesty's victorious troops treading upon the high places of the enemy, their last fortress delivered up, and their whole country surrendered to the King of Great Britain in the person of his General, the intrepid, the serene, the successful Amherst. In like manner all the churches of Massachusetts observed a day of Thanksgiving. Parliament gave the victorious Commander-in-Chief a vote of thanks."

In 1761 Amherst received from the King the honor of knighthood. In November, 1763, after the end of the wars, he gladly returned to England, to reside near the ancestral home in Kent. Succeeding to its ownership on account of the death of his elder brother, Sir Jeffrey replaced the former home by a more stately mansion, which he named "Montreal." On a slightly point of the estate an obelisk monument was erected and still stands, which, to quote from its inscription, commemorates "the providential and happy meeting of three brothers, on this their ancestral ground, on the 25th of January, 1764, after six years' glorious war, in which the three were successfully engaged in various climes, seasons, and services." These brothers were Jeffrey, John and William Amherst. The monument, a shaft about thirty-five feet high, is dedicated to William Pitt, and bears upon two of its faces lists of the battles leading to the conquest of Canada in which Sir Jeffrey figured.

During the winter of 1758-59, which Amherst spent in New York, he had been quite homesick. A letter that he wrote back to England tells of a friend's expected return there, on which he commented: "'Tis the place that everybody here things of going to. I do not, as long as the war lasts; when that is over—which I promise you I will

do all I can to finish in a right way—I will then rather hold a plough at Riverhead, than take here all that can be given to me."

A portrait of Jeffrey Amherst, painted in 1765 by Sir Joshua Reynolds, hangs in the home of the present Lord Amherst. It represents the general as watching the passage of his troops in boats down the rapids of the St. Lawrence river, on their way to Montreal in 1760. The photographic copy of this portrait forms the frontispiece of "The History of the Town of Amherst, Mass." (1896), and also of the recently published book by Lawrence Shaw Mayo, entitled "Jeffrey Amherst, a Biography" (1916), which is in our public library.

From 1778 to 1782, during the greater part of our Revolutionary War, Amherst was the commander-in-chief of all the British forces in England, and throughout that war he was the most trusted military adviser of the English government; but he had firmly declined the request of the king, George III, in January, 1775, to take personal command in America. In 1776 he was granted a peerage, with the title Baron Amherst, being thence forward a member of the House of Lords.

He died at his home, "Montreal," August 3, 1797, at the ripe age of eighty years, and was buried in the family vault in Sevenoaks church. Mayo, in his biography, writes: "In England his name is associated with those of William Pitt and George III and although no sculptured marble preserves his likeness and memory in abbey or public square, Canada, the flower of the British empire, sweeping from the fertile valley of the St. Lawrence to the towering summits of the Rockies, will ever remain a splendid and inspiring monument to the energy and ability of Jeffrey Amherst.

It can be truly said, to the honor of General Amherst, that he always treated the vanquished with a kind and generous spirit, and very notably so after his victories at Louisburg and Montreal. From such humane conduct, Great Britain has received remarkable loyalty of both the French and the English in Canada.

As he had no children, his title and estate were left to his nephew, William Pitt Amherst, then twenty-four years old, who later became governor general of India and was made an earl in 1826 for his good services in that part of the empire.

MOONLIGHT PHANTASY

By Ruth Metzger

Hold your breath and come not nigh,
I am gone. This is not I.
I have sent my body walking
There alone in moonlight stalking,
While I watch here anxiously,
Marvelling at its radiancy.

See me walk.
See me stalk.
Glory spills on roof and tree,
Lake and grass and earth and me,
Filtered thru eternity,
Silent, gentle radiancy.

FORTY YEARS A SHAKER

By Nicholas A. Briggs.

Continued from December issue.

Supper for the first sitting was at 4 o'clock; that for the children at 4:30. Milking followed. Later, the boys were seated in a semi-circle, and, beginning with the oldest, each boy would start a song of his own selection in which all would join in singing. This ended the observance of the Sabbath and it did not vary throughout the year.

Monday morning the bell rang at four o'clock, a half hour earlier than on other days because it was washing day. We hied ourselves to the shop and changed at once to our working suit. The time was now our own until the first bell rang. We could work upon our Island gardens, pick berries or stroll about on the farm. I was fond of picking berries and with one of the boys who was equally so would, permission having been obtained the night before, rise before it was light and wander to some favorite spot where we knew the berries were, fill our little basket perhaps, and give to our caretaker or older friends, or to the nurses for the sick. Lest I might convey the idea of unusual generosity on our part I will confess that we might expect and did usually receive a little candy in return.

It was haying time, and very soon after breakfast we all repaired to the tool room where every boy was given a pitchfork, and with it held to the shoulder like a soldier with his gun, we marched in double file until outside the door yard, and then go as you please to the field where the mowers, some thirty of them, were at work, and, following, the boys spread the grass, the larger boys spreading after two men,

the smaller boys after one. We did not work hard. Had plenty of time for fun, chasing a mole now and then, or despoiling a bumble bee's nest frequently in the grass, and sometimes getting a little honey in the comb.

There were no mowing machines in those days, but numerous hands made the work comparatively light. I have seen a twelve acre field mowed after supper year after year. Our "Great Meadow" contained sixty acres. It was the rule to mow it in one day and put it into the barn next day. It required some hay for 200 head of horned stock, a dozen horses, and 150 or 200 sheep. In the afternoon we boys raked and cocked all the hay, while the brethren carted and stowed in the barn that which had been cut the day before.

One man was continuously employed with horse and wagon in carrying drink to the laborers. Three times each half day did he come with lemon, peppermint, checkerberry, raspberry and currant shrub, and often delicious sweet buttermilk, all we wanted of it, and that meant a whole lot. On the middle visit, forenoon and afternoon, he brought a lunch of cake and cheese or hard tack and smoked herring. Were we far from home dinner was brought to us with a sister or two to wait upon us, and we could always depend upon an extra good dinner that day.

After haying came the harvesting of oats, barley, beans, corn, potatoes and apples, in all of which the boys had their full share. There were stones to pick from the fields newly sown to grass, bushes to cut in the pastures that encroached upon the feed, and finally chopping in the woods, doing their little in

supplying the four hundred cords of wood which constituted the yearly supply of fuel. This was a gala time for us. We carried our dinner to the woods, baked potatoes and roasted apples and green corn in the hot ashes and a good chunk of fresh meat held in the fire at the end of a stick, and gathered beech-nuts and chestnuts for our dessert.

Once each week during warm weather we had a half holiday. Accompanied by our caretaker we would take a long tramp through the woods and over the pastures four or five miles from home, or we would play ball at the East Farm, one mile away, not baseball nor football, but a very simple game with plenty of vigorous exercise but little excitement. One half day we had school to review the studies of the previous term. At other rainy days we went fishing, all who liked it. With our thick woolen overcoats we were quite well protected from the rain, but if sometimes we did get pretty wet we did not mind it.

Every year after the harvests were over and the horses could be spared, all the young folks were given a ride of one full day, and sometimes a long one; the little boys, the little girls, the youth boys and youth girls, each class in its turn. Usually they would drive through some large town, as to the country children this afforded them a glimpse of greater newness. Some nice spot in the country was selected for their dinner, perhaps near the railroad where they they might see the train pass by, or by a pond or river where the boys could have a swim.

The first Fall of my being there an unusual excursion was planned. The youth and boys of the two societies of Canterbury and Enfield were to meet at Andover, midway between the two societies, and enjoy a visit together. We were informed of this proposition quite a little

time in advance, and the anticipation nearly equalled the real event. The day at last arrived. The weather did not seem propitious at first, but it proved to be a fine day. Taking an early breakfast we started in the darkness, as we had forty-eight miles to drive with pretty heavy loads for our horses. Arriving at our trysting place no Enfield boys were in sight, and we drove on to meet them, but they did not come. It had seemed to them so very much like rain that they thought surely we would not venture out. We had no telephones those days, and our nearest telegraph office was eleven miles distant.

To say we were disappointed all around feebly expresses our feelings, but to our joy another attempt was planned and successfully carried out one week later, thus giving us two long rides. We all met on the plains of Andover. The diners of both parties were united and the feast enjoyed together. In accordance with the Shaker idea of the most refined enjoyment we held a regular religious service singing and marching as if in our own meeting rooms. Then followed the freest mingling and chatting until it was time to start for home. The acquaintance thus so pleasantly begun was continued by interchange of letters, in some cases for many years.

The Family owned a fine chestnut grove a half mile away, and when the frost opened the burs we boys were right on hand. Every morning found some of us there. We gave half of all we got to our caretaker who dried them and gave to us thru the winter, or he might sell part of them and treat us to candy. Our own half we would ourselves dry, what we did not eat at once, or give to the older people.

About this time we suffered a change of caretakers, a great event

with us. Andrew was a very kind man and the boys all liked him, but he was lax in discipline and this may have influenced the change. Joseph, his successor, was quite the reverse. He was very kind to all boys who inclined to be good, but rather severe to the unruly. He spared not the rod and spared it less than would have been allowed if the Elders had known more about it, but it was a time when corporal punishment in the school and in the home was considered a necessary part of juvenile education. Joseph was too much a disciplinarian to be loved by all the boys. Some thought he savored of favoritism. To some extent this was undoubtedly true. As I was thought to be one especially favored, I can render an unprejudiced opinion.

Unfortunately the charge of favoritism would justly reach higher places than the caretakers. The Elders, more especially the sisterhood, were tinctured more or less with this very natural human frailty and some of them very much so. One very able woman who officiated as Eldress for many years was afflicted with this malady naturally developed by a lengthened term of office and power. Some of her charge who when girls were especially favored and petted, became when older, special objects of severity. She was a devoted mother to those whom she loved, and to them she was an object of adoration. But they could not always remain children, and as they matured into somewhat of independence of thought and upon occasion ventured to express it however respectfully, resentment immediately arose in the Eldress which she omitted no opportunity to disclose.

One must understand the peculiar idea of Shakers with reference to the relation of Elder and member to realize the misfortune of such a situation. The government was a

veritable theocracy. The Ministry were "The Holy Anointed." They were in a way aloof from the people. They lived in a house by themselves alone. They ate in a room by themselves and their food was cooked by a sister in a kitchen provided for the Ministry only. If a member had a grievance against an Elder and desired to appeal to the Ministry permission to see the Ministry must first be obtained from the Elder. One may imagine something of the embarrassment entailing such a situation. It makes for discipline and governmental control, but it is not conducive to contentment resulting from a purer fraternity. There can be no doubt whatever that some of those sisters have from this cause been made unhappy for many years. If there is a variance between the Elder and a member, there are numberless ways by which the Elders can annoy and humiliate the victim of her spite.

In common life, if a girl is at odds with one who employs her she can quit. She need not associate with one who is disagreeable, but one in a Shaker community is helpless under these conditions. She fears to leave her home first, because she believes as she has been taught so assiduously to believe, that it is the way of God and the only true way. She trembles at losing her privilege, the opportunity that comes but once to the soul. She tries to believe that all her trials are but means to her final purification and redemption. It comes pretty hard sometimes, just as she has controlled and disciplined herself into a spirit of resignation, to meet an unusually cruel rebuff, some undeserved and unjust remark. It is then that if she had any refuge to which she could flee she would break away at once and forever. Many of them have from time to time done this, and after having absented them-

selves sufficiently long to overcome the natural homesickness that ensues, cannot be induced to return.

The exclusiveness of the Shakers, especially in their earlier history, was as complete as they could make it. When they received children it was with a view to making members of them and so increase their numbers. In their education and induction in various branches of industry every motive was to make them most efficient and most serviceable to the society. No thought was given to fitting them for life in a sphere outside their own. Consequently one may have worked at several trades and have acquired sufficient skill to serve the purpose of the Shakers in their peculiar circumstances and yet not be thorough enough in any occupation to justify him in accepting a position in any of them, and if a man leaves the society later in life, he finds himself handicapped seriously. Nor is this the worst feature of it. In those earlier days to which I refer, those who withdrew from the society received very unchristianlike treatment, and there remains still a trace of the old way. Their former Shaker friends refused to speak to them when they met, and would not give them any testimonial of character or ability. No aid would be given to enable their once dear brother to start in business. On the contrary, an unmistakable satisfaction was evinced on learning of the failure of this once dear brother to succeed. If religion requires such narrowness the less we have of it the better.

The Shaker School was nominally under the auspices of the town authorities, but was attended by Shaker children only. The Superintending Committee made their official visits twice in each school term, but in no way did they interfere in the management. The boy's school was three months in winter,

the girls, three months in summer. Our school began the first week in November, taught by Benjamin C. Truman, our assistant caretaker. He was a gifted young man, a good scholar, but too young for his job, and the discipline of the school was poor. He gave very little attention to the younger pupils, and they learned very little.

There was little waste of time allowed the boys during the winter. The older boys were kept busy from time of rising in the morning until retiring at night, sizing broom corn, making brooms, shovelling snow from the many stone walks in the door yard and keeping the various woodboxes of the sisters supplied with wood from the wood sheds. The smaller boys knit stockings under care of the sisters at the Second House. The exceptions to this round of work were one play time at night each week from the close of school until bed time, and Saturday afternoon until 3 o'clock. Three evenings, including Saturday, were given to a religious service as before described. This changing from work to school and from school to work compelled five changes of clothes per day. Every night after school we found at the shop a large wooden tray of brown bread crust all warm from the oven and rich old cheese to go with it. We ate of it liberally, nor did it in any degree impair our appetites for the supper of delicious hash and pie. At noon a basket of apples greeted us, to which we did ample justice.

Thanksgiving comes only once in the year, and it comes only in one way to the Shakers. As a festival it did not appeal to them, and they gave it only a nominal attention in deference to the Government. A brief service was held at nine o'clock at which the Governor's proclamation was read. The remainder of the day was devoted to clean-

ing up and putting in order the out-buildings and places that were under the care of no particular person. All were supposed to overhaul their cupboards, drawers and other personal belongings. Little or no difference was made in the dinner. We might perhaps have chicken, but turkey never. The State Fast Day was observed in precisely the same manner.

As the end of the year drew nigh, some Sunday before Christmas was by the Ministry appointed as the Shaker Fast Day, the supremely important day of the whole year. As the Ministry were ever present on this occasion in both societies, the observance of the day was on consecutive Sundays, one following the other. The people were notified a week in advance, and this interval was supposed to be occupied in a review of the past year to the intent of correcting all errors and to be ready to begin the New Year with clean hands and pure heart. All grudges and hard feelings must be acknowledged and banished. If a variance exist between two members, they must seek reconciliation and forgiveness from each other. If unable to do this, then both must meet before the Elders as mediators. Such matters must not fail of adjustment. If one has a grievance against an Elder, he can appeal to the Ministry and he must not be denied.

The service on the evening before this day was rather a solemn affair, given more or less to reference to the coming day and its duties. The people all arose next morning a half hour earlier than usual and assembled in the Meeting Room for a brief service and silent prayer. Beginning at once with the Trustees every one in the Family except the children, who were attended to by their caretakers, enjoyed a visit to the Elders, both of them sitting together. The Elders had their visit

to the Ministry a few days before. The mid-day meal was bread and water, but I remember that the bread was new and warm, and we had brown bread fresh and nice and warm, and the young folks ate as heartily as ever, and if any of us ate any less by virtue of the occasion we certainly made up for it in the usual Sunday supper beans. Next morning the people again assembled early for another short service of less solemn character, and the Shakers New Year was ushered in.

Christmas was a joyous occasion, inasmuch as all were supposed to be in a good healthful spiritual condition. It was observed as the Sabbath until four o'clock, the supper time. A full religious service was held at 9 a. m. At the close of the service came a united gift to the poor. A bundle of serviceable clothing had been previously prepared for every one and placed in the waiting room, and now all left the meeting room, every one took a bundle, and returning deposited it in one of the large baskets that had meantime been brought in, the Elder making a few remarks concerning our duty to the poor, as lending to the Lord.

With the old Shakers it was a cardinal principle to give to the poor largely of their surplus earnings. They abjured wealth and lavish living. Economy and frugality were insistently and continuously urged upon the people.

The Trustees always remembered us on Christmas in their own way. Every one received a diary for the New Year. Those for the little folks were of course very small, but sufficient to teach them the importance of keeping a record of their daily doings. Always, too, we had candy and oranges, and the older ones had nice raisins.

In the afternoon of Christmas we always held "Union Meetings." The children were privileged to at-

tend these and it was the only time during the year. These union meetings were parties of from two or more, sometimes eight or ten, of each sex, in many rooms in the Dwelling House, at the Second House, Infirmary and Office. The Ministry, Elders, Deacons and Trustees all held separate meetings. Every brother and sister always kept a large Union Meeting handkerchief spread over their knees and laps at these meetings and every other occasion when brethren and sisters sat together.

In olden times these sittings were rather less conventional, were enjoyed with pop corn and cider and possibly with smoking, but in my time they were become more restricted and no doubt less enjoyable, and finally they were given up entirely. These meetings were always of one hour, convening at the ringing of the little bell, and dismissed by the same signal. On week days, free conversation was held upon any topic suitable for a mixed company anywhere, whether of our work, news of the world or of books, but on Sunday all secular topics were prohibited. Conversation was limited to the religious, moral or intellectual, interspersed with singing. Theoretically the young people could talk with each other if they so desired, but as a matter of fact they did not talk much, a few of the older ones monopolizing most of the conversation. The selection of the company was by the Elders shrewdly managed to include those deemed most advisable, looking to their fitness in relation to each other. In other words, they would not include in the same meeting a young man and young woman who were known or supposed to be partial to each other.

Uneventfully the winter passed. School closed the last week of February and just now the monotony

was broken with a vengeance. An event occurred that stirred our peaceful community to its depths. Three of our most promising young men, one of them our school teacher, all of them of fine ability upon whom the fondest hopes of the society were centered: these three young men were suddenly missing. They had left our home and their home without a word, with no hint of their intention. It was bad enough for them to leave us even in the most open manner, but to "run away" intensified the offence intolerably. It was an ungrateful, cruel act. Whom could they now trust? This thing must receive prompt attention and surely it did. Every man, woman, and child was upon a day appointed for the purpose, called separately before both Elders and questioned as to what if anything they knew about the affair, but if they acquired any information I never heard of it. It served however, to emphasize the awfulness of the thing, which was probably the chief intent of the Elders.

What we are most concerned with in this narrative is what was the underlying cause of the defection of these young men. All of them had lived there from early childhood. Their ability was appreciated. They were loved and trusted. They must have loved many of the people there. They knew little of the world and its ways. Ah, yes, indeed. In this very ignorance we find a temptation to them. They longed to see it, and like the little birds in the nest they longed to try their wings. What really had they to look forward to except a monotonous round of drudgery from one year's end to another, and to what purpose? Evidently the religious element of the people failed to attract them and that was the only magnet to hold a young person anyhow, very slender inducement for the Shaker life. The

desire for personal independence, freedom to go and to come at their own sweet will, to earn money and to spend it without dictation is the natural desire of the young man. But the Shakers say no. You can never own anything. Not even your legs. All of these things belong to the Church and you can have the use of them only. Not only that. If after having spent years, the best part of your life it may be, if at sometime you withdraw from the society you can claim no compensation for long services rendered.

And then again what assurance have I that I will be always content? Will it not be wise policy, he queries, to try life outside for awhile? If he finds he has made a mistake in going, if conscience pricks, he can return. His education has been such that he is haunted by considerable doubt whether he may not misstep, but reason urges him to go, and having gone that ends it so far as any return is concerned.

There was a cogent reason for leaving secretly, as did these young men, and as many others have done. If a person was valued, no effort was spared to induce him to change his mind. He would be escorted to the office and there be visited by those whom he was supposed to love and thru his affection they tried to win him back. No one without experience can know what an ordeal it was to pass through. It may be that one or more of these young men had received a taste of it, and thought it was something to avoid if possible.

The maple sugar season began soon after school closed, and it was an interesting time for the boys. They always were in requisition to assist in distributing the buckets to the trees and driving the spiles in the holes bored by the brethren. A company of sisters went down at the same time to scald the buckets

and start the sugar makers in a cleanly way. To the boys it was a pleasurable time; the walk to the camp two miles away; and the wading thru the deep snow with the buckets, a thousand of them. It was work, but it was fun. The dinner was extra good. The sisters made griddle cakes and these were served with good thick maple syrup from a jug kept over from the previous season.

There was an annex to the main building, a combination of bed room, kitchen and parlor. At one end of the room were double deck berths, as it was often necessary to boil the sap night as well as day. There was a good cook stove, a large dining table and plenty of chairs. Once again only did the boys spend the day at the camp, but this day was purely a holiday and we spent it in play and feasting on the sweets of which all the varieties were at our unlimited disposal.

First we attacked the syrup can, then sugar, a large tray full of it. Next came "stick chops" made by boiling down to a very thick mass poured on snow or a marble slab, which when cold was brittle, but when warmed in the mouth it attained adhesive qualities that were very masterful. The same mass removed from the slab while yet warm could be worked into very white candy quite different in taste from the stick chops.

The maples of this orchard were very large pasture trees. I have known two of them to yield a barrel of sap each in one day. Most of the trees were served with two, and some with three buckets.

Few people know that freezing sap produces the same effect as boiling. Let a bucket full of sap be frozen solid, a large spoonful of thick and colorless syrup will be found. We used to call it sap honey. It is of delicious flavor quite unlike ordinary syrup, and

sugar made from it very white.

The product of the sugar harvest differs greatly in the various seasons. The least I ever knew from this orchard was 250 barrels. The greatest yield was nearly 700 barrels. The other Families had camps of their own, totaling about the same as the Church Family.

When the sap flowed rapidly, two of the home brethren would go down to tend the kettles all night, taking turns at boiling and sleeping. When our caretaker's turn came he would take two of us boys with him and I was sometimes one of the two. To us it was a lark. We loved to sit up most of the night, helping tend the fires and the syringing off, and we would boil down some of the syrup on our own account. We enjoyed the peeping of the frogs in the little pond by the camp, and to hear the owls hoot. We would mock them and they would respond whoo, whoo, whoo.

In August when the pile of twelve cords of wood cut in the spring was dry, the boys would go to the camp to pile it into the shed. One of these times some of us attempted to run the entire distance of two miles up hill and down without stopping, and I was one who won out, working all day in a boiling sun and walking home again, still we were not tired.

During the long winter the brethren worked chopping and hauling the year's supply of wood. Into the door yard was drawn the corded wood and the limbs of the trees. These were sawed by steam power and cast into huge heaps in the back yard, and here the boys worked for several weeks splitting and piling the wood into the sheds. Every morning and evening all the brethren able to wield an axe worked at the splitting until the job was done, after which the entire Family, sisters included, formed a bee to clean up the door yard.

This spring our caretaker assumed the care of the kitchen gardens of two and one-half acres in one place and two acres in another, and this determined the boys' sphere of action for the summer, in part, but some of the boys were usually employed in the many duties in the Family, always demanding attention.

Joseph was a very efficient gardener, and it was a fine education for us in learning the growing of all kinds of garden produce. The work was very pleasant to me and seeing that I took an interest in it, Joseph assigned to me many jobs requiring nicety. This enabled me to work alone, or with a younger companion, and I felt happier in being separated from the crowd.

A bed of poppies was being grown for opium and I was given the care of it. When the capsules were grown, I scarified them every morning, and in the afternoon scraped off the dried milk and gave it to the nurses. That I thus escaped the burning heat of the hay field gave me no sorrow.

The extensive asparagus beds were under my exclusive care, and when the rest of the company sized broom corn at the mill, I managed to work upon these beds. I hated that broom corn job on account of it prickling dust that offended my sensitive skin.

The Trustees received from the U. S. Government a lot of seeds for testing which Joseph planted in a plot of about 30 x 50 feet, and to my great pleasure gave the whole into my care, and I carried the business through successfully.

At the request of the nurses I was given a little section to raise catnip and motherwort. To find the plant I had to scour the farm. Catnip was plentiful enough but motherwort was scarce. I succeeded in filling my two rows when to my chagrin I found I had set out

thistles, and did they not have a fine laugh at me!

Let us now for a moment discuss the effect of one year's experience in Shaker life. If any boy among the Shakers could be perfectly contented and happy sure I ought to be that boy, for my lot was cast in pleasant places. I never received an unkind word from my caretakers nor teacher, nor do I recall even a word of reproof. I was favored beyond most, and possibly any other boys, and yet in spite of all favorable circumstances I was not thoroughly contented. Why not? Was it due to a defect in my organism or was it imperfect environments? I think a fair answer will be that I was in an institution rather than a home. It was a boarding school with this essential difference: the boy in the boarding school looks forward to his vacation, when he can spend days or weeks at his home. He knows that a few years at the longest will terminate school, and he will then remain at home or make a home of his own.

The Shaker boy sees no vacation for him, no ending of his term. Here is his life job.

It was a one sex association. The boys and girls saw each other three times every day at meal time, but held no communication with each other. My sister and I met occasionally, but she was always chaperoned by her caretaker. I can recall but one instance of speaking to a girl during the three years I was in the Boy's Order. One of my duties was to replenish the wood box at the Infirmary. A girl of my own age, whom I will call Helen Olney, because that was not her name, was dwelling at the Infirmary on account of delicate health. She came from Providence as I did, and that seemed to establish a mutual interest. She had living with us three brothers, one older and two younger than myself. We saw each

other there nearly every day. I do not know which of us spoke first, but I do remember that we exchanged a few words and became somewhat acquainted. Possibly we may have exchanged smiles when we met after that but I do not remember.

My companions from morning until night were boys. From one week to another and from one month to another boys, only boys. They were not bad boys, they were probably above the average, but they seemed to me who had always lived with my mother and sister rough and coarse. They lacked the gentle manners the female association would have given. Their own exclusive society antagonized refinement. They suffered in this respect as much as I, but were not as conscious of it. How I longed at the end of the day's work, to spend an hour with my mother, or my sister, or some agreeable female friend. Girls sometimes wish they were boys, but I never heard a boy wishing to be a girl, yet when I saw those girls at the church, in the dining room, in the door yard. I wished I could be a girl just a little while for a change, that I might enjoy something finer than these rough boys. Can any one not saturated with Shaker prejudices adduce any sensible reason why sister and I should not enjoy each other and alone for at least a little time?

Notwithstanding the freedom permitted me to visit my mother, I knew the sentiment of the people was vehemently opposed to what they termed natural relation, and they continually declaimed against it in our meetings. It was a perpetual testimony of hate for father, mother, brother and sister.

Is it then any wonder that embarrassment invariably attended frequent visits to my mother? Once only did I in any way divulge to mother my feelings, but this time I

met with her when suffering unusual dejection and sobbingly I poured out my grief. Her sympathy was sweet and she made it very easy for me to say I wanted to return to Providence, and I knew that I had only to say the word and she would take me there. Her attitude impressed me with a responsibility hitherto unfelt. Although in later years I had reason to believe she would have been quite willing to have gone of her own volition, and that she remained there more for her children's sake than for her own, I then thought she was happy. I did not doubt that my sister was not equally so, and brother was too young to consider any how. Could I only have known the facts in regard to both mother and sister as I knew them after the lapse of many years, what a change would have been wrought in the lives of us all! In my ignorance of the true situation, believing that I alone suffered discontent, and, as I have said, feeling a responsibility as the eldest and next to mother the head of the family. I felt it to be selfish and wrong to allow my personal feelings to disrupt the comfort of the others, and I hastened to assure mother that I would try to bear up under it, nor did I ever again burden her with any personal trouble, and so far as I know she never knew I had any.

The sore was not healed however. Many, many times as I listened to the rumbling of the trains which we could hear distinctly, although so many miles away, did I wish I was on one and going back to our old home.. I can now realize that undoubtedly most of the boys felt as I did about it. They did not dare to express feelings of unrest to each other, as it would most certainly reach the ears of the caretaker, and they knew what to expect in that case. Not infrequently, however, two of the boys would venture to

unfold their sentiments to each other and this was likely to result in a runaway as it was termed; or a boy resentful over a real or supposed injustice, or it may be wearied with a hum drum life, would boldly strike out alone. The personality of the company was constantly changing, some going, others coming, a few remaining, and those mostly having parents there; but of the twenty four boys of the company there with me, the last one had left more than thirty years ago, while probably a hundred more, old and young, had come and gone within that time in the Church Family alone.

As a part of this first year's experience I will mention a certain phase of their religious functions now long since discarded. All of the eighteen Societies were directed by Divine Command to provide a piece of ground selected by spirit guidance in some secluded spot as equally distant as possible from all the Families, and sufficiently large to convene the entire Society for worship. The spot at Canterbury was nearly a mile from the Church Family in a piece of woods. The approach to it was through a stony pasture, and to make a road to it suitable for a body of people to march over required much work.

The "Fountain" or "Feast Ground" was made smooth and as level as possible and sowed to grass. Around it was set a row of fir trees. In the center of the ground was a small oval plat at one end of which was a tall marble slab upon which was engraved a message to the people given by inspiration, and which was read to the assembly whenever a meeting was held there. On one side of the ground was a very plain building sufficiently large to convene the entire Society. A plain fence painted white surrounded the whole tract.

In summer time and on Sunday

when the Ministry were at Canterbury and the weather pleasant, the society would meet here for worship, the Families so timing their arrival as to enter the Fountain at the same moment, the other Families entering upon the opposite side. The people marched all the way four abreast, two brethren and two sisters, the Elders and Ministry leading, followed by the singers, the children bringing up the rear. Arriving at the Fountain they formed in circles as in the meeting room at home, the exercise being the march only. Next, they entered the house, sitting upon the plainest of wood benches kept there permanently. Here they sang and listened to more or less speaking by the leaders for a half hour or so, when the meeting was dismissed and all returned home singing and marching as they came. The children greatly enjoyed these little breaks in the monotonous routine of Sunday life.

From some cause never publicly revealed, these visits to the Fountain grew less and less frequent and finally ceased altogether. A few years later the house, fence and sacred stone were removed, and our Fountain became but a memory. The tablet was used as a table for making candy. To some of us who revered the place and who loved the devotional spirit that belonged to it, its destruction seemed a sacrilege. Many were the times that I visited the spot in after years and there knelt alone in prayer and in communion with the spirit of those bygone days. We were not told why this holy ground prepared at so much expense and divine behest, ceased to be of use for sacred purposes. If its contermining was by spirit direction it was not told us. As its introduction was attended with much solemnity, should we not expect its revocation to be equally impressive, and in the entire ab-

sence of this, might we not with reason feel doubtful as to the genuineness of the first assertion? The seeds of doubt were here sown in some fruitful soil which in due time failed not to produce fruit.

I will mention one peculiar rite that has not been observed for seventy years. It was called the "Sweeping Gift." At certain irregular intervals the Elders and a select few singers would march through the village and into every room of every building, singing and crying "sweep, sweep" and using their spiritual brooms. It was to drive out all moral and spiritual uncleanness that might exist. It was a powerful stimulus for every one to maintain the most immaculate order and neatness in all their possessions.

How well do I remember my first Fourth of July spent at the Village, that we celebrated ingloriously by a good hard day's work shovelling manure at the sheep barn. We boys tried to make fun over it, but we felt more cross than funny. The only glint we had of the holiday was now and then a rocket from the fire works at Concord, 12 miles away, which as an unusual privilege we were allowed to sit up and see.

In September, 1855, I blossomed into a "Youth Boy." This was a most welcome change. It made me eligible to all services and gatherings of the brethren and taking my meals with them at the first sitting. I was surely beginning to be a man. I was assigned to a man whom I liked very much, and what was fully as nice, who liked me, and who apparently did all he could to make me happy.

My first job with him was picking apples at the East Farm orchard. This was by far our largest orchard. It was the product of the indefatigable labor of Peter Ayers who at 96 years of age still worked on it when I went there to live.

He redeemed it from a rocky pasture, and the immense heaps of stones made by him in clearing the land betokened marvelous energy. This orchard yielded this year one thousand bushels of fruit for the cellar, quite as much more of sauce apples, and a large amount for cider. A large company of both sexes was occupied a full week in this orchard. The young men picked the apples and the sisters sorted them into number one and number two for storage, and sauce apples to be cut and dried.

The apples were laid very carefully in baskets and conveyed home in spring wagons, and as carefully transferred to bins in the cellars. No apple was number one that had dropped from the tree or had received the least bruise. Dinner was served in the old barn, across the floor of which was a long rude table. We knelt before and after eating as at home, but there was no restraint in conversation. Few young sisters and no girls were there. In those present the Elders gave careful attention to their selection to remove all possible danger of undue familiarity between the young people.

The brethren had an apple cellar for their own exclusive use, in which was stored the fruit from the pasture trees. These were trees that had from time to time been grafted to fine fruit. These apples were dealt out to the brethren in their shops all thru the winter. The little boys also had a cellar of their own for the apples upon the Island, and some of the ungrafted fruit that otherwise would go for cider, and with their young and vigorous appetites they were not so fastidious as to their quality.

From now until late in the fall, the entire Family convened in the large room at the laundry two or three evenings each week to cut and prepare the sauce apples for dry-

ing, cutting about sixty bushels each night. The sexes occupied opposite sides of the room. The brethren with machines pared and quartered, and the sisters, boys and girls finished them for the kiln. This dried fruit supplied our table with pies and sauce in spring and summer, and furnished the markets with the well known Shaker apple sauce.

The boys sat at a long table each with his wooden tray, and a dear old sister waited upon us and inspected our work to see if it was rightly done. Tallow candles, home-made, gave us light, and when it grew dim there was a cry, perhaps a chorus, of "snuff the candle, John." It was an animated and pleasant scene, and even if we had worked hard all day as most of us had, the consciousness that we were doing it for each other and for the whole, made us forget our weariness, and the hours to pass swiftly.

I was now living in the "Broom Shop" with Jackson Moore and three other boys of about my own age making brooms, of which we made from twelve to twenty dozen per day depending upon their size and quality. At another shop were being made as many more, in all about two hundred dozen of the cheaper sort per week. In our "Retiring Room" at the "Great House", where we slept and lived on Sunday, were Jackson and six other boys. Jackson and I occupied one of the beds, two of the boys the other bed, and the others slept in the dormitory, on the floor above. On our arrival at the house every Saturday evening all winter, we would find a half peck of the very best apples the cellars afforded, two or three apiece for Sunday. These were placed there by the sisters.

Late this fall, much to my regret, Jackson was appointed caretaker of the boys of the "Order" and the assistant Elder assumed the jurisdic-

tion of our little crew, himself working with us part of the time. This arrangement was not conducive to my comfort in a certain way. These boys with whom I was thus associated were not gentle in their manners and less so in their talk. They did not incline to study nor intellectual conversation, and except in work, I had little in common with them. They were not bad boys by any means. They were rather the natural consequence of the conditions surrounding them which I have before described. Their faults were rather of a negative than a positive character, a deficiency of qualities necessary to develop the best that was in them; and they fairly illustrated the deprivation of good female influence and society. We enjoyed an abundance of religious teaching, but were not urged, rather discouraged, in the pursuit of a higher education. We were not, and were not designed to be, fitted for a life outside the society, the outside life to which most of the young people inevitably drifted. We sadly lacked leaders who were broad enough to understand the vital necessities of these things, but our leaders were themselves the product of an imperfect training for their positions. If some of the young people who evinced a capacity for leadership and of moral and spiritual worth, and there were most certainly some of their kind; if these could have been sent out to grapple with the world and to cleave their own way to success, to learn the failures and the causes of them, to mingle in society and obtain points from another angle, to study the conditions of the family life, its virtues and its failures, they would return with minds broadened by experience and rich in human sympathy, and one such man would be worth more than all that Shaker education was ever able to produce. Some of these young people would

fail of course, and few of them would again return to the fold, but more of them would return proportionately than in the case of those remaining who were sheltered in the hope of their retention.

The convent nuns are wiser than the Shakers. Many of the children in their schools, becoming attached to their teachers would impetuously take the veil and immure themselves for life, but this was not permitted. These girls must return to their homes and remain for a fixed number of years, to attain a knowledge of life, its duties and its pleasures and to become old enough to decide intelligently. Consequently those who eventually return to the secluded life of the convent do so understandingly, with none but themselves to blame if they have made a mistake. Had the Shakers possessed something of this wisdom they would undoubtedly have permanently retained more of their young people, but while the nuns increase in numbers the Shakers dwindle. The leaders of the Society, educated to be children, usually remain children, and the product of their teaching is again children. Our deprivation of female association served to distort us into unevenly developed beings and worked an almost irreparable injury, and I am compelled to emphasize the seriousness of this institutional defect. It might have been all so different but for the fatuous course adopted and pursued so many, many years. I had one boon companion, a boy of my own age, who came to the Society about the same time as myself. We did not work together, but we did live in the same room at the House. Our tastes were similar. We loved study. We loved to fish and to ramble. While in the Boy's Order we spent much of our spare time together, and the wonder is that our fondness for

each other was never opposed. We were fond of athletic sports that were permitted, and of wrestling which was prohibited, but we would meet down in an orchard, out of sight and wrestle time after time. Of course we must go and confess it, but the next day at it we would go again. I do not know whether or not John confessed it. I never asked him. He never told me. I will not pretend that I confessed

every deviation from rectitude. I fear I resembled the very small boy who at confession was asked by his caretaker if he had been a good boy all the week replied contritely "kick, scratch, bite." "What," said the amused man. "Kick, scratch, bite," said the little penitent. "Well you may go," said the caretaker, smothering a laugh with difficulty.

To be continued

SNOW-TRAIL

By Bernice Leslie Kenyon

Grey is the world before us,
Etched with a slender line,
Shadowless, soft, entrancing,—
Dreamily fair and fine;
Steel is the wind that drives us,
Steely the sifted snow.
Down through an aisle of the forest
Softly, swiftly we go.

Over the frozen river,
Thickets white on the side,
Bowered and bent with silver,
Close where the partridge hide,—
Down through the misty highway
Hid by a snowy veil,
On we press to the forest,
Slowly breaking the trail.

Ho! Friend, over the snowdrifts!
Look where the white wind flies!
Oh, how the forest brilliance
Fires the light in your eyes!
See how the wind is raging—
The drifts are scattered and swirled!
This is the God's own weather!
This is the great white world!

A FEW PAGES OF POETRY

The announcement in the December number of the Granite Monthly that a prize of \$50 had been offered by Mr. Brookes More for the best poem printed in this magazine during the year 1921, already has interested, we learn from our mail, a large number of verse-makers, and we hear of many more entries to come. In order to make the field of competitors as large as possible within the limits of the magazine's size we have decided to devote a few pages a month during the year exclusively to poetry, in addition to the verses printed here and there through the various numbers. Every poem receiving its first publication in the Granite Monthly will be eligible for Mr. More's generous prize and the exigencies of magazine make-up rather than the comparative quality of the poems, as the editor sees them, will decide which verses appear in the special department of poetry and which find places elsewhere in the magazine.

New and old contributors to the magazine appear in our first installment of this department. Bernice Lesbia Kenyon is on the staff of Scribner's Magazine. In 1920 she won the John Masefield prize by her poetry and she has had verse printed in the Sonnet and the Literary Digest. Mary H. Wheeler (of Pittsfield, N. H.) made her first contributions to the Granite Monthly just 40 years ago and her muse is still graceful and true. Clair Leonard, a member of the Harvard Poetry Society and the organist of the Harvard Glee Club, is a musician of rare ability. Amy J. Dolloff (of Ashland, N. H.) has been a contributor of verse to many publications, including the Granite Monthly, during residence in Maine and New Hampshire. Ruth Metzger, a senior at Wellesley, has contributed to the Modernist, poems which have proved of interest to the critics.

FINIS

By Clair T. Leonard

Since thou and I on this green earth are born,
And having lived and loved and worked and died,
And entered in a sepulchre forlorn,
Are soon forgot by those who once had sighed;

And since great nations, tender verdant blades,
And all things horrible and all things fair,
—Sweet music played and songs by heav'nly maids,
The days, the nights, the water and the air,

Are all at first conceived and then begun,
And thrive and serve their purpose to the end,
And when their duty requisite is done
Are nought but memories of ancient trend;

Our world, so small compared with God's whole scheme,
Will some day disappear and be a dream.

FRAGMENT

By G. Faunce Whitcomb.

If only I, from out this world of dreams,
 Might have the choice of one apart
 To weave forever in my soul, it seems
 Thou would'st be of that dream, the heart.

A SONG IN SEPTEMBER

By Bernice Lesbia Kenyon.

The distant hills are gleaming gold,
 Ashine with slopes of goldenrod,
 And far and high above them sounds
 The golden laughter of a god.

But laughter of the gods is faint,
 And goldenrod grows grey in rain.
 And they were nought to me, could I
 But hear your golden songs again.

LIFE

By Ida B. Rossiter.

Our life is such a fleeting thing,
 'Tis like a feather from the wing
 Of a bird that takes its flight.
 The twilight that preceeds the night,
 Like dew upon the grass it seems
 To vanish with the sun's first beams.
 Like mist upon the mountain peak,
 The fleeing deer that hunters seek.
 Only a snowflake on the river,
 A moment seen, then gone forever.

MY LITTLE LOVE

By Emily W. Matthews.

I cherished in my heart
 A little love. His wings
 Were gossamer, and lined
 With rainbow hues, each part.

The little timid thing
 I gave into your hands
 So trustingly, but you
 Have bruised and clipped each wing.

JANUARY

By Albert Annett.

Blow, Warder, Ho! Let go your banner string!
The dirge for the dead is ended and paeans
 loud we sing.
From the past, with its buried sadness, let
 hopes exultant spring!
"The king is dead!" the echo ring. "Hail to
 the new-born king!"

THE MESSENGER

By Amy J. Dolloff

Life has deeper meaning
Since your face I see.
Earth and heaven are brighter
Toil more dear to me.

Spirit speaks to spirit
With a holy joy.
All my being answers
To love without alloy.

Why should such a glory
Gild my every hour?
Why the blessing wondrous
Bring new strength and power?

Is it that the Giver
Of true life and love
Sends thru you His Message
From the courts above?

ALIEN

By Harold Vinal.

The gorse grass waves in Ireland,
Far on the windless hills;
In France dark poppies glimmer—
Suncups and daffodils.

The heather seas are crying
And deep on English lanes—
Blown roses spill their color
In the soft, grey rains.

My heart alone is broken
For things I may not see—
New England's shaken gardens,
Beside a dreaming sea.

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EDITORIAL

A valued contributor to the Granite Monthly, Mr. Frank B. Kingsbury of Keene, a member of the New Hampshire and Vermont state historical societies and a well-known historical writer, sends us a communication upon the subject of Vital Statistics which seems suitable for publication in this department of the magazine. He says:

As nature left our state mountains, rivers, lakes and forests abounded, but it was *man* who made and developed what nature had left; it was *man* who built our highways, villages and cities, in fact made all improvements. Examination of the archives of our state reveals the names of the leading men in their day and generation; statesmen, soldiers, husbandmen, the founders of our commonwealth. Write, if you will, a history of our state without making mention of men like Capt. John Mason, the Hiltons, Rev. John Wheelwright, Generals Stark and Sullivan, Hon. Daniel Webster, President Franklin Pierce and a host of others, and you have but a skeleton, void of industry, civilization and culture. Sometimes I feel we are inclined to lose sight of the fact that we are still as truly making history today as were they of 1776 or 1800. With this fact in mind it is all important that we make correct and accurate statements in our public records.

The vital statistics of this state are kept in the office of the State Board of Health in Concord. These records which cover births, marriages, deaths, places, etc., I have reason to believe are being accurately kept. But how about the annual town and city reports as they are now printed throughout this state? Do they give the true facts in all cases; are they to be depended on, or are they erroneous, and, in some

instances, incomplete and misleading? With this all important question I wish to deal. And I may state here, it is not my desire to in any way criticise the excellent work now being done by the usual town and city clerks; they are doubtless working "according to law;" but, that being the case, the law should be amended during the present session of the legislature.

Inasmuch as the printed Vital Statistics in New Hampshire are becoming more and more a "work of reference" they should be accurately printed. If you examine the annual report of almost any town, you will find this headline;—births registered; marriages registered; deaths registered in the town of ————. The records of births and marriages appears complete, except when a parent, groom or bride is born in a foreign country, the name of the town is seldom given, but simply as Canada, England, Scotland, etc. Why not give the name of the town and make the record complete? However, in the deaths registered, this statement does not necessarily mean that such a death took place in that town, even though it is "registered" there. If for instance, a New Hampshire man died while on a visit to Boston and is buried in his home town, his death would be on record as having occurred in two places. For example, according to a printed Surry annual report, Cyrus Kingsbury died in that town November 30, 1909. As a matter of fact he died in Concord, this state, where his death is doubtless also on record. His wife, Lydia J. Kingsbury, died in Keene, August 9, 1917 and is buried in Surry beside her husband, but according to the printed reports of the two towns, she died in each town upon the same

day. Again, Stephen H. Clement, died at his home in Surry, January 29, 1918 and is buried in Keene, yet if we take the records, he died in both towns. Numerous like instances might be cited and such errors future generations will sharply criticise, and justly, too. When the body of a deceased is brought into town it should be so printed, and state where the death took place. A marriage taking place out of town is so recorded; why not in case of a death?

Why is the age at death (year, month, day) given instead the date of birth; as I believe it should be. The age at death cannot be accurately and positively given without knowing the date of birth; then why give the "age?" Numerous errors have and will continue to occur so long as this old time system is used! A diligent search of old records and headstones gives ample proof of this statement.

When an error has been printed in an annual report should it remain as printed, or be corrected in the next issue? Nearly all, I believe would desire a correction to be made. I have in mind a case where a man married his own mother—according to print—who had at the time of marriage been dead for several years. Some one blundered in this record which has never been corrected.

If in printing the annual reports the names in the vital statistics were arranged alphabetically instead of chronologically, as at present, in all towns of over 1000 inhabitants, there would be a saving of much valuable time in searching the records.

Most clerks when application is made to search the records in their charge will cheerfully comply with

such request, stating their fee for such research. Those clerks who do not should be considered as negligent of duty and the law should clearly and definitely state that it is a part of a clerk's duty to attend promptly to such matters.

In taking up with Otis G. Hammond, superintendent of the New Hampshire Historical Society, the matter of amending the present laws respecting the printing of vital statistics in the annual town and city reports, the following recommendations are suggested, viz:

1. That when the body of a deceased is brought into a town the records shall state where the death took place, in addition to the usual record as now given.

2. That the date of birth, instead the age at death be given in death records.

3. When any record in the vital statistics is printed incorrectly or incompletely, the same shall be corrected in the next annual report when the facts are reported in writing to the clerk.

4. That the vital statistics shall be printed alphabetically in the annual reports instead of chronologically, as at present, in all towns of over 1000 inhabitants.

5. When application in writing is made to a clerk to search the records in his charge, he shall state his fee for making a diligent search for the desired information and give the matter prompt attention.

It is quite probable there are other suggestions which can and should be made to improve our public records, but the above should be carefully considered by our law-makers during 1921.



BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

A WONDERLAND OF THE EAST. By William Copeman Kitchin, Ph.D. Illustrated. Pp., 330. Cloth, \$5. Boston: The Page Company.

One of the finest pictures we ever have seen in print of the Old Man of the Mountain looks out at us from the frontispiece of this sumptuous book of travels. Paradise Falls, Lost River, the Presidential Range from Intervale, and Dixville Notch, also are beautifully reproduced in color, and many other of the 54 plates which illustrate the volume so adequately and appropriately are of New Hampshire scenes, while one of its three good maps is of New Hampshire and Vermont.

Doctor Kitchin, the author, recently a member of the faculty of the University of Vermont, puts together in this book, one of the handsomest of the season, his memories and notes of automobile journeyings during four successive seasons through eastern and central New York and the New England states. Some of these trips started from his home in New York, others from his summer home on the shores of Lake Wentworth in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire. On all of them he viewed the scenery and reviewed the history of the region with results that, as preserved in these printed pages, are at once enjoyable and valuable.

An experienced traveller in the Far East and in Europe, Doctor Kitchin sees America not first, but finally, with due preparation for its appreciation and for comparison with other lands of equal, but unlike, interest and beauty. He writes with an intimate, personal note, yet with high regard for accuracy, so that his work is not only a readable chronicle but a useful guide for

those who may motor in his car tracks.

As he travelled with equipment for camping and was not dependent upon hotels, his stopping places were in many instances different from those of the "regular" tourist, as, for instance, a night and day spent on Mount Cube in Orford, and these episodes, charmingly described, add to the book's attraction.

The beauty of the New Hampshire lake country seems to have appealed to Doctor Kitchin as much as did the grandeur of the mountains to the northward, and it is pleasing to note a paragraph in appreciation of Webster Lake at Franklin, a beauty spot too seldom celebrated in print.

POLITICS ADJOURNED. Politics Regained. By Richard D. Ware with Introductory Remarks by John Milton. Amherst Publishing Company.

Something more than a century ago the town of Amherst was one of those of principal importance in New Hampshire with bright prospects, among other respects, as a publishing center. The Legislature had met there, it was the shire town of Hillsborough county and it had hopes of becoming the state capital. However, it lost both the capitol and the print shops to Concord, where Isaac Hill went from Amherst to become governor, United States Senator, and best known editor of the state. Later another boy from Amherst, Horace Greeley, became even more famous and powerful in the politics and journalism of the nation.

Hill and Greeley, hard-hitters both, would read with appreciation,

if they were with us today, two well-printed pamphlets which are issued by the "Amherst Publishing Company, Amherst, N. H.," under the titles noted above. They would see that there has not been much change since their day in the vigor with which the leaders of one political party are lambasted by the speakers and the writers of the other and they would take off their hats to Mr. Richard D. Ware, twentieth century lampooner, for the dexterity with which he uses his typewriter as a whiplash and thereby removes considerable sections of hide from exposed portions of his opponents' figurative anatomy.

Not being a political publication, the *Granite Monthly* finds it best to quote as a sample of Mr. Ware's style, his solution of the problem of "Re-adjustment:"

With peace declared, one Jack,
A gob,
Came back from raging main
And found a Jane
Was holding down his job.
So what to do with him
Now Uncle Sam was through with him.
While Boards, Commissions, Statisticians
Fought and wrangled
And got their red tape and themselves
Tied up and tangled.
Jack never tarried,
And now they are married.

TAFT PAPERS ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: SPEECHES AND LETTERS OF EX-PRESIDENT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. Edited by Theodore Marburg and Horace E. Flack. Pp., 340. Cloth, \$4.50. New York: The MacMillan Company.

Not since slavery has any question so divided the American people as has the League of Nations and the relations to it of the United States of America. It has its ardent Wilson supporters. It has its

bitter Moses opponents. It has its middle-of-the-roaders, who attach so much importance to the acceptance by this nation of the principle involved that they will go almost any lengths in the way of sacrificing the famous fourteen points.

In the popular mind former President William H. Taft is regarded as the leader of those who consider the spirit of a League more important than the letter of its law and covenant, and it is, therefore, important that permanent record be made of his attitude towards this proposed international agreement in these days of its formation. This has been done in the substantial volume entitled above, wherein are collected in order the speeches of Mr. Taft upon the League question and his correspondence, especially with the White House, on points involved during the prolonged Senate deadlock. The objections to our participation in the League on the ground that it will interfere with our sovereignty and with the Monroe Doctrine; that it would involve abandonment of our traditional policy against entangling alliances; and that power is lacking under the Constitution for us to enter into such a treaty are answered by Mr. Taft in the papers collected in this book. An excellent 20 page introduction by Mr. Marburg concludes: "The Papers are replete with new evidence of our honored ex-President's grasp of the guiding legal principles of our Government, gathered on the bench and in executive office, and of the attitude of mind which the best thought and feeling of the country heartily accepts as true Americanism."

CREATIVE CHEMISTRY. By Edwin E. Slosson. Illustrated. Pp., 311. New York: The Century Company.

The Century Company, New York, is one publishing house which, both through its magazines and its book department, is striving intelligently and successfully to aid in the real progress and true education of our people. This is seen in such of its publications as the Century Books of Useful Science, the Century New World Series, the Century Foreign Trade Series, etc. The well-illustrated and serviceable volume entitled above was the first to appear in the Science series and was so warmly welcomed that it now is issued in a new edition revised and brought up to date. Its author, Doctor Slosson, is that rare combination, a chemist of distinction and a writer of imagination and charm. In this book he writes for those whose knowledge of chemistry, if they have any, is most elementary. He describes, so that all of us can understand their wonders, the modern processes of the chemical industries, and what is more important, he goes on to show the political and social effects of these great discoveries. One result is to make it clear to the dullest reader that a foundation stone of our future national policy, domestic and foreign, should be the chemical freedom of this country, only wrested from German domination because of the recent war, and sure to be endangered again if our vigilance abates.

WASTE PAPER PHILOSOPHY AND MAGPIES IN PICARDY. By T. P. Cameron Wilson. (Reviewed by Gordon Hillman.)

The war has produced in every land an enormous amount of poetry. By the same token, very little of it has been really good verse. Among these few notable poems was "Magpies in Picardy," which aroused considerable comment on its publi-

cation in England and in this country. Captain Wilson died in battle with his regiment, The Sherwood Foresters, but his work lives on, most of it between the covers of "Waste Paper Philosophy." Regarding this philosophy, which is a series of short essays in prose, addressed "To My Son," there can be no criticism and little comment. They are too good, too deep, too vital to be described by men who ought to know better. To be appreciated, they should be read. Moreover, they should be given to every school boy in the land, as one reviewer has already said. They are much too fine, too delicate to brook description.

Under the general title, "Magpies in Picardy" comes the verse. Poignantly English, it carries an appeal that is little short of universal. It is England, forever England that draws the poet's fire, and Devon gains no little from it.

"The white wall, the cob wall, about my
Devon farm.
The oak door, the black door, that opens
to the wold.
Down the grey flagstones, and out in the
gloaming,
(And all across my shoulder, her milk-
splashed arm.)
Out in the cool dusk to watch the rooks
homing.
(And all across the grey floor a slant of
gold.)

Yet in contrast, there are in "France, 1917," some stark bits of horror that rival Sassoon.

"There was nothing here that moved but
a lonely bird,
And the wind over the grass. Men lived
in mud;
Slept as their dead must sleep, walled in
with clay,
Yet staring out across the unpitied day,
Staring hard-eyed like hawks that hope
for blood,

The still land was a witch who held her
breath,
And with a lidless eye kept watch for
death."

Here are no paeans of victory, nor vituperations against the enemy, no headlong cavalry charges nor verbal skyrocketings, but if you would see war as it is, read "France 1917." Or if you would turn from "the sulken thunder of Man with his hungry guns," there is a ballad of London Town, and the singing dialect of "The Wind Blown Down," yet ever and ever as in "Lying Awake at Night," the war finds grim reflection. However there are neither battles nor plagues in the whimsical verses of "The Sentimental Schoolmaster," wherein great sympathy is shown for schoolboys, and less for pedagogues. Yet Captain Wilson was a schoolmaster. Sentimental or not, he is a poet whose teachings in prose and verse will go singing down the world long after his fellows' crustier messages are so much dried dust.

A ST. ANDREWS TREASURY OF SCOTTISH VERSE. Edited by Mrs. Alexander Lawson and Alexander Lawson. (Reviewed by Gordon Hillman.) A. & C. Black, Ltd.

Out of Scotland have come not only great men but great poets, and herein are the finest lays that they sang, gay lilt and smoothly polished verses that have already outworn time, and will continue to brave the centuries until the Stuart tartan disappears from the earth. Here they all are, the old familiar singers, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott and Lady John, Robert Louis Stevenson, Campbell and Hoagg, Baroness Nairne, Robert Buchanan and his "Wedding of Shon McLean" and the rest.

And here too is constant surprise in the number of contemporary

writers of Scottish verse. Andrew Lang has left us, but his unforgettable "Twilight on Tweed" never will.

"Three crests against the saffron sky
Beyond the purple plain,
The kind remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again."

Lang and his work are well known to Americans, but since his time, there has been much Scottish verse, much excellent Scottish verse of which we know too little. Prominent among these moderns is John Buchan, whose "South Countrie" has as gallantly lilting a refrain as those of the older border ballads. And here too is John Foster with a ballad of the Seaforth Highlanders, "Civis Romanus Sum" that has all the roaring power of Rudyard Kipling in its lines.

"The road my country bade me,
(Said the Corporal of the Line),
I've tramped it wi' the colours
Since I joined the corps lang syne.
A man's road and a great road
But the road I want the day
Is a road that skirts the barley
On the haughs along the Spey."

War always brings much to the Scots, and this greatest of all wars is no exception. The "Neuve Chapelle" of John Foster, and Mary Simon's, "The Glen's Muster Roll" and "After Neuve Chapelle" are as Scottish as the colors of the kilt or the drone of the bagpipes. They are essentially different from American verse or even that of the English, yet they and Sir George Douglas' "Edinburgh Castle" bid fair to stand with the great poems of the world.

And so does Violet Jacob's "Tam I' the Kirk" and "The Howe of the Mearns," Charles Murray's "The Whistle" and many, many others. Mercifully, the Scots seem to indulge not in 'isms, to completely ignore the fads and foibles of the moment, to leave free verse and

merely weird verse to the rest of the world, and to write poetry that has sheer beauty, delicate fabrication or rousing lilt to commend it. Here you will find neither the sensational nor the mawkish, nor constant frettings about souls and conditions, but good healthy out-door verse that looms as Ben Nevis above the clammy mists of modern "expression" and "impression." For where in America or in England or yet in France do you find better contemporary verse than this by Will H. Ogilvie.

"Shining and shadowy, verdant-walled
By his banks of spreading beeches,
Thundering over the foaming cauld
And sliding on silver reaches,
Twisting and turning by haugh and lea
Tweed goes down to the windy sea."

Yet this is characteristic of the whole volume, and not merely a high light amid sundry darker lamps. What with old favorites and new masters of verse, the book is one of the poetic events of the year.

CANTERBURY BELLS

By Mary H. Wheeler

My neighbor has a garden plot
With hardy plants replete,
Forget-me-nots and columbines
And pinks and roses sweet.

There larskpur with the foxglove vies
And each in turn excels.
But from them all I turn to watch
The Canterbury bells.

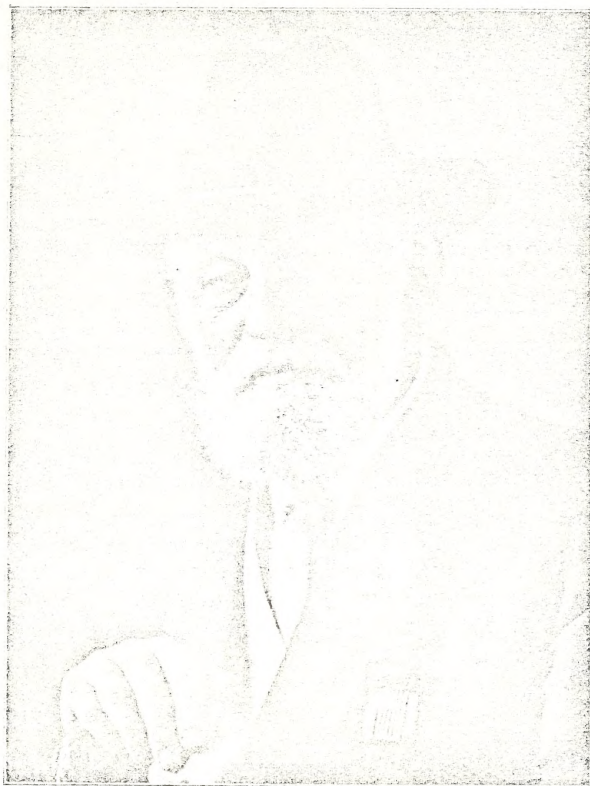
Brave plants that bow not to the storm,
Soft bells the wind may blow,
That send out perfume for a sound
While swinging to and fro.

In tints as dainty as their breath,
Mauve, purple, pink and white,
And lavender and blended shades
That change in changing light.

Stout belfries and the many bells,
Straight from the Master's hand,
Your tongues are never voiceless
To souls that understand.

Attuned to beauty's gamut,
Each wind-swayed chalice swells
Earth's never-ending symphony,
Sweet Canterbury bells.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



THE LATE O. B. DOUGLAS.

DR. O. B. DOUGLAS

Dr. Orlando Benajah Douglas, widely known surgeon and past commander of the Department of New Hampshire, G. A. R., died at his home in Concord, December 17, after a long illness. He was born in Cornwall, Vt., September 12, 1836, and served in the Civil War with the 18th Missouri Volunteers, being wounded twice and being promoted from private to lieutenant and adjutant. He received a medical degree from the Medical School of New York University and subsequently was a member of its faculty. He was also for many years director of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital and president of the medical society of the county of New York. For the past 20 years Dr. Douglas had resided in Concord and had gradually withdrawn from active practice. He had been president of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home since

1904, and was an active worker for prohibition, woman suffrage and other reforms. He was a member of the Loyal Legion and of various medical and other societies and associations, and had written much upon his specialty, diseases of the eye, ear and throat. He was a 32nd degree Mason and had been a member of the Baptist church since 1855. One son, Edwin R. Douglas of Philadelphia, survives.

TRUE L. NORRIS.

Colonel True L. Norris, veteran editor and former member of the Democratic national committee from New Hampshire, died at his home in Portsmouth, December 4. He was born in Manchester, May 4, 1848. His parents moved to Woburn, Mass., when he was four years old and he was fitted there for Harvard College.

He served in the Civil War and after the war studied law with his father.

In 1873, he went to Washington where he practiced law in the office of Gen. B. F. Butler for a year. For several years he worked in the office of the Controller of the Treasury. In 1880 he came to Concord to practice law, also taking up newspaper work, being correspondent for the Boston Globe.

In January, 1888, when Col. Charles A. Sinclair purchased the Portsmouth Times and the weekly States and Union, Colonel Norris became their editor and in 1893 he purchased the two papers. He retired from this work in the summer of 1918. During that long period Colonel Norris never took a vacation.

He was a member of Governor John B. Smith's executive council; had been a delegate to the constitutional convention; was for several years a normal school trustee; was collector of customs 1892-8; and was a delegate at large to the Democratic National Conventions of 1900 and 1904.

In 1898 he married Miss Lillian G. Hurst of Eliot, Me., who survives, besides two brothers, John of Revere, and Thomas G. of Concord, and three sisters, Alice of Cambridge, Mrs. Fannie D. Cutting and Mrs. William Kennedy of Concord.

S. HOWARD BELL.

S. Howard Bell, born in Lawrence, Mass., May 17, 1858, died at Derry December 20. He had been located there as a druggist since 1883 and was a leading and popular citizen. He had served as town clerk; as a trustee of the state home for feeble-minded, and as treasurer of the state pharmaceutical association. He was an officer of the Episcopal church; past grand chancellor of the local lodge Knights of Pythias; and a member of the U. R. K. P., and I. O. O. F. Dr. Bell married Miss Ellen L. Burbank, who survives him, with one son, John H., of Philadelphia, and one daughter, Sarah.

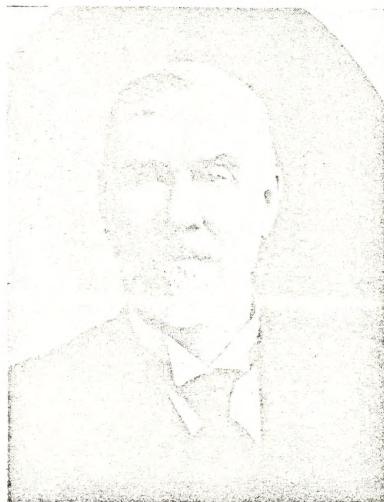
JAMES E. SHEPARD

James Eli Shepard, born in New London, March 8, 1842, the son of Samuel and Phoebe (Haskins) Shepard, died there December 1. He was one of the leading lumbermen of the state and possessed a very wide acquaintance. A Democrat in politics, he had been a delegate from his town to the constitutional convention and from his state to the national convention of his party at Denver in 1908. He also has served in the state house of representa-

tives. He had been a trustee of Colby Academy for 30 years and was a deacon in the Baptist church, a member of the Masons, Odd Fellows, and Patrons of Husbandry, having been the first master of the Grange at New London and of the Merrimack County Pomona. He also had served as overseer of the State Grange. He is survived by a wife, Mrs. Lucia Nelson Shepard; five children, Charles Shepard, Mrs. A. J. Gould and Mark Shepard all of New London, Mrs. W. E. Burpee of Manchester, and Mrs. C. E. Clough of Lebanon; by 20 grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

JOHN W. JEWELL.

John Woodman Jewell, born in Strafford, July 26, 1831, the son of John Milton and Nancy (Colby) Jewell, died at his home in Dover, December 22. He was educated at the Strafford and Gilmanston academies and for 30 years was the general merchant and leading business man of the town, holding all the offices within its gift. Since 1891 he had been engaged in the insurance business at Dover, and at the time of his death was



THE LATE J. W. JEWELL.

the oldest active insurance agent in the state. A Democrat in politics he had been a member of the legislature from both Strafford and Dover; was two years sheriff of Strafford county and a member of Governor Moody Currier's executive council. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Herbert Waldron of Dover, and a granddaughter, Miss Annie Jewell of Manchester.

The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

GOVERNOR BROWN AND HIS COUNCIL.

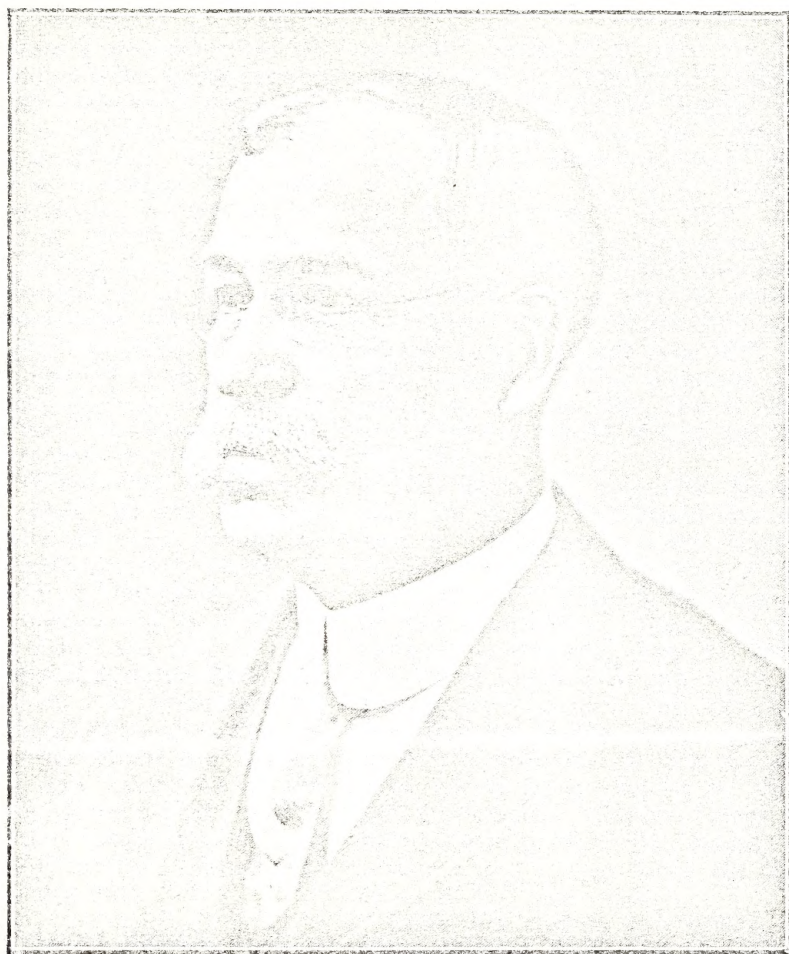
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ALBERT O. BROWN,
GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIII.

FEBRUARY, 1921

No. 2

THE NEW STATE GOVERNMENT

By Henry H. Metcalf.

A new state government, so far as the executive and legislative departments are concerned, came into power with the opening of the new year, or to be precise, on the first Wednesday in January, the same having been elected by the people, November 2, at which time women first voted at a general election in this and a majority of the other states of the Union, the total vote, therefore, far exceeding that cast at any previous election.

Albert O. Brown, Republican candidate for Governor, received 93,273 votes to 62,174 for Charles E. Tilton, the Democratic nominee; while in the last previous presidential year, Henry W. Keyes, Republican, had 45,894 to 38,853 for John C. Hutchins, Democrat. The increase of over 70,000 in the total vote, over that of 1916, resulted almost entirely from the enfranchisement of the women, about two-thirds of those voting apparently having voted the Republican ticket, due, doubtless to the fact that the Republicans had a more effective organization and were able to rally their women voters in larger measure.

GOVERNOR BROWN.

Hon. Albert Oscar Brown, who was elected Governor of New Hampshire in November last, not only by the largest vote, but also by the largest majority ever given any candidate for the office, is the

seventh resident of the city of Manchester to occupy the position since 1865. Frederick Smyth, the first incumbent from the "Queen City" held the office from June, 1865 to June, 1867. James A. Weston was the incumbent in 1871, and again in 1874, being succeeded by Ezekiel A. Straw, in 1872, who served till 1874, and in 1875 by Person C. Cheney, also of Manchester, who occupied the chair till June 1877. In 1885 Moody Currier assumed the office, serving till 1887, and in 1907 and 1908 Charles M. Floyd was the incumbent.

The career of Governor Brown has been sketched at length, heretofore, in the pages of the *Granite Monthly*; but a brief outline of the same, at least, seems to be required in this connection. Born in the town of Northwood, July 15, 1853, the son of Charles O. and Sarah E. (Langmaid) Brown, he received his education in the public schools, at Coe's Academy in Northwood, from which he graduated in 1874, and Dartmouth College, class of 1878, having paid his way largely at academy and college from the proceeds of his own labor.

After his college graduation, in which he took high rank in a class, many of whose members have attained distinction in their several spheres of action, Mr. Brown was engaged in teaching, serving as an instructor in the celebrated Lawrence Academy at Groton, Mass.,

after which he entered upon the study of law, which profession he had chosen as his life work, entering the office of the late Hon. Henry E. Burnham of Manchester, and continuing at the Boston University Law School, from which he graduated in 1884. He was immediately admitted to the bar and commenced practice as a partner of Judge Burnham, with whom he was associated, with various other partners, until the Judge's retirement to enter the United States Senate, when he became the head of the firm, which included, at different times, the late Edwin F. Jones, George H. Warren, Allan M. Wilson and Robert L. Manning. Here he continued until 1912, after he was appointed by the Supreme Court, chairman of the newly created Tax Commission, established by the Legislature of 1911.

During this long period of professional service Mr. Brown devoted himself unremittingly to his work, thoroughly mastering all phases of the law, both in principle and application, so that it may safely be said he is the best equipped lawyer who has held the office of Governor of New Hampshire since the time of Nathaniel B. Baker in 1853-4. Political life, and the promotion which it often brings, held no charms for him, though he was from youth a firm adherent of the Republican party, and a supporter of its principles and policies. Through his professional relations with great corporations and banking institutions he naturally became interested in financial matters, and in 1894 became a trustee of the Amoskeag Savings Bank, the largest institution of the kind in the state, of which he was made president in 1905, and treasurer and secretary in 1912. He has also been for some years a director of the Amoskeag National Bank, and is connected with various other cor-

porations and business associations.

In 1911, upon the creation of a state board of tax commissioners, Mr. Brown was appointed chairman of the board, and continued in the position until his resignation just previous to his inauguration as Governor. In this capacity, as a matter of duty as well as inclination, he became thoroughly familiar with the question of taxation in all its forms and phases, and especially in its relation to the finances of the State, so that he is, today, without doubt, more admirably equipped as a pilot for the "Ship of State" in the trying voyage of the next two years than any other man.

The first office for which he sought the suffrages of the people, was that of delegate from his ward in Manchester to the Constitutional Convention of 1918-21, to which he was elected, and over whose deliberations he presided with ability and impartiality, through the unanimous choice of his fellow delegates. His candidacy for the gubernatorial nomination of his party in the September primary was announced early last year, and after an active canvass, in which two rival aspirants, Hon. Winsor H. Goodnow of Keene and Hon. Arthur P. Morrill of Concord participated, he was nominated, receiving 24,588 votes, to 18,463 for Goodnow and 9,612 for Morrill, and at the election in November was chosen Governor by the vote heretofore mentioned.

In 1911 Mr. Brown was elected to membership upon the board of trustees of Dartmouth College through the action of a large majority of the alumni of the institution, and in that capacity has since rendered loyal and efficient service, the same being so highly appreciated that, after the recent death of Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball he was made a life member of the board. He is also trustee of Coe's Academy of Northwood and president of the

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and the second of the year

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board; a member of the N. H. Bar Association, the Franklin St. Congregational church of Manchester, the Masonic fraternity, Patrons of Husbandry, Psi Upsilon fraternity, and the Derryfield Club of Manchester. On December 20, 1888, he was united in marriage with Miss Susie J. Clark of Ayer, Mass.

Upon his inauguration as Governor, January 6, he delivered an able and comprehensive inaugural message, including many wise recommendations, to which it is hoped the legislature will give due heed, and concluding with the following words:

"This administration will not expect to achieve the impossible or all of the possible, but it will endeavor, day by day, to do the day's work. Thus it will hope to execute with reasonable satisfaction the great trust with which it has been invested by the people of the state."

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

New Hampshire is one of three states in the union, which retains or maintains, an Executive Council, constituting a board of advisors to the Governor, without whose approval he can make no official appointment, or issue any pardons, but whose assent is not essential to his approval or veto of legislative action. This council is a relic of colonial times, maintained only in Massachusetts, and in New Hampshire and Maine formerly associated with it. The colonial Governors, appointed by the British crown, were provided with a council, whose members were also named by the King, serving as an advisory and restraining power in executive action; and these States in framing their respective constitutions, retained the council as a

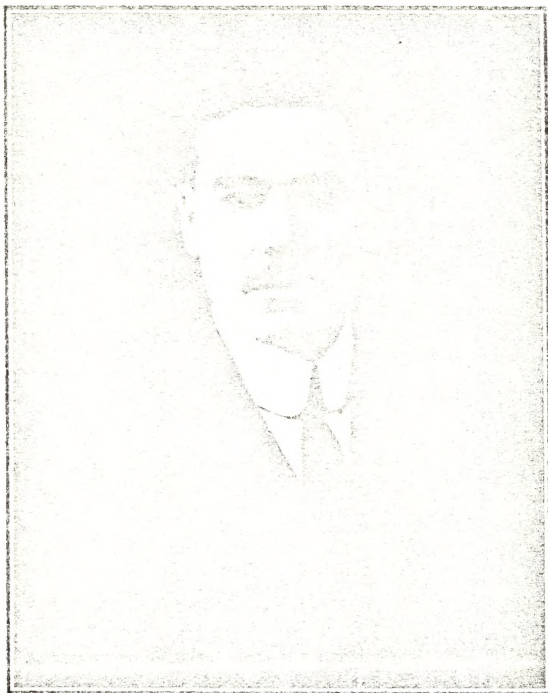
governmental factor, much to the dissatisfaction of not a few men who have since served as Governor in the respective states, though the majority have generally worked harmoniously with their constitutional associates.

The five members of the Executive Council, for the ensuing two years, are all members of the majority party, having been elected by large pluralities over their Democratic opponents, in the political landslide that swept the country.

HON. GEORGE W. BARNES, Councilor for District No. 1, is a native of the town of Lyme, where he has always had his home, born March 18, 1866, son of Hiram and Esther B. (Gillett) Barnes. He was educated in the public schools and at Thetford and St. Johnsbury, Vt., academies, graduating from the latter in 1891. He has long been extensively engaged in agriculture, and specializes in the raising of fine Hereford cattle and sheep. He has, also, large holdings of real estate at White River Junction, Vt. For some years past, as trustee of the estate of his brother, the late Herbert H. Barnes, he has maintained an office in Boston, where he has spent a considerable portion of his time; but has never relaxed his interest in the public affairs of his native town, where he has served many years as a member of the school board, trustee of trust funds and member and chairman of the board of selectmen. During the late world war he was one of the leading men in his section of the state in work for the support of the government, being a member of the State Public Safety Committee and National Defense League. He was the local food administrator, district

chairman of War Savings Stamp work and war historian for his town. He represented the town of Lyme in the legislatures of 1915 and 1917, serving the latter year as chairman of the House Committee on Public Improvements. In 1919 he was a member of the State Senate for the Fifth District, where he

represented the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers R. R., and the Connecticut Valley Telephone Company, and a trustee of Kimball Union Academy and of North Thetford, Vt., church funds. He is a Methodist, a member of the Masonic fraternity, Patrons of Husbandry, N. H. Historical Society, and the Boston City



HON. GEORGE W. BARNES.

was also chairman of the Public Improvements Committee, and a member of several other important committees. As a member of the present Executive Council he serves on the Finance Committee and is also assigned to service on the Board of Trustees of the State Sanitarium.

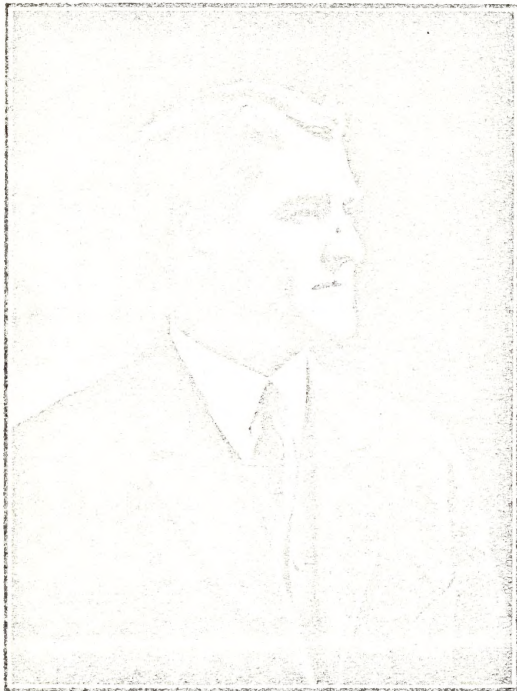
Councilor Barnes is a trustee of the Dartmouth Savings Bank at Hanover, a director of the Con-

necticut and Passumpsic Rivers R. R., and the Connecticut Valley Telephone Company, and a trustee of Kimball Union Academy and of North Thetford, Vt., church funds. He is a Methodist, a member of the Masonic fraternity, Patrons of Husbandry, N. H. Historical Society, and the Boston City

HON. ALBERT HISLOP, Councilor for District No. 2, was born in Brule, Colchester County, Nova Scotia, October 28, 1875, the son of Aaron and Rhoda (Lyons) Hislop, and was educated in the public schools of his native county. He

removed to Portsmouth in 1892, where he engaged in agriculture, in which pursuit he was reared. He was for many years superintendent of the large Main farm, one of the best known in Rockingham County, on the Lafayette Road in Portsmouth, and is still the administrator of that property, although extensively engaged in other lines of

famous Rockingham House in Portsmouth, and is a large stockholder and managing director in the Times Publishing Company, publishing the Portsmouth Daily Times and the States and Union. An enterprise of no little importance and value to the community, in which he is engaged, in the manufacture of auto bodies, carried on at the



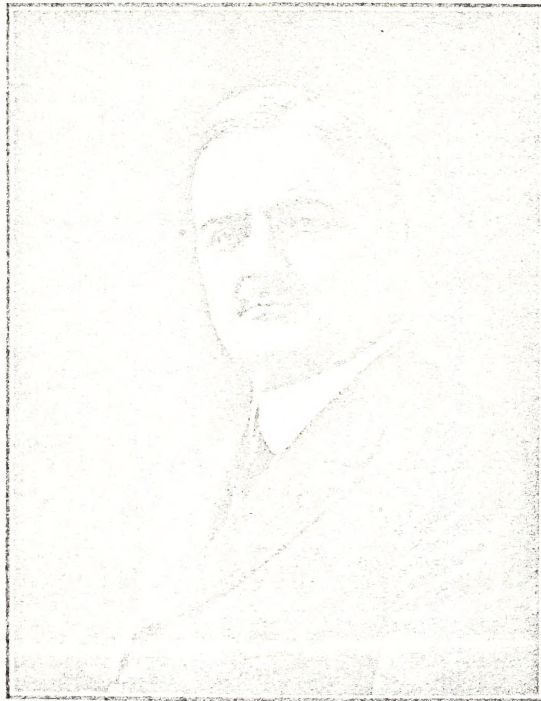
HON. ALBERT HISLOP.

business. He is associated with former Gov. John H. Bartlett, Wm. F. Carrigan, and Wm. P. Gray in the proprietorship of an extensive line of moving picture theatres (thirty-one in all) in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, and also has an interest in the Gordon-Olympia theatres of Boston. He is president and treasurer of the Rockingham Hotel Company, owning and operating the

plant formerly occupied as the Eldredge brewery, which he purchased and remodelled for the purpose. He is here employing 75 men at a weekly pay roll of some \$2,000. Notwithstanding his large and varied business interests he has been active and prominent in public affairs. He was a member of the Portsmouth City Council and board of public works in 1911, and Mayor of the city in 1919-20, chosen by

large majorities each year, and giving the city a thoroughly progressive business administration. Mr. Hislop is a Baptist, a member of the A. F. and A. M., lodge, Royal Arch chapter and De Witt Clinton commandery; also of the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Elks, and of the Warwick, Portsmouth Country and Panaway Clubs.

traction, from the city of Manchester, to be chosen to this branch of the government, and the fact that he had never before sought or been elected to public office of any kind, and that he was chosen by a substantial majority, in a district normally Democratic, and represented by a Democrat in the last Council, indicates not only a large measure



HON. GEORGE E. TRUDEL.

His council assignments are to the Finance Committee and the Board of State Prison Trustees. He married, May 23, 1906, Christina A. Davidson of Portsmouth, and they have two sons, six and eight years of age.

HON. GEORGE E. TRUDEL, Councilor for District No. 3, is the second man of French Canadian ex-

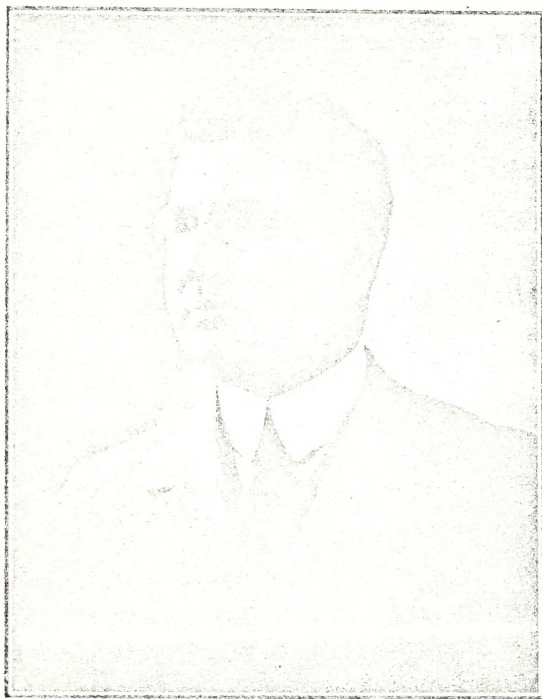
of personal popularity, but also full confidence in his general business ability.

Mr. Trudel was born in St. Germaine, Nicolet County, Province of Quebec, October 27, 1870, son of Hilaire and Elenore (Prince) Trudel. He removed to Manchester with his parents in early childhood, and has resided there ever since, with the exception of a period of study at the St. Joseph's

Academy in St. Gregoire, after leaving the grammar school in Manchester. He has been engaged in the plumbing business in Manchester from youth, and now conducts a large wholesale business, at the South End in that city, dealing in all kinds of plumbers' supplies, having previously been for some years a travelling salesman in that line, thereby gaining a wide ac-

He is a member of the Finance Committee of the Council and serves on the board of Industrial School Trustees. February 22, 1892, he married Theodora Coutu of Manchester.

HON. GEORGE L. SADLER, Councilor from District No. 4, is a native of the State of Connecticut, from



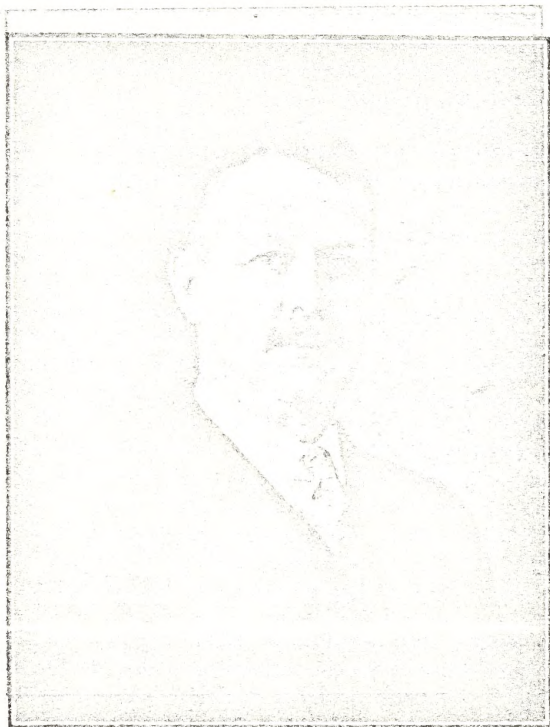
HON. GEORGE L. SADLER.

quaintance throughout New England. He is a Roman Catholic in religion, and an attendant at St. George's Church, Manchester; a member of the Knights of Columbus, the Elks, United Commercial Travelers, White Mountain Travelers Association (past president), N. E. Order of Protection, Eastern Supply Association, Derryfield, Joliett and Rotary Clubs, and the Manchester Chamber of Commerce.

which state few men have come into New Hampshire public life. He was born at Windsor Locks, December 15, 1867, son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Lickiss) Sadler, and was educated in the schools of his native town. He removed to Nashua in 1889, where he has since been engaged in connection with the electrical light and power works, having been for some years past superintendent of the Nashua Di-

vision of the Manchester Traction Light and Power Company, controlling the electrical supply of both Manchester and Nashua. He has been an active factor in the business, financial, social and religious life of his adopted city, as well as in military service. He is a director of the Second National Bank of Nashua, a Mason of the 32nd degree, a member of Bektashi Temple, N. M. S.; an Elk, and a

Sadler was a member of the House of Representatives from Ward 2, Nashua, serving on the Committees on Labor and Towns in the former year, and Roads, Bridges and Canals in the latter. He represented the 12th Senatorial District in the last Legislature, serving as chairman of the Committee on Towns and Parishes, and as a member of the Judiciary, Labor, Military Affairs, and Railroads Committees.



HON. FRED S. ROBERTS.

Knight of Pythias, a member of the Nashua Country Club, of the N. H. Good Roads Association, and various electrical societies. In religion he belongs to the Protestant Episcopal Church and is a director of the Nashua Y. M. C. A. He served for some time in the New Hampshire National Guard and subsequently in the State Guard. In 1909 and again in 1911 Mr.

His council assignments are to the State House Committee and the Board of Trustees of the School for Feeble Minded. November 17, 1898, he was united in marriage with Miss Nellie F. Mongoyan. They have one son, Paul, now a student at Phillip Exeter Academy.

HON. FRED S. ROBERTS, Councilor from District No. 5, is a Bay

State man by birth one of the few men contributed to New Hampshire business and official life, from Massachusetts compared with the vast number of New Hampshire natives conspicuous in that state in business, professional and official lines. He was born in Brighton, Mass., son of Oren N. and Julia A. (Smith) Roberts. When a boy, his parents moved to Meredith, his father's native town, where he attended the public school. Later he went to Boston to learn the retail meat business in the old Boyston Market, at the corner of Boylston and Washington Streets, and attended the Boston evening schools. Two years later he entered the employment of his uncle, S. S. Wiggin, in one of the leading grocery stores of Laconia. He is now one of Laconia's successful business men, being engaged in the provision business. He has been active in Republican party affairs, served as a member of the Laconia City Council from 1903 to 1906 and represented his Ward in the House of Representa-

tives in 1905, serving as a member of the Committee on County Affairs and Fisheries and Game. He represented the Sixth District in the State Senate in 1917, when he was chairman of the important committee on Finance and also held membership in the Committees on Banks, Education and Towns and Parishes. In the last Republican primary he was a candidate for the councilor nomination in District No. 5, with three competitors, winning by a handsome plurality. In the present council he is assigned to the Committee on State House and the Board of Trustees of the State Hospital. His religious affiliation is with the Congregationalists, and in fraternal life he is a 32nd degree Mason, a member of the Eastern Star and Bektash Temple, N. M. S., of the Elks and Knights of Pythias. He is vice-president of the People's National Bank of Laconia, and a member of the Chamber of Commerce. He married Nellie M., daughter of Calvin B. and Amy G. Powers, of Dorchester, N. H., August 18, 1888.

STAR-FLOWERS

By Louise Patterson Guyot

The wanton wind went frolicking one night,
He played at hide-and-seek with all the leaves,
He buffeted the withered yellow sheaves,
Of corn that bowed and yielded to his might.
He roamed the gardens, lying still and white
Beneath the weight of autumn; as one grieves,
To find his treasure stolen by elfin thieves,
He paused and pondered in his random flight.
The ghosts of blossoms rustled gently by,
In sad remonstrance at his idle play;
With a happy shout he took his way
Upward where banks of fog were piled on high.
And as he pushed the heavy clouds away,
A hundred thousand stars bloomed in the sky.

FORTY YEARS A SHAKER

By Nicholas A. Briggs.

Continued from January issue.

How well do I recall my surprise and sorrow when John told me, one Sunday, of his decision to leave the Society. His mother and sister had lived there for a short time but were now living in Concord. In vain did I endeavor to dissuade him. It was the first intimation I ever had, notwithstanding our intimacy, that he was less contented than I. With me he said it was different. I was established, meaning that I was booked a Shaker for life. How little he knew of my real sentiments! He had no conviction, he said, no firm belief in the Shaker religion. My mother was here, his was not, but quite near, and he wanted to see her and his sister. Besides he longed for a greater independence, to have a home of his own. He revolted at the idea of being cooped up here all his life, made subject to the dictation of others no wiser than himself, in matters of slight importance, "giving up his own way to come or be sent," which is the exact phrasing of the promise of a truly consecrated Shaker.

The very next day John made known to the elders his decision, and was immediately hustled to the office, there to be held incommunicado until a convenient opportunity presented to send him away. I was given no invitation to bid him good by. Possibly permission would have been given me had I requested it, very probably it would have been refused if he had requested it. The act of going to the world was akin to leprosy. It was apostacy and dangerously infectious. The narrowness of my education was powerless to cause me to forget or cease to love those whom I once loved, whether in or out of the village, and I never

ceased to love my friend. He died several years ago leaving three children, lovely girls, all now of middle age, two of them having children. They all write to me and visit me, and daughters of my own could scarcely be nearer and dearer to me than these daughters of my boyhood friend.

I was making friends amongst the people, and I loved many of them much as I would my own parents. Dear old Elder Robert Fowle, can I ever forget him! Days and days I helped him at the mill turning broom handles; at the wood shed piling wood; at the strawberry bed in the orchard where in one season he raised forty bushels of luscious berries. He must have liked me, to have had me so much with him. Once he gave me a lesson on selfishness so tactfully and gently that it stuck. We boys were in the habit of going to the East Farm Orchard to get some fine early apples that grew there. We got windfalls only, as we were forbidden to pick or shake them from the trees. Just think of going a mile after an apple or two. But that was a trifle to us. On my return from one of these trips one day, the old man gently asked me if I thought it was fair for us boys to appropriate all the early fruit just because we were young and active, and compel our older friends to go without, because they were unable and had not time to get them. In my thoughtlessness I had never viewed it this way. I accepted the reproof, and loved the dear old man better than ever.

Then there was Sally Ceeley, one of the nurses, to whom I was always sent when suffering some indisposition. She quite adopted me as her son, and told me she "loved me particularly." Once she gave me a

great big hug, which would no doubt have elicited a reproof from the Eldress if known. Very likely she confessed it and received her reproof, as I never received a second hug.

The Eldress was from the very first my special friend. I think she realized my delicacy, and to a certain extent my deprivation of congenial associations, and she endeavored to supply this deficiency as much as she could without attracting too much attention, and to avoid apparent favoritism, I was given little duties that brought me more intimately in contact with the sisterhood. I kept the Elder's wood-box at the House supplied, which gave her the opportunity of seeing and speaking to me daily. I received the amusing appointment of rat and mouse hunter for the sisters, who were authorized to call me at any time from any part of the Family, and thus I was with the sisters more than any other boy.

All this of course very naturally softened the asperities of life and aided in my contentment. In consequence of this more frequent mingling with the sisters I met with Helen, who assisted them in various duties, particularly at the kitchen, which was especially favored, or rather afflicted, by the rodents. We began to be a little more social, although our opportunities were of a very brief character, but even the knowledge that my presence was agreeable to her was very pleasant to me.

Returning to the religious observances, every evening of the week had its special meeting at eight o'clock. That of Monday was a regular Family meeting, but very short, yet we must be in our rooms and retire the half hour, and then sometimes the meeting would be called off. Wednesday evening service was a little longer, and Thursday evening still more complete. Tuesday and Friday evenings were Union

meetings as was also that of Sunday.

Sunday morning was the most varied programme of the week. On the last Sunday of each month the brethren and sisters met in separate rooms to learn new songs for use in the worship. All were Shaker songs, some of home production and others received from other societies with whom there was frequent communication. On the ensuing Sunday all the singers met in the meeting room to sing and teach them to each other. As few of them could read music it was tedious, the repeating the songs so many times for them to learn. The Shaker music was all written with letters b, c, d, e, f, g. Flats and sharps were abrogated.

This was in accordance with a studied endeavor from the foundations of the society to as far as possible dispense with the productions of the world outside, and they succeeded in doing this to rather a wonderful extent. Their inventive genius was developed, and they claim the invention of the corn broom and the circular saw.

Occasionally on this Sunday morning the entire Family met in the meeting room to drill in the various exercises of the worship, especially the square order, so difficult to perform gracefully. At other times we would convene to listen to the reading of the Church Covenant, that every one of twenty-one must sign, and again the Order Book, a compilation of Society by-laws, of which there were perhaps one or two hundred. The following will give an idea of their character.

Brethren and sisters must not shake hands together; must not touch each other unnecessarily, must not pass each other on the stairs, nor be alone in a room together except for a short and necessary errand; nor in a room with the door closed; nor ride out alone

together. If a member shakes hands with one of the other sex outside, it must be reported to the Elder at first opportunity.

We must not redrill a hole in a rock that has been charged; nor graft the pear upon any stock except the quince; nor carry open lighted lamps in barns or any out of the way places. We may not step on the threshold of doors; nor touch the woodwork of doors when opening and shutting them; nor put our feet on their chair rounds; nor lean back in the chair against the wall; nor talk after kneeling at night before going to bed.

Brethren must rise in the morning at the ringing of the bell, and vacate their rooms within twenty minutes thereafter, so the sisters can make the beds. Every Friday the beds remain unmade all day with windows open for a thorough airing of room and bedding.

Varying the form of meetings, sometimes the entire Family would be seated upon the wooden benches affixed to the wall of the room, and beginning with the Elders each one would from memory repeat an order or injunction, of which there were plenty to go around and many to spare. Seemingly every moment throughout the day, week and year was covered by some rule.

It was good discipline, and however irksome it seemed it did us no harm; on the contrary it served to establish a habit of carefulness and precision liable to extend through life; and many who in discontent left the society in younger days have testified to the helpfulness of this training to gain success in business in after life.

In the earlier days of the society the sexes were about equal in number. There were sufficient men to care for every branch of industry, and the idea of having a hired man would have been most revolting. Not only was almost every con-

ceivable article used in the society made therein by these men, but they were fully in the van of catering to the trade. They supplied the markets with Hannel, hosiery, pails, tubs, rakes, brooms, mortars, candlesticks, herbs, garden seeds, trusses, several medicinal preparations, power washing machines, deer skin gloves, checkerberry oil and apple sauce. They manufactured and sold lumber and converted the neighbors' grain into flour and meal. They made their own leather and from it all their foot gear, and at their own rude foundry cast their stoves and all metal articles needed.

Every man learned a trade of some kind and followed it unto the end, whether farmer, gardener, blacksmith, stone cutter, carpenter, clothier or tailor, and all were efficient. It was verily a world within itself.

They formed eight mill ponds and reservoirs on a little run that was dry in summer or nearly so, and at these ponds built eight mills for various purposes. Running water was supplied to the Family through wooden pipes or logs from springs higher up the hill. They were as industrious as bees. It was a part of their religion to fill every moment to the utmost limit.

I well remember old Calvin Goodell. He was the clothier. His mill was under the hill, perhaps sixty or eighty rods from the dwelling house. He would leave his mill at the stroke of the ten minute bell with a little basket on his arm containing needles with broken eyes. He would halt a moment, adjust his pliers to the needle making the end of it a ring, making a pin of it, meantime walking a few steps onward, then stop to affix pliers to another needle and so on to the end of the route and in the waiting room until called to the dining hall. He was the most complete

exemplification of industry I ever knew. Of course all were not quite like Calvin, but industry was a compelling virtue, and hands to work and hearts to God, their motto.

But what a change came over the spirit of their dreams. With the inevitable passing of the older men and the secession of more and more of both young and middle aged ones, the numbers began to decrease, making necessary new workmen for these places, and this, together with increasing difficulty in finding suitable material for official positions, demanded frequent changes of employment, as is pretty well illustrated in my own case.

From the age of nineteen to fifty-three I served three years as school teacher, three years as assistant Elder, eleven years as First Elder and eleven years as Trustee in official life. In the industrial department I was first a broom maker, then apprenticed at the business of clothier and dyer and the cutting of men's clothes. When teaching school in the winter I conducted the vegetable and fruit gardens in summer, the maple sugar business in the spring, and made the Corbett's Shaker Syrup of Sarsaparilla, from 600 to 1200 gallons of it, in spring and fall.

My school life closed when I was fifteen. I was greatly disappointed at not being permitted one more term as the boys usually were, but they seemed to think my education was sufficient for a Shaker. As a little condescension I was allowed to study morning and evening through the winter, instead of making leather mittens as otherwise I should have done. Even at this late date in the Society's history erudition was not strongly favored. Not many years back "God hates grammar" was a common expression, and their reading was pretty much limited to the

Bible and Almanacs and the Society publications, which were quite voluminous. The only newspaper taken to serve this body of 160 people was the Boston Weekly Journal, and very few enjoyed the separate personal reading of this. If I recall it correctly, this arrived Friday noon. Until supper time it was retained by the Elders, and then given to a brother who read it to the brethren in the evening assembled in one of the shops. Next morning it was given to the Eldress who read it in the afternoon to the sisters convened in the dining hall.

About this time Elder Henry C. Blinn and Eldress Dorothy A. Durgin became the Elders of the Family. Both of them had been teachers of the school, were highly intelligent and progressive in their ideas, and they stimulated reading and study, and we now began to have The Scientific American, Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated. A small library had been formed a little while before, of all books belonging to the members, and this library was enlarged gradually until we had, as nearly as I can remember, about 3000 volumes. There was little or no fiction. I do not recall a single book of this kind; it was and always had been banished absolutely from the Society. Yet naughtily we boys and young men now and then allowed ourselves to read the stories in the magazines to which we occasionally had access.

Elder Henry came to the Society from Providence at the age of sixteen. He was then serving an apprenticeship as a printer, and this partially acquired trade was almost at once put to good use in the printing of herb labels and garden seed literature, and he also printed and bound The Sacred Roll, a Shaker publication edited, or inspired at Mt. Lebanon.

Elder Henry was of a fine per-

sonal presence, dignified and courteous in manner and indeed a model gentleman. He was quite a mechanic, and a finished workman in whatever he engaged. He was a beautiful penman and general good teacher, and would have attained high proficiency in a theological school, as that seemed to be his literary preference. He did hold Bible School at the Village, and he dived in Mosheim and other ecclesiastical scholars. A familiarity with the classics and best fiction would have rounded out his character and made him more able as a leader.

He was possessed of a fine voice, but as a public speaker was neither forcible nor convincing. He was kind and fatherly to children, but failed to bind them to him with a warmth of affection extending to later years. He was not a good judge of human nature, hence a brilliant and flashy character appealed to him more strongly than one of less shining talent even if of infinitely greater sterling worth.

He was endowed with considerable constructive ability, but this was offset by unusual timidity. He seldom projected an enterprise, nor did he extend sympathy and the assistance that his position enabled him to do to his brethren who endeavored by enterprise to advance the interest of the people. He shrank from the responsibility of making a decision in a business matter, and was sensitive to the last degree to any possible criticism that might attach to him for any mistake in such decision.

In emergencies he was dazed and quite helpless. He had little personal magnetism to bind the people to himself, and without Dorothy Durgin the society at Canterbury would not have been, as it was, the foremost one in the land.

But Elder Henry, if not a strong man, was possessed of lovely traits

of character. He was a charming companion as I well know from an intimate association with him in the Eldership. He was very liberal in his views, so much so indeed that had all in the societies been like minded there would long ago have been no Shakers at all, for he contended, and at times so affirmed to his fellow officers, that the Community of Interest was a mistake; but he never attempted to explain how otherwise the sect could be maintained.

He was one of the cleanest, purest minded men it has ever been my good fortune to know, and although we differed radically in some things importantly affecting the Society, yet I remember him with the greatest respect and love. It is well that the lapse of time enables us to forget differences to which human nature is liable, and to dwell only upon the good and loveable.

I am regretfully compelled to believe from reliable information, that his last days were not happy ones, and that he died a disappointed man. All his effort as an editor of the Shaker periodical and all his public speaking had not gained one convert to the faith, and doubtless it seemed to him as love's labor lost. He lived to see the Society reduced to a mere fragment of what it once was, and could but realize the inevitable result of a few more years.

Eldress Dorothy was the counterpart of Elder Henry, and in her liability in the intensity of her nature to go to extremes, he acted as a healthy check, resulting in a safer action. She was the backbone of the Family, the success and continuance of which was due to her more than to any other member, if not indeed to all the others combined. She was of tireless energy and superb executive capacity. Of boundless ambition, she

used it exclusively for her people. The strength of her religious faith seemed at times to verge upon the fanatical. Being a little Jesuitical she inclined to be a little unscrupulous in her methods, but she was sincere, self sacrificing and unremitting in devotion to the cause to which she had given her life.

Very different from Elder Henry, she imposed no restriction upon herself in reading. She managed to get most of the leading novels of the times. She had quite a library of fiction, and sometimes loaned the books to those with whom in her opinion it was safe. While she would not admit the fact even to her compeers, I know that her ideas in regard to Shakerism underwent a radical change many years before she died, and her belief in the perpetuity of the society was a thing of the past. She had graduated to quite an extent from the narrowmindedness in regard to seceding members that obtained in earlier times, but she was not consistent in that while she corresponded freely with some who had left the Society, she discouraged and prevented others from doing so.

Under her supervision the most complete system prevailed in every department of the sisterhood. Nothing escaped her eye. Through her lieutenants she was almost omnipresent. Every one had her assigned duties and the Eldress knew unfaillingly whether or no they were performed. She was often in the kitchen to see that every dish was well cooked, and in the dining room examining it as it came upon the table; and many a time she would herself wait upon the table to make sure we received all needful attention. Every girl was scrutinized as to her clothing and manners to the confusion of the careless offender.

In a few months' visit at the So-

ciety of South Union, Ky., I had opportunity to observe the contrast in the management of an Institution. In one of the Families there, the kitchen and its appurtenances, its flour and meal bins were less neat and tidy than the feed room of our hen house at home, demonstrating the fact that the virtues and defects were attributable rather to the directors and personnel in each case, than to the Institution itself.

Canterbury was fortunate in having able leaders from the very first of its existence, and fortunate in having so able a woman until near its ending. Dorothy possessed great ideality, which the peculiar ideas and the exalted spiritual belief of the Shakers gave full scope; and being placed there when a young child, and coming to womanhood in the greatest spiritualistic history of the Society, she became one of their most powerful mediums, having visions and songs and spiritual gifts almost innumerable and dwelling in the Heavens most of the time; but in later years she came down to the earth and found that to be the more solid foundation.

Although the Shakers have always recognized the most perfect equality of the sexes, yet in certain conditions, as for instances in worship, both cannot lead, and in this and similar cases the initiative was always conceded to the brethren. So also, as there was no divided financial interest, the brethren only were Trustees, the title of the Office sisters being Office Deaconesses. The brethren kept all the books of account, and in their names were made all deeds and titles to real estate.

In the earlier part of her official career Dorothy was very deferential to her brethren, and insistently urged this upon her sisters, and the mutual relations of the sexes was very harmonious. But later



in life, when the ranks of the brethren became depleted and the general character of their ability weakened; and while on the other hand the sisterhood retained, and in some respect exceeded its former vigor, it was quite natural that Dorothy should realize and be tempted to exercise her superiority. It was also only natural that the brethren should resent the usurpation of their old time prerogatives and upon occasion make it apparent.

The sisters finally demanded a separate interest in business. They sold the product of their industry, kept separate books of account and managed their own finances independently. Little by little they acquired the larger portion of the authority and deciding voice. It proved to be a mistaken policy. It caused dissension and was a fruitful cause of the loss of some of their best men, a misfortune which they most deeply deplored.

Eldress Dorothy was a woman of unusual magnetic power, and could sway her sisters pretty much at her own sweet will. She had a big motherly heart, but there were opposing sides to her character. She could and would be wonderfully kind and motherly, or she could and would inflict a verbal laceration or icily freeze the very soul of the victim of her displeasure. She would for extended periods inflict humiliation upon some poor girl, seeking to crush her spirit, or pride, as she called it; would isolate her for days from association with her companions. She could mortify them in the presence of other sisters until the worm would sometimes turn and decide to leave the society.

When she found she had gone too far no one could exceed her in attempting a reparation. She would pet and caress them and elevate them to the seventh Heaven of her

love. Nothing was now too good for them. She would procure rides for them, possibly give them some desired article of clothing, or a visit with a brother of whom the girl was especially fond, and the Eldress was well informed upon this point.

But with many of her young sisters, the high spirited ones and some whom she most greatly desired to keep, there came a last time for endurance. They broke under the strain and sallied forth to seek and to make another home. Even then, after they had actually gone out, the Eldress endeavored, time after time to recall them, but very, very seldom did one return after tasting the joy of independence and finding that they were not troubled by conscience or remorse, as the supposed penalty for their secession.

In the evening of her life the Eldress made a radical change in dealing with her young people, and sought to make of them good moral women rather than mere religious devotees. I am informed by those who attended her in her last illness that she, like Elder Henry, died unhappily. Very much of her time for weeks previous to her death was spent in weeping. What the burden of her sorrow was remained unrevealed, as she shared with no one her confidence. She prayed for an extended lease of life, but whether to finish some uncompleted work or to atone for some regretted act must remain a mystery.

At the age of sixteen I was placed with Benjamin Smith, who was the clothier and tailor. The sisters ran the looms at the mill, and my duties brought me into close association with them. When we washed the wool other sisters always rendered assistance. At these times our dinner was brought to us and we ate it together in a nice social way. From now on I was associated with sisters in my work more or less, and more so than any other of the boys

or young men; but all the time the Eldresses were looking after our protection, and when for any purpose sisters spent a day or less in company with one or more of the other sex whether at work or in a ride, their first duty after such event was a report to the Elders all that transpired, giving all possible account of the conversation.

After leaving the Boys Order I enjoyed many opportunities of meeting Helen Olney. She soon became a member of one of the crews that took their turns in cooking, and as my trap setting took me into the kitchen quite frequently, we would see and speak to each other when her turn came around. When not in the kitchen she waited upon our table, month after month for years. At such times meal after meal we could exchange smiles of recognition. Then there came a time when we attended the same Union meeting, and we then could talk together as we pleased. When in my care of the garden the peas, beans, strawberries and currants were ready for harvesting and for the table, that was the sisters' job, and Helen was sometimes one of the company, and often I would spend a few moments picking them with her into her basket or pail. A currant bush afforded a nice cozy place for a tryst, a very little bit all to ourselves. No words were ever spoken that might not with propriety been uttered most publicly, nor did our hands ever touch; but the little exclusiveness of it was most delicious.

I was ever careful meanwhile to give sufficient attention to the others to avoid comment and jealousy. Eventually conscience began to make a little havoc with what I feared was a violation of strict Shaker propriety. I was conscious of loving Helen better than the other girls, and that I was indulging in a little partiality when we

were taught to love all equally. Like a good Shaker I confessed this to my Elder. I do not recall what he said to me but he did not reprove me. In fact I am inclined to think it was a novelty to have a young man voluntarily state such a fact.

From some remarks made to me by the Eldress some time afterwards I knew he must have told her. Naturally I felt chagrined at first at what seemed a betrayal of my confidence, but I found it really increased her esteem for me, and she pursued a very tactful and judicious course in regard to it. If in similar cases where two young people evinced a fondness for each other, she had been equally discreet she might have experienced better results.

Still in most other cases there may have been clandestine interviews in out of the way places, with possible embraces and kisses, and the passing of notes. I do not know, but if so, and if discovery was made to the Elders through dishonesty of the young folks themselves, in that case they forfeited, to a certain extent, their right to complete confidence.

In our case, instead of trying to prevent our intercourse she really provided opportunities for it. Occasionally I would be sent to Concord or some other place on business, and if consistent, would offer to take two or three sisters for a ride. In such cases Helen would sometimes form one of the party, and I knew that her inclusion was for the purpose of pleasing me.

In this connection I think it will not be amiss to note a few instances of this kind to show that human nature crops out in Shaker Village as elsewhere, and again to accredit the Shakers with using every possible effort to maintain a clean chaste life in full accordance with what they profess. For obvious

reasons I withhold the true names of the persons participating in these incidents, although nearly all of them have long since gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.

Elbridge Jones and Susan Haskell formed a mutual attachment and planned to elope. The girl repented and confessed. She lived to old age and died at the Village. The young man left the Society, as was invariably the case with the young men, enlisted in the Union army and died in a hospital from wounds.

George Mason and Harriet Adams became affected with the same malady. George left and not long thereafter was killed by an explosion of a powder mill. Harriet finally withdrew and is still living at an advanced age.

Gilbert Brown came to the Society when a child. He was as conscientious and efficient as any man of the Society. He became warmly attached to a beautiful girl of about my age, some eight years younger than himself, and his affection was returned by her. While I do not know the particulars of the affair, I do know enough to believe that the girl confessed to the Eldress, and the man was talked to in a manner that he resented. There must have been a bad break somehow for he was removed to the North Family and it almost broke his heart. He was my very dear friend and he confided to me his sorrow at leaving the home of his childhood, and the bitterness he felt toward those officers for their injustice to him. My sympathies were with him and I visited him at the North Family in the fields and woods where he worked. He was an Elder there until he withdrew a few years later. The girl died before he left. He never married. The lives of both were blighted. I know that she continued to visit

him after his moving to the other Family, showing her love was still there. It was truly a sad case.

Two brothers, children of parents who joined the Shakers early in the forties, each had a girl love, and it was known by everybody. The Eldresses omitted no effort to break up the affairs. Both couples were infatuated and much in earnest about it. They were watched and the girls were guarded, and one man was removed to another Family and the girl loved by the other man to still another Family and yet the business went merrily on until finally one girl, or woman, for both were over thirty, left the society, followed very soon by her lover. The other brother left soon after, but his love remained in the society quite a time, but finally followed the others and all were married at last. An occasional elopement would occur without any knowledge by the Elders of any unlawful intimacy existing. Some projected elopements were foiled, yet in such cases the spell usually remained unbroken, and the final clearance only a little while deferred.

The record of my personal experiences would not be complete without referring again to my mental attitude; whether I had become reconciled to the situation; whether I had attained contentment and happiness. I was growing strong in faith. My purpose to always remain a Shaker was fixed. I believed the gaining of Eternal Life was worth all the sacrifice of earthly pleasure. I feared in turning back to worldly enjoyments to lose for ages my opportunities for salvation, my rightful place in the ranks of the just made perfect. Yes, it was fear that held me. This life possessed little charm. There was little of joy in it for me. Year after year I longed for death, but wanted to die a Shaker. Night af-

ter night as I laid my head upon my pillow did I wish it might be my last day upon earth. My physical condition may have had something to do with this. Not being strong I may have been a little morbid. I was seldom ill enough to keep me from work, and I worked hard and faithfully. I was not continually under depression. I did not wear my heart upon my sleeve. I never gave expression to my feelings, and I am sure no one ever guessed them, and if my old friends could read these lines they would be surprised in the extreme.

I am absolutely certain, however, that his feeling was shared by many others, particularly so of the young women. It was the inevitable consequence of an unnatural life shut off from the sweetest pleasures that gladden the human heart. Just at the stage when the young man craves a love all his very own, and in its joys the future looks so beautiful, he finds himself immured in an Institution of sexual convent gloom. Surround it as you will by attempt to make it gladsome, you cannot change its nature nor the effect of it.

Visitors to our Village, seeing the neatness and order everywhere conspicuous; partaking of the viands invitingly spread upon the table; beholding the smiling faces of the sisters, and listening to the well-trained and musical voices of their singers, may well believe that happiness here reigns supreme, and may indeed wonder how any one could leave this lovely place. But were they gifted to delve deeply into the human heart, to feel its cravings, its almost agonizing longing for pleasures from which the Shaker is and necessarily must be debarred, they would understand that

which is difficult and almost impossible to describe.

Another fact must be admitted. To one who has been a Shaker from early childhood, the troubles of life outside, its dangers, its strenuousness are unknown. He dwells chiefly upon that of which he is deprived. He needs experience to teach him the value of a shelter from the evil and sins of the world, and hence we see the reason for the uneasiness of the young people. In the earlier days the society was very largely of older persons who had mingled with the world, become familiar with its rougher side, and thereby were made able to appreciate a more quiet life.

On arriving at the age of twenty-one every one was required to sign the Covenant, thereby accepting all the responsibilities and becoming eligible to all the privileges of membership. They now dedicated soul and body to the sacred cause. They renounced all claim to private property, and if any came to them by will or inheritance it must be transferred to the general fund. If they should leave the Society they could claim no compensation for services rendered. The signing of the Covenant was usually made an impressive event. In so large a number of young people there would often be several of nearly the same age. The signing of the older ones would be delayed until all of the class arrived at the right age, and if one of this number withdrew from the Society it was made to appear a matter of great reproach, and somewhat of a disgrace to the entire company. I think the company with whom I signed the covenant consisted of three brethren and eight sisters, of whom Helen was one.

To be Continued.

THE STORY OF PEMIGEWASSET

By William C. Adams.

Once there lived a mighty chieftain,
Good and wise Pemigewasset,
Chief of redmen of the mountains,
Eyes as bright as sun at midday,
Swift on foot as bounding red deer;
On the wartrail had no equal;
Louder than the howl of grey wolf
Was his warcry, was his warwhoop
When he called his braves together,
When he called them forth to battle.

Pemigewasset, prophet, seer,
Mighty chieftain of the mountains,
Loved the mountains and the woodlands,
Loved the rivers and the fountains,
Loved all nature, loved his people,
Knew the long trails, cross the mountains,
Knew the pathways through the forests,
Often talked with the Great Spirit,
Lived in peace with friendly nations,
Thus lived Chief Pemigewasset,
Chief of redmen of the mountains.

In the valley all was peaceful,
In the village all was stillness,
In the wigwam all was quiet.
Now a warwhoop rent the air,
'Twas the warwhoop of the Mohawks,
They had come from lands far westward,
From the land across the river,
Come to fight Pemigewasset;
Hurled themselves upon his people.
Hand to hand in fury fought they,
Fought till stars came out at night time.

Proud and brave Pemigewasset
On to vict'ry led his brave men,
Scattered wide the Mohawk warriors,
Shattered all their hopes of vict'ry.
But the chief Pemigewasset
Still determined, still defiant,
Called together all his warriors,
Told them all about the Mohawks,
Told them how they broke their treaties,
How they never kept a promise,
How they warred upon his people,
That the cunning Mohawk warriors
Must be driven from the mountains.

Then the brave Pemigewasset
On their faces spread the warpaint,
Brought their arms of warfare hither,
Madly in pursuit they followed
Followed they the Mohawk warriors.
Stopped not till they reached the river
Where they halted for the night time.
Where they waited for the morning
To renew once more their warfare.
But the sly and crafty Mohawks
Under cover of the darkness,
With the cunning of the red fox
Spied the brave Pemigewasset,
Seized and bound them as they slept there,
Took them captive in the night time,
Then the cheering Mohawk warriors
Quickly led their captives homeward,
In the prison safely placed them,
Then they waited for the morning.

But Minerwa, Mohawk princess,
Saw the chief, Pemigewasset,
She admired him, loved him warmly,
Planned at once to give him warning.
From his bonds she quickly freed him,
Then straightway freed his warriors.
Now the princess, proud Minerwa,
Knew full well that on the morrow
With her life must pay the forfeit
For betraying thus her people,
Planned to join Pemigewasset.
That she might deceive her father,
Make him think that she had perished,
She ran quickly to the water
Her canoe in haste unfastened
Thus unfastened, she upturned it
Pushed it out upon the water,
On the water left it drifting
Then made haste to join the chieftain.

In the morning when the sun rose
Looked in vain the Mohawk chieftain
For his captives from the mountains
They had vanished in the night time
Taking with them proud Minerwa
Who the father thought had perished.
She had joined Pemigewasset,
Took him for her husband,
Journeyed with him to his wigwam
In his home among the mountains.

Sadly walked the Mohawk chieftain
In and out among his people
For his thoughts were on his daughter,
On the princess, on Minerwa.
Sadder grew each day the old man
And each day he grew more feeble,
Lingered ever near the water
Where he thought his daughter perished.

Years thereafter came some warriors
From the Hurons to the mountains,
Came from lands that lay far westward,
Came to fight Pemigewasset,
Came to war upon his people.
Fiercely waged the cruel warfare
And the chief, Pemigewasset,
In the leg was badly wounded,
But the Hurons were defeated,
Driven quickly from the mountain.
By chance a Huron warrior
Saw Minerwa, saw the princess,
Saw the daughter of the chieftain,
Wife of Chief Pemigewasset.
Straightway told the Mohawk chieftain
That he'd seen Minerwa, princess,
That she lived among the mountains,
Wife of Chief Pemigewasset.
Now in close attention listened
The old chieftain to the story
To the message of the warrior.
Though his head was bowed in silence
In his breast his heart was throbbing
For he longed to see his daughter
Who he thought long since had perished.
Sent for her to come and see him,
Promised that she'd have protection
On her journey through the forests.
And the daughter's heart grew softer
When she heard her father's message.
Then Minerwa planned the journey,
Planned to go and see her father
Who had now grown old and feeble.
But the chief, Pemigewasset,
Lamed in battle with the Hurons
Could not take the journey with her;
He would wait upon the mountain,
He would wait there for her coming
They would talk each day in smoke signs
Thus they parted as young lovers
Thinking soon they'd see each other
In their home among the mountains.
On the mountain top he waited



While she sat and nursed her father
Till the Mohawk's spirit left him.
Then she turned her footsteps homeward,
Toward her home among the mountains.
Soon she'd see her chieftain husband,
But, alas, her hopes soon vanished
For she met a former suitor,
Filled with rage he seized and bound her,
Told her that she soon must perish.
Humbly there she plead for mercy,
But no mercy showed the warrior,
Thus she perished in the forest.
Thus she talked no more in smoke signs
To her husband in the mountain.

Still the chieftain lingered, waited
For the princess, for Minerwa.
Through the summers, through the winters
Waited there Pemigewasset,
Keeping watch upon the mountain.
Year by year he sat and waited
For the princess, for Minerwa.
Feebler grew each year the chieftain
Then one day his spirit left him,
Left to join his wife Minerwa
In the Hunting Grounds far westward.

That this story of devotion
Of the chieftain for his princess
May thus never be forgotten,
The Great Spirit carved a profile,
Carved it in the cold gray granite,
Carved a face upon the cliff side,
Carved the "Old Man of the Mountain,"
Face of Chief Pemigewasset.

JOE ENGLISH HILL

By Harriet Pervier.

As Persis Fisher stood feeding the chickens the bright California sun touched her narrow-chested figure with a pitiless finger. It showed with no softening shadows, the angular temples and tight little knot of brown hair. The clear eyes, however, needed no shading.

From her porch the next neighbor called: "Mis' Brandis has gone."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"Gone to Alaska an' the Knoltons are going to Niagara tomorrow. Some folks do have a good time in this world. I reckon ther's nobody'd like to see the pretty places of this world better than I, but here I'm stuck."

Giving her pan a final shake, Persis turned toward the porch, resting her back against a post. A tiny smile wrinkled the corners of her mouth. "I guess," she said, "there's lots of pretty places to see."

"I always wanted to go to Niagara, an' th' Yellowstone, an' then to E-c-urup."

The smile in Persis' eyes deepened. "I'd love to travel," she affirmed, "and see all that but"—hesitating, "I guess some place is prettier to each of us than any other. Maybe like the rainbow each sees her own. I guess Joe English Hill would be my prettiest place."

"Joe English Hill! For goodness sake who is that?"

Persis laughed aloud. "It isn't a he. It is a hill in New Hampshire. Mother was born at the foot of it and I guess there isn't a prettier place in the world."

"Joe English Hill," repeated the other woman.

"Its named for Joe English who was chased there by Indians. Its just granite, smooth like the head of a bald man, with trees growing

along the lower edges. Joe English ran up on top with the Indians close behind. There was no place to hide. The side of the hill goes down, straight, most as steep as the side of a house."

Persis stopped talking and stared out in front as if she could see the man on the hill.

"What'd he do?" the neighbor demanded in sharp tones.

"Oh," Persis started as if recalled from a distance, "there was a pile of brush just at the edge of this steep place. Joe English dived under that and the Indians were running so fast they could not stop and so fell over."

"They weren't very bright Indians," retorted the neighbor in disgust.

Persis smiled. "I used to think that too, but," wistfully, "I wish I could see Joe English Hill."

"Haint you ever seen it?"

"No, I've never been east."

"I can't see how it could be pretty, just a chunk of rock."

"I guess that is my own rainbow," replied Persis, smiling whimsically to herself as she went into the house.

A few weeks later Persis stood in the doorway talking to stout, old Dr. Morley. Her eyes peered out of her waxen face with a dazed look. "Doctor," she faltered, "are you sure?"

"Miss Persis, it is my business to be sure. I can't afford to be guessing."

Smiling vaguely she swept the back of her hand across here eyes. "How long?"

"Four months—with extreme care, maybe six."

"You are sure that I can not live more than six months?"

"Sure," snapped the doctor, feeling making him brusque.

After a silence that lasted a long minute she exclaimed, "Doctor Morley I'm going home."

This was a changed woman, a smiling, exultant, radiant creature.

"S-sure-sure," the man fairly stuttered in his surprise.

"You don't understand," she laughed. "All my life I have wanted to see New Hampshire. Mother was born there and talked so much about it I felt that I knew and loved it as she did. Since she left me I wanted to go there but all I had was this house. Now I can sell the place and go home. I can go to Joe English Hill."

"E-eh," said the doctor.

"That's the hill where mother lived," she explained.

The following month was a busy one for Persis. She sold her small property and with all her worldly possessions packed in two unpretentious trunks was ready for the east. During this time her talk was not of the relatives she was to see for the first time, nor of the country she was to traverse, but of Joe English Hill. She did not seem to dread the parting from life long friends or the inevitable ending that was approaching. Her only fear was that she might not live to see Joe English Hill.

When the morning came for her start, a crowd of kindly neighbors gathered to see her off on her journey "home" and to load her with gifts. She was almost the only one who shed no tear, but with a radiant smile waved to them from the car as long as she could distinguish a face.

That was a wonderful journey.

The gaunt, shy old maid usually afraid of strangers, made friends all along the way. She seemed to have shed the husk of self-consciousness and to be thinking only of the wondrous thing that was coming to her.

She talked with a hard faced woman about going "home," till the paint, which Persis never saw, was tear streaked.

She never knew that one blase traveling man after listening to the story and perhaps reading a tale that her lips did not utter, rushed to the rear and with a queer mist before his eyes said a word that would have shocked the gentle old woman.

When Persis entered the car a stout, high-nosed woman had taken a long look at her through a gold lorgnette, starting at the hem of her neat serge dress and ascending slowly to the wing on her hat. Then the stout woman turned aside in disdain.

When Persis left the car at Chicago, this woman sent a porter scurrying after her with a filled thermos bottle, a silver flask of brandy and a message for her to take them to keep up her strength to reach Joe English Hill.

"What good people there are in this world," Persis said to the cousin who had come to meet her.

She remained only a few days in Chicago for a needed rest and could not be persuaded to stop longer because she was anxious to reach New Hampshire. Leaving Chicago, she made the acquaintance of a girlish bride whose husband was a railroad man. Persis told her about Joe English Hill. Perhaps that might help explain how it happened that people smiled upon her so pleasantly, and all the train men were so considerate. She was showered with candy, fruit and magazines. The flowers at her chair vied with those of the actress two seats in front. Even when she changed to another road the kind attentions followed her.

It was a very frail, tired woman that left the train at the small New Hampshire station just as evening was darkening the late July sky.

A cousin, living on the place where her mother had been born, met her with a comfortable carriage. He lifted her into the carriage like a child. She rewarded him with a happy if somewhat wan smile.

As they drove across a small wooden bridge she bent forward to look at the brook. "That must be where mother and Uncle Charlie used to fish," she announced.

"That brook's too shallow to have big fish," replied the cousin.

"Mother used to say it sang over the stones like a happy child at play."

"Deep waters run still," the cousin quoted in oratorical tones.

Later when they crossed another bridge she did not try to look at it. "I expect the Cardinal Flower is in blow," she remarked.

"Saw some yesterday."

"I never saw it but I guess it is pretty."

"A good hill of beans looks prettier to me," he answered.

"Everyone to their own rainbow," said Persis with a faint laugh.

The cousin privately believed that her mind wandered. At the end of the long ride she was so tired she had to be carried into the house. Her last words were "Tomorrow I'll see Joe English Hill."

"Don't set your heart much on that," said the cousin's wife, "for it aint much to see."

The next morning she was unable to get out of bed. Among the pillows her colorless waxen face looked a lifeless thing until she opened her excited, sparkling eyes. She hardly touched breakfast. But she would not allow the shade raised so that she might look out of the window.

After a rest she asked if the sun

shone on Joe English Hill. Being told that it did, she explained to the woman, "You see I've heard most all my life, while mother was with me that is, about Joe English Hill. I guess its the loveliest thing on God's earth. I'm glad I shall see it first with the sun on its bald crown."

The kindly woman opened her lips to reply then hesitated and closed them again.

A little while later she asked, "Shall I put you in the big chair and push it to the window so that you can look out?"

"If you only would," the sick woman cried in an ecstasy of delight.

It was done very gently but afterward Persis lay among the pillows gasping. The woman stretched out a hand to raise the shade but Persis stopped her. Several long minutes she lay with closed eyes while the woman waited. Then opening them suddenly she sat erect saying, "Now, please."

Again the woman opened her lips to speak, but looking at the wide brilliant eyes, closed her mouth into a grim, straight line. Quickly she reached for the cord and pulled the shade high.

Persis breathing jerkily, leaned forward in her chair, her happy eyes focusing on the bare, ugly, rocky hill before her. Her eyes widened with a look that was almost fear.

The watching woman gripped the chair-back till her knuckles whitened from the pressure.

Persis suddenly turned to her with a smile. "I guess—it isn't *how* things look—its just love makes them beautiful." Then the tired head dropped back among the pillows.

A FEW PAGES OF POETRY

Through the kindness of Mr. Brookes More a prize of \$50 is offered for the best poem published in the Granite Monthly during the year 1921. The judges are Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, Mr. W. S. Braithwaite and former Governor

John H. Bartlett. A gratifying number of entries for the contest already have been received, some of which are printed herewith, while others may be found elsewhere in the magazine.

A FEBRUARY AFTERNOON

By Virginia B. Ladd.

Snow everywhere we look! Great banks of snow—
The village street hard-trampled as a floor.
The mercury sinks from zero to below
And cold gusts howl through crannies of the door.

The great trees creak. Their boughs thresh to and fro.
One huge limb snaps—and crashes through the drifts
Across the path betwixt the heaped up snow,
And there, half buried, its brown form uplifts.

We shiver, and draw closer 'round the fire,
And think of those outside its heartsome cheer.
And, as the boisterous winds rise, shrieking, higher
Our vaguely felt unrest is tinged with fear.

But look! Along the far horizon line
Beyond the woods, which like a dark band show,
There gleam the sunset lights! They seem divine,
As, where the sky joins earth, they glow.

Like a bright revelation on this dreary scene
They speak of warmth and comfort yet to be,
Vivid with shades of rose and palest green
And pearly shell-tints from some distant sea.

So, though the piercing gales came fraught with dread
And frost benumbs the streams and lake and ground,
Although the trees and tiny plants seem dead
And icy snow-crusts everywhere abound,

What joy it is to turn from this wild day
And catch that flashing signal from the west,
Which, though the hues from opal pale to gray,
Has left its message of sweet peace and rest.

A FEW TAMS OF POETRY

By Dorothy W. Smith.

Tams, tams, tams!
Will they never go out of style?
Their vogue varies
But vanisheth not away,
When I am a grandmother,
I verily expect to see
My grown children and small,
Wearing tams of some sort.
I even hope I shall
Have one myself
I'm so used to them.

Why, when I was quite tiny,
Not more than six or eight,
I had a little blue tam,
A navy blue serge sailor's kind,
With a navy ribbon for a band
And two short ribbons
On one side, the right side.
I wore a blue chinchilla coat
Lined with bright red,
And I looked like my little brother
Who had the same kind of outfit.
Since then, I've always had
A distinctly feminine tam.
When I was ten years old,
I had a marvelous tam
Of shiny patent leather,
Black with a rubber neath my chin.
It was large and round,
I used it for a looking glass
When it was lying in my lap.
And I was calling on old ladies
With Mother,
I could see my bobbed hair
In this mirror
And the bright red jacket
I wore with the tam.
When I was twelve years old,
I had a dark red tam
Of yarn, crocheted by Mother
With a scalloped edge
And a huge red pom-pom
In the middle of the top.
Then I had red mittens to match

I treasured this tam so much, my boy,
That when I was fourteen, my boy,
I still had it! I had it, my boy,
And I learned to knit, my boy,
By trying on a dark red scarf, my boy,
But I could never wear it with a tam.

(Whisper it but this tam still lives
I sold it when I came to college.)

But when I reached fourteen,
I had—oh joy and bliss—
A really pretty tam
With another scarf to match.
This tam was white and blue
Striped with little pom-poms
Over one ear, so chic!
Of one scarf I made a muff
To keep one hand warm
While skating the outside one,
Which wasn't holding someone else's
Sometimes this muff warmed two hands
If we girls skated six abreast
And interlaced our arms:
I've lost the tiny muff somehow
But not the tam yet.

When I became sweet sixteen
I had a tailored tam
To go with stern sailor suits
We had to wear in boarding school.
This was a scarlet tam,
Bright scarlet, felt, I guess,
No pom-poms, stripes nor scallops
But a very tight plain band
Around the face!
Mine was too tight and so
With great regret and tears and smiles
Contesting in my eyes
I tried the dear thing on
One last time, before

I sent it to the Halifax disaster.

But when I was eighteen
Then I arrived in college.
And when I unpacked my trunks
I found I still possessed the
Dark red crocheted tam,
The blue and white striped one,
And then still the plain bright red one,
And I thought I must wear green
And so I sold the red one,

And gave away the scarlet one,
And kept only the white one,
When I found I needn't wear green
I didn't have a new tam
That year—oh Freshman year!

You'd think I'd tire of tams
But no, I love them dearly.
In fact I've grown quite attached
To their youthful shape.
Further I even bought another one
This year, of rose and gold braid
All broadcloth, with another
Scarf to match, as usual.
I wonder when I am four years older
What kind I'll have?

AFTER THE SNOW STORM

By Charles Nevers Holmes.

The night has passed, the storm is o'er,
The silent snow flakes fall no more.

The morning dawns unclouded, fair,
A crispy chill is in the air.

The sun is shining clear and bright
Upon a world robed all in white;

All blue above, all white below,
A fairy-land of virgin snow.

A spotless shroud o'er knoll and lea
As far as keenest eye can see.

No field, no road, no wall, no lawn,
The hedges and the shrubs are gone;

No barking dog, no singing bird.
Not e'en a human voice is heard.

The landscape lies as still as death,
Unkissed by breezes' chilly breath.

A sleeping world, all dazzling white
Beneath the sun's resplendent light;

A snow-bound Earth, unsullied, new,
A universe of white and blue!

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MILLS FAMILY OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

By Rev. Charles Blunt Mills, late of Mayville, Michigan.

*With notes by SAMUEL COPP WORTHEN, of East Orange, New Jersey,
a grand-nephew of the Author.¹*

The name of our family, Mills, is said to have originated in the north of England, a child having been found between two windmills, used then in grinding and named according to the custom of the time from the nearest object.² The descendants for generations were large, muscular and of roving disposition. They were marked with Norman features and nearly all had a passion for the sea.

Two brothers with their families, came to Jamestown, Va., at a very early period. Their names were said to be James and John.³ These names recur so often in the history of their descendants as to render it very difficult to avoid confusion. Engaged as many of these descendants were in a sea-faring life, as the commerce of the colonies drifted to the north, they also came north and settled in the Middle and New England colonies. One of these settled in

Portsmouth, N. H. His name was James.⁴

His son, Eligood, was a sailor. He was well educated⁵ and for some time was mate of a vessel engaged in the West India trade commanded by Capt. Charles Blunt, who was afterwards taken by the pirates off the island of St. Thomas after a desperate resistance and chopped to pieces and fed to their hogs.⁶ The writer was named by Capt. Mills, for him. Before the death of Capt. Blunt his mate was promoted to the command of a vessel sailing up the Mediterranean, which he commanded when the war of the Revolution commenced.

Espousing the cause of liberty, he entered very heartily into the cause of the colonies and when the Privateer Grand Turk, commissioned by the Continental Congress as a Letter of Marque, was fitted out at Portsmouth, he was one of its

1. The writer of these notes requests the co-operation of students of New Hampshire history in solving the problems presented by this somewhat remarkable manuscript, now published for the first time. The original is in the possession of the author's daughter, Mrs. H. M. Coldren of Bellaire, Michigan.

2. Evidently most of the matter in this sketch pertaining to the family history prior to the time of Eligood Mills, the author's grandfather, is purely traditionary or conjectural and has no substantial basis.

3. Another version, probably more reliable, is that the first settler was named Mark Mills, that he was born in England, came to Jamestown in 1636, and married Mary Eligood, by whom he had one son.

4. This is an error. His name was unquestionably Luke. He was the Capt. Luke Mills of Northampton, Virginia, who married Hannah, daughter of John and Grace (Brookin) Lang of Portsmouth on the 5th day of December, 1731. See *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, Vol. XIV, p. 121. Capt. Luke Mills was lost at sea, being swept overboard in a gale, while standing on the deck of his ship by the side of his son Eligood, who, according to tradition, tried to jump overboard in a hopeless attempt to rescue his father, but was restrained by the crew. The will of Capt. Mills was admitted to probate on August 29, 1761.

5. He is elsewhere described by the author as a man of "fine gentlemanly deportment, temperate in habits and of enormous strength."

6. The Blunts were a famous seafaring family of Portsmouth. It would be interesting to know how Capt. Charles Blunt was related to the captains of that name mentioned in Brewster's *Rambles About Portsmouth*, and whether his untimely fate is accurately described in this narrative.

officers.⁷ On the second voyage she was captured by a British Frigate and was taken into Halifax, N. S., where all the crew remained in jail five years, who did not die of brutal treatment. At the end, of that time they were informed that the colonies were subdued. Washington and the members of the Continental Congress were hung and that the very few prisoners were to be taken to Boston and were to be transported thence to England to be hung for piracy on the high seas. On the way to Boston, Capt. Mills with two others escaped overboard on a dark night and swam three miles, reaching the shore near a fisherman's hut below the mouth of the Piscataqua River in New Hampshire. Here they heard for the first time that the colonies had gained their independence.⁸

The next morning he learned that his wife was dead, his property gone, and that his two brothers-in-law, Mark and Luke Loughton,⁹ two of the richest merchants in Portsmouth had failed. After gathering up a few fragments of his shattered fortune and getting together his scattered children, he married Lucy McLucas,¹⁰ who was of Scotch-Irish descent, left the

sea and moved upon a tract of land in the then District of Maine, in what is now Waterboro, York Co., Me. There he resided till his death in 1833, in his 88th year.

Luke Mills, son of Eligood Mills, was born in 1778. At 15 years of age he ran away and went to sea. He was a sailor thirteen years when he left the sea and married Betsey Goodwin¹¹ of Wells, Maine. Resided on a farm which he bought in Brownfield, till after the war of 1812-1814. During the war he was Lieut. in the militia and was called out to defend Portland. Selling his farm, he went to take care of his parents with whom he lived till they both died. In 1835, he moved to Corinna, Me., where he lived till his death in 1856. He was in public office much of his life and represented his district in the Legislature one term.¹²

Charles Blunt Mills was the son of Luke and Betsey Mills, and was born in Waterborough, Me., May 5, 1823. He was the seventh child in a family of nine children, and much the feeblest of all. He resembled his mother's people and had none of the Norman characteristics except love of the sea. So far as is known the whole race were dissen-

7. Corroboration of these statements about the Privateer Grand Turk, seems entirely lacking, but they are no doubt correct in substance if not in detail. Information on the subject is requested. The author says in a letter to his niece, Mrs. Isadore (Copp) Wenk, wife of the Rev. Robert Emory Wenk, now of San Francisco, under date of Feb. 6, 1893, that the Grand Turk was fitted out by the Loughtons, wealthy merchants of Portsmouth, and that on its first voyage it sailed to the English Channel, where it did immense damage to British commerce.

8. The foregoing passage—about the voyage of the Grand Turk—was printed in the *American Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XXI, p. 118 (Aug. 1902) at the suggestion of Mrs. Mary H. (Ellison) Curran, librarian of the Bangor Public Library (a great, great granddaughter of Eligood Mills), largely for the purpose of making a record for the benefit of descendants of Eligood desiring to join the Daughters of the American Revolution and similar patriotic orders.

9. The Loughton who married Mary Mills was named Paul. They had 13 children one of whom, Mark Loughton, was the grandfather of the celebrated poetess, Celia Thaxter. A brother of the author of this sketch, Mark Loughton Mills, for many years a well known resident of Bangor, probably derived his name from this relative. His daughter, Mrs. Abbie (Mills) Wilson, late of Bangor, bore a remarkable personal resemblance to Mrs. Thaxter. Mrs. Patten a granddaughter of Mary (Mills) Loughton, used to say that her grandmother was "a very aristocratic lady" and was spoken of as a Virginian.

10. The author was not correctly informed as to the time and circumstances of this marriage. Eligood Mills married (2nd) Lucy, daughter of John and Lydia (Webber) McLucas on the 29th day of August, 1774. See Records of the First Congregational Church of Biddeford, Maine, published in *The Maine Historical and Genealogical Recorder*, Vol. VI, p. 333. Both bride and groom are described as "of Biddeford." Eligood's first wife was Mary, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Dyer of Biddeford.

11. She was a daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth (Hobbs) Goodwin of Wells.

12. Luke Mills lived about 2½ miles east of Corinna Village at a place called Morse's Corner. He was a respected citizen of that locality, known for integrity, strict religious principles and kindly disposition. He was elected a representative to the Legislature of Maine in 1844.

ters and were in favor of the fullest civil and religious liberty. They were not clamorous or factious, but always arrayed themselves on the side of freedom.

Charles B. Mills early developed a love of reading and study, and acquired some knowledge of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, besides a pretty thorough English education. He became a member of the Free Will Baptist Church in Corinna, Me., in his 14th year and began preaching the gospel five years later. He traveled and preached extensively in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York and Ohio, and occasionally lecturing on Temperance and Slavery. He was ordained at Fort Ann, New York, in January 1848. The same year he returned to Maine and supplied a church in Kennebunk a year, during which a powerful revival followed. After supplying the church in Springvale a year and a half he settled as pastor of the church in North Berwick (Dougherty's Falls) where he remained three years. Just before this, September 18, 1851, he was married to Ann Maria Morrison.

At North Berwick two powerful revivals occurred and three prominent ministers were raised up, viz: James and David Boyd and James Jepson. In 1854, on account of failing health, he resigned and spent the winter in Ohio. The next year he removed to Chester, Geauga Co., and took charge of the F. B. Church

and also taught in the Geauga Seminary. In 1856 he removed with his family to Tuscola Co., Mich., and began life anew as a pioneer in the wilderness. On the organization of the Township of Fremont he was in some public township office for four years, when he was elected Probate Judge of the County and served eight years. In 1868 he was elected to the Michigan Senate and took a prominent part in shaping the railroad policy of the state. In 1879 he was in the House, and among other measures as Chairman of the Committee on the University introduced the measure to extend and regrade the courses in the medical department. This met with great opposition but was finally carried. From 1877 to 1886 he was Secretary and Treasurer of Hillsdale College and also filled the chair of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological Department seven years.¹³

Luke Mills, the son of Captain Eligood Mills and Lucy Mills, nee Lucas, was born in 1778, died Mar. 1856. Betsey Mills, nee Goodwin, was born in Wells, Maine, in March, 1782, and died in Corinna, Maine, Feb. 28, 1880, aged almost 98 years. She was a well-informed, intelligent observer and reader, and had a marvelous memory of events that had transpired during her lifetime. Her last illness was painless and continued only a few hours.¹⁴

13 The Rev. Charles Blunt Mills died at Mayville, Michigan, in 1896. His services to the region in which he lived are thus summarized by his niece, Mrs. Isadore (Copp) Wenk, (now deceased) in a note book which contains much valuable information:—

"His health failed and he went in pursuit of it to the wilds of Michigan——. He exerted a powerful influence in the early development of all that region. His knowledge of law, of medicine, of surveying, and of scientific farming all were used to better the condition of these early pioneers. He surveyed land, doctored the sick, preached the gospel sat many terms on the Judge's bench—framed laws and endured hardships incredible."

14. The writer of these notes derived much information on the subjects covered, from the late Mrs. Mary H. (Ellison) Curran, for many years librarian of the Public Library of Bangor, Maine.

Mrs. Curran devoted a considerable amount of time to an attempt to check up and verify the statements in this manuscript, and the writer has done some work along the same lines. The Rev. Mr. Mills wrote it when somewhat advanced in years as a memorandum for the benefit of his children, and relied wholly upon personal knowledge and family tradition, without reference to any records or other written authority. Such memoranda while very valuable, require careful checking and always involve errors of detail though generally based upon facts.

EDITORIALS

Two years' experience has proved to the present owner and editor of the Granite Monthly that its publication is not a pecuniarily profitable proposition. Its support, in subscriptions, news-stand sales and advertising, has been good, and is surely, though slowly, increasing; but the increase in the cost of printing, engraving and paper since January 1, 1919, has been so great that most small publications have had a hard struggle during that time to achieve an even break between income and outgo. Nor is there any immediate prospect of a considerable improvement in these conditions. The editing and publishing of the New Hampshire state magazine are likely to be, in 1921, as in 1919 and 1920, labors of love.

But there are compensations.

It is sufficient recompense for a good deal of labor and some anxiety to have New Hampshire's poet laureate, Edna Dean Proctor, now in her 92nd year, send a check for four dollars, in payment for her subscription for the next two years, and an accompanying note in which she says: "Let me tell you how excellent I think the magazine is. The December number is very attractive, with its Exeter article and beautiful illustration, its Shaker story and its poem, 'The Morning Cometh.'"

It is worth while to have one of the state's best known business men, James W. Hill of Manchester, say that no magazine which comes to his desk is read by him with more interest than is the Granite Monthly. The editor feels highly complimented when one of the old guard of 40 year subscribers, Walter Sargent of Warner, writes that "the most recent issue I consider among the best since the publication was started."

The many kind words which the

newspapers of New Hampshire and some without the state have said about the Granite Monthly have been appreciated sources of encouragement. When Captain George I. Putnam, editor and author, writes in the Claremont Eagle of the January issue of the Granite Monthly: "The number is a strong one. The magazine grows in value to New Hampshire people," he provides an incentive for trying to make other numbers progressively good.

Another item which looms large on the credit side of the account is the kindly and generous interest in the magazine which has been taken by its contributors, without whose aid, of course, no number could be published. The friendships which the editor thus has made in the past two years are worth more than the things which money can buy.

And so the present publisher of The Granite Monthly plans to complete its Volume 53 and hopes to go on with many other volumes beyond that. He thanks his patrons, whom he counts, without exception, his friends, and he would not be averse to being under heavier obligations to them through their mention of the magazine to those with whom they chance to talk about New Hampshire, its past, present and future.

We promise every subscriber and every advertiser that their aid will be utilized to the utmost for giving the Granite State a magazine worthy of her.

The constitutional convention, re-assembled on January 28, voted to submit to the people for ratification amendments allowing the legislature to tax incomes and inheritances, reducing the size of the House of Representatives and giving women full rights as to holding

state offices. All of these amendments should be adopted; the first must be or an intolerable situation will be created in New Hampshire. If, during the next few years, the state is forced to depend upon its present sources of revenue, either we shall have a taxation of real

property that will be almost confiscation or the work of almost every state department and institution will be crippled seriously. Go to the polls on March 8, if you are a citizen of New Hampshire, and vote Yes.

THERE IS A HOUSE UPON A HILL

By Mabel Cornelia Matson.

There is a house upon a hill
Where I delight to go:
It seems a little nearer heaven
Than any house I know.

White birches beckon up the slope,
Pink phlox bloom in the yard:
New Hampshire skies brood over it,
New Hampshire hills stand guard.

Calm haven for my wandering feet
In sunshine and in storm,
For here dwell laughter-loving hearts,
Brave hearts, and true and warm.

Who give their wealth unstintedly
With open hands and glad,
Rare comradeship for happy days,
Wise comforting for sad.

There is a house upon a hill
Where I delight to go:
It seems a little nearer heaven
Than any house I know.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

THE DAME SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE AND OTHER PAPERS. By Samuel McChord Strothers. Pp., 279. Cloth. \$2. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Because of his long-time summer residence in our Carroll county town of Madison, New Hampshire claims as her own that wise and witty essayist of today, Rev. Dr. S. M. Crothers, and welcomes the successive appearance within book covers of collections of his magazine contributions.

His book list has so lengthened that only one more volume now is needed to complete a round dozen of titles, of which "The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord" has the most New Hampshire interest and "The Gentle Reader" is, perhaps, the best known and most popular of all. Together, they well prove his right to the title one critic has bestowed upon their author, "the Charles Lamb of American letters."

The present volume includes "An Interview with an Educator," "The Teacher's Dilemma," "Every Man's Natural Desire to be Somebody Else," "The Perils of the Literate," "Natural Enemies and How to Make the Best of Them," "The Spiritual Adviser of Efficiency Experts," "The Pilgrims and Their Contemporaries," "Education in Pursuit of Henry Adams," "The Hibernation of Genius," "The Unpreparedness of Liberalism," "On the Evening of a New Day."

Without exception they are in

Doctor Crothers' best manner, very true and very keen; more so than one realizes when carried along gently through the first reading by the whimsical charm of the author's style. It is upon after reflection that one sees what depths of wisdom and experience have been plumbed, into what safe harbors of clear thinking our voyage in a book has brought us.

Take a paragraph from the essay upon "The Pilgrims" and their tercentenary; "Today we are better able to appreciate the efforts of the Puritan than were our immediate predecessors. We cannot accept his answers, but we are beginning to ask the same kind of questions. We are less sure than we used to be that religion and politics can be kept in separate compartments. We are not altogether satisfied with purely secular solutions of social problems. We hear people talking again about a community church. In an amendment to the Constitution enforcing Prohibition we have gone further than the Puritan Commonwealth did in looking after the morals of the people. The individual conscience is more and more reinforced by a social conscience that finds its expression in law. Our philosophers have been telling us that religion is loyalty to a beloved community. All this does not indicate a return to the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, but it makes seventeenth century Puritanism more intelligible to us."

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

REV. H. C. McDOUGALL

Rev. Henry Clay McDougall, for 21 years minister of the Unitarian Church at Franklin, died there January 4. He was born in Ypsilanti, Mich., November 22, 1850, a son of John and Mary (Muir) McDougall. He graduated from University of Michigan in '77 and taught school for several years, being at one time principal of the High School at Princeton, Ill. He prepared for the ministry at Harvard Divinity School, graduating in 1885. He occupied pulpits at Rockland, Mass.; Madison, Wis.; Marblehead, Mass., and Franklin. He was vice-president of the American Unitarian Association and minister-at-large of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association. He was president of the board of trustees of Proctor Academy at Andover. His wife, two sons, Capt. James McDougall of Wilkesbarre, Penn., and Lieut. Kenneth McDougall of Boston, both commissioned during the war, and a brother, George McDougall of Harvey, Ill., survive.

LUTHER W. PAUL

Luther W. Paul was born in Sanford, Me., December 29, 1817, and died in Manchester, January 2, 1921. He was a cobbler by trade and a year ago made a pair of shoes which he wore on his 102nd birthday. He cast his initial vote for William Henry Harrison in 1840, and had exercised his right of suffrage at every election from that time until 1920. He had been a Mason since 1875. He is survived by two sons, Edwin of Manchester, and Charles W., of Lincoln, Nebraska, and by three grandchildren.

DR. WILLIS P. CRAIG

Dr. Willis P. Craig of Walpole was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting December 28. He was born in Lempster, September 9, 1876, the son of Rockwell F. and Lizzie B. Craig. He was educated at Vermont Academy, Saxtons River, Vt., and Dartmouth College where he graduated in 1903. During his college career he distinguished himself in athletics and was a member of Theta Delta Phi fraternity. He graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School in 1906, and after six months spent in Boston hospitals came to Walpole where he was in practice at the time of his death. At the time of the World war

he entered the United States Medical corps with the rank of captain, and was stationed at Pennington, Va., where he established a regimental hospital during the influenza epidemic. He received his discharge after the armistice, being then stationed at Fort Hancock, N. J. He was a member of Walpole post of the American legion. Dr. Craig was a 32nd degree Mason and a member of county, state and national medical associations. He is survived by his widow, a son and daughter and step-son; his mother and one sister.

MRS. ELLEN T. SCALES

In the death of Mrs. Ellen Tasker Scales the city of Dover has lost one of its most estimable and best known women. She was born in Strafford, May 30, 1843, the daughter of Deacon Alfred Tasker and his wife, Mary Hill Tasker, and married October 20, 1865, John Scales who had been her instructor at Strafford Academy. She assisted him in his duties as principal of Wolfeboro, Gilmanton and Franklin academies and was a very successful teacher. Later she rendered valuable aid to Mr. Scales during his editorship of the Dover Republican and Weekly Enquirer. She was the first woman to hold office in Dover, being five times chosen to the school board; was a member of the board of managers of the Wentworth Home for the Aged from its organization and at the time of her death its president. Mrs. Scales was a member of the First Congregational church, of the D. A. R., the Nathan Colonists and the Dover Woman's Club. She is survived by her husband; their son, Burton T. Scales of Philadelphia; and two grandchildren.

MRS. J. W. NOYES

Mrs. Harriette Sherman Bouton Noyes, widow of Hon. John Weare Noyes of Chester, a brother of the late Prof. Daniel J. Noyes of Dartmouth College, died November 21, 1920 far advanced in her 89th year. Mrs. Noyes' ancestry was of the oldest and best in New Hampshire. She was born in Concord, January 25, 1832, the daughter of Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., long one of Concord's most revered ministers. Her mother, Mary Ann Persis Bell, was the daughter of Gov. John Bell of Chester, who was Governor of New Hampshire 1828-1829, and his wife, Persis Thom, descendants of

the Scotch-Irish settlers of Londonderry. Her marriage to Mr. Noyes took place on June 21, 1855. Her only son, John W. Noyes, Jr., died in early childhood. She has left one daughter, Miss Mary B. Noyes of Chester, and a step daughter, Mrs. William S. Greenough of Wakefield, Mass.; two nephews, Dr. Louis Bell of Boston, and Rev. Tilton Bouton of St. Petersburg, Florida; and two half sisters, Mrs. Arthur E. Clarke and Mrs. J. B. Fogg of Manchester. She was educated at private schools in Concord, and later attended Mount Holyoke Seminary, then under the charge of Mary Lyon, afterward teaching in Franklin and Frankestown, and Stamford, Conn. Than Mrs. Noyes there could be no finer type of gentlewoman. Born and bred in a christian minister's home, where religion meant something more than joining the church, and reciting its creed, her eager mind and receptive soul early developed unusual social and spiritual refinement. The beauty of her mind and heart drew her many friends very close to her. She was a member of the Colonial Dames of New Hampshire, and of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She united with the North Church in Concord, of which her father was pastor, in 1849, from which she was dismissed to the Congregational Church in Chester in 1860, where she was a zealous member for 60 years, and was long a leader in the social, philanthropic, and religious life of the town. Her long residence in the town, her affiliation with the church, her active participation in every enterprise in the community promotive of the public good, her hospitable fireside to which everybody was welcomed, and last but not least her cordial and sympathetic spirit had endeared her to all. Her removal by death has occasioned in many homes the sense of personal loss. The beautiful and gracious presence, beloved of the community has gone from us, but the fragrance of

that lovely life abides. There is an abiding comfort in the words of Whittier, "Life is ever Lord of death, and Love can never lose its own."

MRS. ABBIE S. AMES

There recently died in Allston, Mass., in her 79th year, Mrs. Abbie Scates Ames, who was born on a farm in Ossipee. Determined to get an education, she taught, did "saleswork" (sewed on men's garments, the cut-out material being left and gathered by distributing agents) and worked her way to graduation at the New England Masonic Charitable Institute at Freedom (Drake's Corner), ranking as the finest Latin scholar the Academy had had. While teaching in Boston, she married James J. Wright, a graduate of Harvard University Law School, who had served three years in the Union Army. In 1877, she married Daniel J. Ames, a retired Illinois pioneer and distant cousin. Removing to the Prairie State, she gradually was thrown into business responsibilities and developed a remarkable faculty for handling land affairs. As a writer, she had been a regular contributor of short stories to the famous Saturday Night, of Philadelphia, the New York Ledger and other periodicals. In her travels through Illinois and Iowa and in the East, she formed close friendships with many prominent persons, and coming back to Boston to reside in later years, she kept up a large correspondence and did much writing of a special nature. All through the World War, there were United States Senators and others who were insistent upon her giving them her economic and political impressions. Mrs. Ames was co-author with her son, John Livingston Wright, of the book "Mrs. Eagle's U. S. A." (As seen in a buggy ride of 1400 miles from Illinois to Boston.)

UNSATISFIED

By Ruth Bassett Eddy:

I have known the hurt of your lips
 And the crush of your arm's embrace;
 I have watched your passionate eyes
 Gaze down on my upturned face.

I have felt the beat of your heart
 All the sweet, long hours thro';
 But I know I have never touched
 The infinite soul of you!

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No. 3



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Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE HONORABLE SENATE OF 1921

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HON. LESLIE P. SNOW,
PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIII.

MARCH, 1921

No. 3

THE STATE SENATE

By Henry H. Metcalf.

While the New Hampshire House of Representatives has always been a larger body in point of membership than the lower branch of any other State legislature, the State Senate, was for nearly a hundred years, smaller than that of any other state, with a single exception, containing but twelve members, from the adoption of the first constitution in 1784 until the number was doubled by the adoption of an amendment, submitted by the Constitutional Convention in 1879.

In the earlier days Senators were frequently re-elected for a number of terms; but since the increase in membership, and the change from annual to biennial sessions, comparatively few have been re-elected, and cases are rare indeed, where Senators have served more than two terms. From 1784 to 1884 inclusive, a period of 100 years—including three Senates after the membership had been doubled, but 576 different men, in all, had occupied seats in that body. Of these the longest in service was Amos Shepard of Alstead, who served in fifteen different Senates, between 1786 and 1803 inclusive, having had more elections than any other man in the legislative service of the State, save Harry Bingham of Littleton. Ebenezer Smith of Meredith, who was a member of the first Senate, served ten terms, between 1784 and 1806; John Waldron of Dover served nine terms, John Orr of Bedford as many, and Moses P. Payson of Bath and Elisha Whitcomb of Swanzey,

eight terms each. Jonathan Harvey of Sutton, during seven years of service filled the President's chair for six terms, being excelled in that direction only by Amos Shepard, who was President for seven terms during his fifteen years' service.

Many able men have seen service in the New Hampshire Senate, not a few of whom have occupied the Governor's chair, or served in Congress, or on the Supreme bench of the State; though it has generally been held that in average ability the Senate as a whole, has not surpassed the House. This can hardly be maintained the present year, however, since there is a larger proportion than usual of able and experienced men in the former branch, and a somewhat smaller one in the latter.

The membership of the Senate, this year, includes the following: District No. 1, Oscar P. Cole of Berlin; No. 2, Elbridge W. Snow, Whitefield; No. 3, Fred Parker, Lisbon; No. 4, John H. Garland, Conway; No. 5, Fred Gage, Grafton; No. 6, Ellsworth H. Rollins, Alton; No. 7, Charles H. Bean, Franklin; No. 8, George A. Fairbanks, Newport; No. 9, John G. Winant, Concord; No. 10, Fred O. Smalley, Walpole; No. 11, Merrill G. Symonds, Jaffrey; No. 12, Charles S. Emerson, Milford; No. 13, Thomas F. Moran, Nashua; No. 14, William W. Flanders, Weare; No. 15, Benjamin H. Orr, Concord; No. 16, William B. McKay, Manchester; No. 17, Adams L. Green,

Manchester; No. 18, Thomas J. Conway, Manchester; No. 19, Ferdinand Farley, Manchester; No. 20, Leslie P. Snow, Rochester; No. 21, Arthur G. Whittemore, Dover; No. 22, Joe W. Daniels, Manchester; No. 23, James A. Tufts, Exeter; No. 24, Oliver L. Frisbee, Portsmouth. Of these, all but three—Messrs. Conway and Farley of Manchester and Moran of Nashua, are members of the Republican party.

PRESIDENT SNOW

HON. LESLIE P. SNOW, of Rochester, Senator from District No. 20, was nominated for President, in the Republican caucus, over Charles S. Emerson of No. 12, and James A. Tufts of No. 23, both able and experienced men, who were also supported for the nomination; and was duly elected upon the organization of the Senate, over which he presides with courtesy, dignity and grace. He is a native of the town of Eaton, born Oct. 19, 1862, son of Edwin and Helen M. (Perkins) Snow, and a descendant of Nicholas Snow who emigrated from England to Plymouth, Mass., in 1623. His father was a prominent business man and leading Democrat in Carroll County for many years, serving many years in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate in 1891.

Studying at the Academies at Bridgton and Fryeburg, Me., and teaching school in his native town at the age of 16, he graduated from Dartmouth College, A. B., in 1886, and pursued the study of law, graduating at the Columbian University, (now George Washington Univ.) Law School in 1890, in which year he was admitted to the Maryland bar, and to the New Hampshire bar in the following year. He served as Moderator in the town of Eaton, and represented that town in the State legislature in 1887 and 1888.

He was a special pension examiner for the U. S. Government from 1887 to 1890, serving in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Washington, D. C., and has been in the practice of his profession as a lawyer in Rochester since 1891, at first in the firm of Worcester, Gafney & Snow, subsequently alone, and later and at present as senior member of the firm of Snow, Snow & Cooper. For thirty years he has been active in jury trials, and has handled many important cases in the State and U. S. Courts.

He served as a member of the Rochester school board from 1899 to 1904, and was a delegate in the recent Constitutional Convention, taking an active part, as a member of the Legislative committee and upon the floor of the Convention in shaping the action of that body. Although interested in public affairs and political life, he has devoted his attention mainly to the work of his profession, in which he has won eminence and success. He has been president of the Rochester National Bank since 1902, is president of the Rochester Trust Co., of the Prudential Fire Insurance Co., and of the Gafney Home for the Aged.

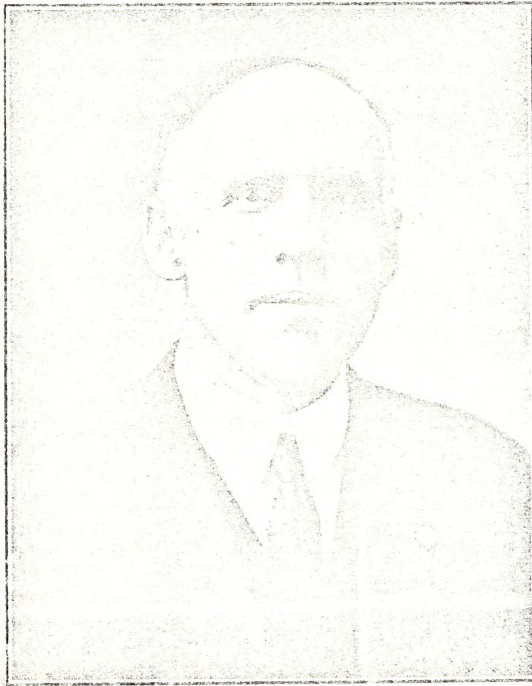
He was also a director of the Boston & Maine R. R., during its period of reorganization. He is a director of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, a member of the Rochester City Club and of the Rochester Country Club, of which he has been president. He was chairman of the Rochester Public Safety committee, and of the Liberty Loan committee, County Chairman of the War Savings committee, and prominent in various State and New England agencies in War activities during the recent great World conflict. In fraternal life he is an Odd Fellow, an Elk, a 32nd degree Mason, Knight Templar and Shriner, and a member of the Theta Delta Chi Col-

lege fraternity, serving as president of the New England Association in 1886. He attends the Congregational church, and has served many years as Warden of the Society.

Mr. Snow is an active member of the N. H. Bar Association, and served as its President in 1919-20, delivering an able annual address at the summer meeting in New-castle.

He married, November 28, 1886, Susan E. Currier of Haverhill, N. H.,

College (1912), Magdalen College, Oxford, England (1914) and the Harvard Law School (1917). He served as a Lieutenant, and Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Babbitt, and later as Captain in the Artillery, in the American Expeditionary Force in France, and is now a member of his father's law firm. The younger son, graduated from Dartmouth in 1912, and from Mass. Institute of Technology in 1914. He passed the West Point examination in 1916



HON. OSCAR P. COLE

who died June 6, 1892, leaving two sons, Conrad Edwin, born August 6, 1889, and Leslie Whittemore, born Dec. 9, 1890. June 7, 1894 he was united with Norma C. Currier, his present wife, who is prominent in the social, religious and educational life of the city and state, having served on the Rochester School Board and been active in the Red Cross and other war activities. The older son is a graduate of Dartmouth

and was offered a lieutenantancy in the regular army which he declined; but was one of the first to offer his services when the war broke out in 1917. He was a Major in the A. E. F., and following the Armistice organized the Courier systems in the enemy countries.

HON. OSCAR PHIPPS COLE, Senator from District No. 1, is a native

of Berlin, where he resides, born July 2, 1872, son of Abner K. and Clara (Phipps) Cole. His ancestors came from England to Massachusetts in 1630. As a boy he was reared to the labors of farm life, and acquired a knowledge of lumbering and railroading. Seeking the benefits of education, after attending the Berlin public school, he entered St. Johnsbury Vt., Academy, from which he graduated in 1892, entering the same year the Literary Department of Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, graduating, A. B., in 1896, and then entering the Law School, where he continued through 1897 and 1898, and would have graduated the following year but for the outbreak of the war with Spain, when he enlisted in Co. A., 31st Michigan Volunteer Regiment, serving throughout the war. After his return home he joined the N. H. National Guard, attaining the rank of Captain and Major, and serving in the latter capacity on the Mexican border, and in the overseas service in the World War, he was promoted in France to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

In religion Senator Cole is an Episcopalian, and in politics a Republican. He served as delegate from the American Universities to the Republican National League Convention in Detroit in 1897; was for several years a supervisor of the check list in Ward 1, Berlin, and a representative from said ward in the legislature of 1909, serving on the committee on Military Affairs, by which the military laws of the state were re-codified. He was detailed in 1917, to serve on the staff of Gov. Henry W. Keyes with rank of Major. In the Senate, this year, he serves as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs and is a member of the Committees on Public Health, Revision of the Laws, (clerk) and Soldiers' Home. He is the paymaster of the Cascade Mills

of the Brown Co., is a Mason, an Elk, a member of the Spanish War Veterans, the American Legion, and the N. H. Historical Society.

He married July 2, 1912, Miss Jane Broad of Colorado Springs. They have one son, Phipps, born June 27, 1913.

HON. ELBRIDGE W. SNOW, Senator from District No. 2, native and life long resident of the town of Whitefield, was born December 7, 1860, son of David S. and Hannah (Straw) Snow. He received his education in the public schools of Whitefield and at the New Hampton Literary Institution. He has been engaged during most of his active life in the manufacture of overalls and is the senior member of the firm of Snow & Baker, extensively engaged in that business. He takes a strong interest in all measures calculated to promote the welfare of the town, and is an active member of the Whitefield Civic Association, corresponding to the ordinary board of trade, of which organization he is President. His religious affiliation is with the Methodist church and in politics he has always been a Republican. He has served his town as a library trustee and as a member of the board of selectmen, but is particularly interested in the cause of education, having been a member of the Whitefield school board for twenty-two years. Fraternally he is a Mason and an OddFellow.

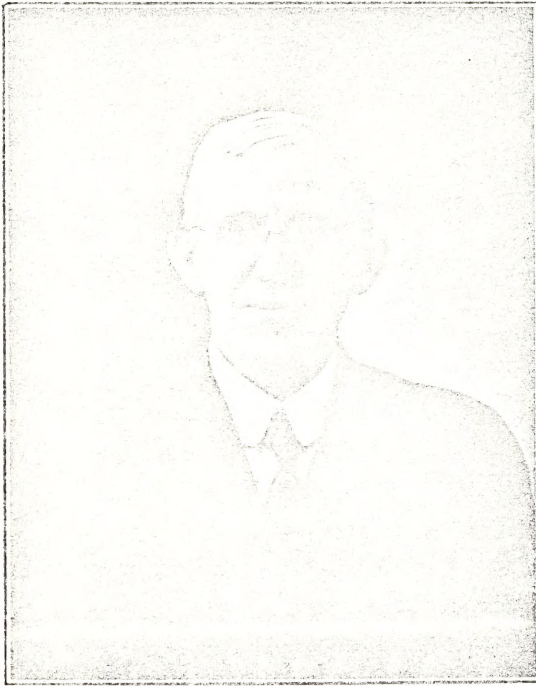
Senator Snow has had the experience of serving for two terms in the House of Representatives, having been first elected to the Legislature of 1917, when he held a position on the Committee on Manufactures; re-elected for the session of 1919, he was assigned by Speaker Tobey to the Chairmanship of the Committee on Liquor Laws. In the Senate, this year, he holds the chairmanship of the Committee on

Manufactures, is a member of the Committee on Education, and a member and clerk of the Public Health and Roads, Bridges and Canals committees.

On October 13, 1887, he was united in marriage with Dora M. Stevens.

HON. FRED PARKER, Senator from District No. 3, was born in the town

sive business. He is a Methodist in religion, and politically a Republican, active in his party cause, and a member of the State Committee. He has served two years as a selectman, six years as auditor; and has been a trustee of town trust funds since 1917. He was a representative from Lisbon in the Legislature of 1909-10, serving on the Committees on Banks and Labor, and as clerk of the latter Committee. He was appointed by



HON. ELBRIDGE W. SNOW

of Littleton, October 23, 1872, son of Guy and Georgianna L. (Metcalf) Parker. He was educated in the public schools of Littleton and Lisbon, and when 16 years of age entered a general store as a clerk, and was engaged twelve years in that capacity, since which time he has been in business for himself in the same line, as head of the firm of Fred Parker & Co., for ten years and later alone, doing an exten-

Gov. Keyes Assistant Justice of the Lisbon Police Court.

Senator Parker is a 32d degree Mason, a Shriner and a member of the O. E. S., being a Past Patron in the order. He is a member of Golden Grange, P. of H., of Lisbon, of the Lisbon Board of Trade, serving on its finance committee, and also on the finance committee of the District Nursing Association.

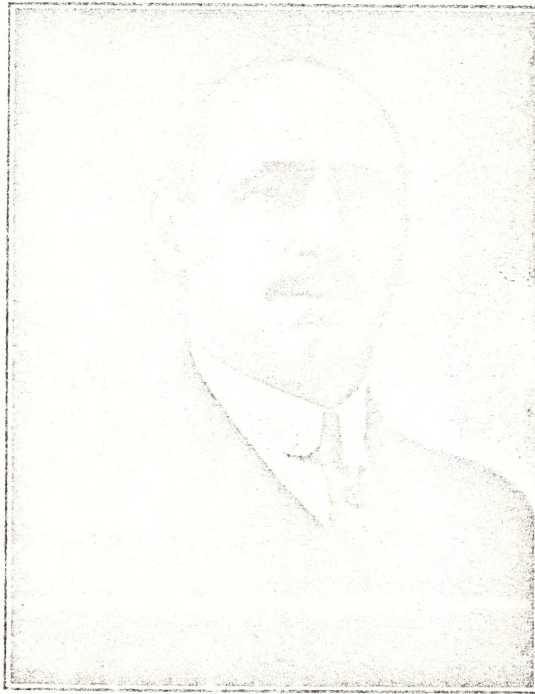
On April 15, 1896, he was united

in marriage with Ida B. Moore of Woodsville. They have one son, Roger Moore, now fifteen years of age.

His committee assignments in the Senate are to the Committee on Elections of which he is Chairman, and the Claims, Incorporations and Towns and Parishes Committees, of the latter of which he is also clerk.

HON. JOHN H. GARLAND, Senator

tor of a successful mercantile business, to which he has also added insurance. His religious affiliation is with the Methodists and in politics he has been actively identified with the Republican party. He has served repeatedly as Moderator, Selectman, Supervisor of the Checklist, Town Clerk and Trustee of Trust Funds for the town, which latter two positions he at present holds. He has been three times elected a representative from Con-



HON. FRED PARKER

from District No. 4, was born in Parsonfield, Me., December 23, 1867, son of John A. and Alice J. (Allen) Garland. He received his education in the common schools of his native town and at the once famous Parsonfield Academy, and in 1885 went to Conway Center, in this state, where he engaged as a clerk in a general store, in which place, and in which line of business, he has since continued, having long been proprie-

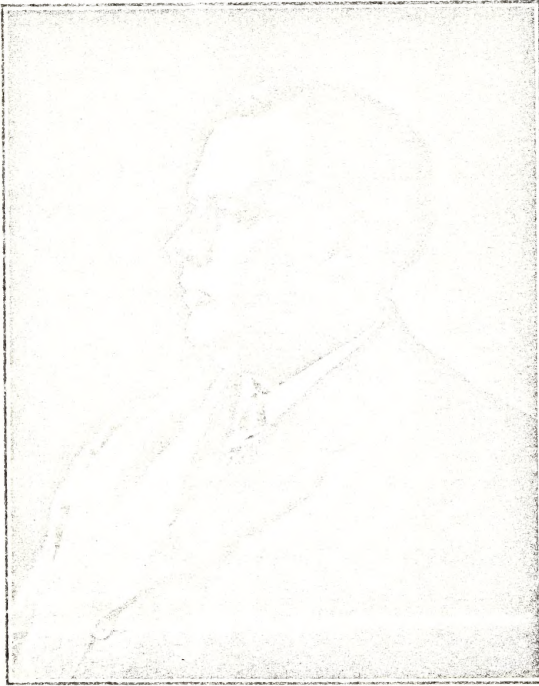
way in the General Court, his first service being in 1905, when he was a member of the Committees on Elections and National Affairs. Re-elected to the House of 1907, he served on the Incorporations Committee. Returning again, in 1915, he was made chairman of the Committee on Liquor Laws.

His experience in these three sessions in the House qualifies him for efficient service in the Senate, to

which he was chosen last November, and in which he is serving as Chairman of the Committee on Roads, Bridges and Canals, and is a member of the Manufactures, (clerk), Public Improvements, and Towns and Parishes Committees. He holds membership in the I. O. O. F., Patrons of Husbandry and in the U. S. Fat Men's Club.

On May 1, 1890, he was united in marriage with Rose A. Fursdon.

HON. FRED GAGE, Senator from District No. 5, was born in Enfield, N. H., August 29, 1862, son of Roswell and Sarah (Little) Gage, and was educated in the public schools of Enfield and Grafton, in which latter town he has had his residence since childhood, and where he has been actively engaged in agriculture, lumbering and general business, including that of an auctioneer. He attends the Christian church and is



HON. JOHN H. GARLAND

They have five children—a daughter Helen Alice, 26 years of age, a graduate of Fryeburg Academy and the Gorham, Me., Normal School, and now a teacher in Massachusetts, and four sons—Percy Fursdon and John Maurice, 24 and 22 years of age respectively, both also graduates of Fryeburg Academy, and Lloyd Thomas and Robert Allen, aged 18 and 14, now in school.

affiliated with the Republican party. He has served his town in various capacities—as Moderator for several years; also as tax collector, treasurer and trustee of Trust funds. He was a delegate from Grafton in the recent Constitutional Convention, and served as a Representative in the Legislature of 1919, when he was a member of the Committees on Railroads and Roads, Bridges and Canals.

Fraternally Senator Gage is a Mason and a Patron of Husbandry. On November 2, 1887, he was united in marriage with Laura E. Bucklin. They have had two children. A daughter, Ethel L., born October 6, 1888, married Rollie C. Leonard. She died in January 1919, leaving five children. A son, A. Stuart, born November 21, 1894, is married, and has two children. He is engaged in farming and woodturning, and is at

HON. ELLSWORTH H. ROLLINS, Senator from District No. 6, was born in Alton, October 26, 1861, son of Enos G. and Adaline (Piper) Rollins, both his paternal and maternal ancestors being of Revolutionary stock. The Rollins family were among the first settlers of the town of Alton, and its representatives have always been among the earnest workers for the social and civic welfare of the community. Mr.



HON. FRED GAGE

present a member of the Grafton board of selectmen.

In the present Senate, Senator Gage is chairman of the Committee on Towns and Parishes, and a member of the Committees on Manufactures, Public Improvements (clerk), Roads, Bridges and Canals, and State Prison and State Industrial School.

Rollins received his education in the Alton schools and at Wolfeboro Academy. In business he is a lumber manufacturer of forty years experience, alert and progressive in his ideas, and familiar with the problems which confront men in his line of activity and in the general business world, as well as the questions with which the average citizen has

to deal. In religion he is a Congregationalist, and politically a steadfast adherent of the Republican party, in whose interest he has labored as well as for the general welfare of the town by which he has been honored by election to most of the offices within its gift; also serving for six years as one of the Commissioners of Belknap County. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1893, serving on the Com-

Senator Rollins is chairman of the Committee on Railroads and a member of the Committees on Forestry, Judiciary and Labor.

HON. CHARLES H. BEAN, Senator from District No. 7, was born in Lebanon, N. H., July 21, 1866, son of Reuben and Adaline (Hoyt) Bean, removing to Franklin in early life, where he was educated in the public



HON. ELLSWORTH H. ROLLINS

mittee on Military Affairs, and was a delegate in the Constitutional Conventions of 1912 and 1918-21. He is a 32d degree Mason, an Elk and Knight of Pythias, and a member of various other organizations. In manner he is cordial, sympathetic and easy of approach. He married February 14, 1907, Miss Maude Weymouth of Laconia. They have one daughter, Abbie Adaline, now 11 years of age.

schools, and has since resided, and where he is engaged in the moving picture business, is owner and manager of the Pastime Theatre, and is the head of the State organization of those engaged in that interest. He is a thoroughly public spirited citizen and his theatre is often opened for the use of public gatherings, and frequently without charge. In religion he is a Roman Catholic. He is a Knight of Columbus and of

the Maccabees, and an Elk, being First Exalted Ruler of Franklin Lodge, B. P. O. E. 1280, and a Past District Deputy of the order.

In politics he is a Republican. He represented Ward 3, Franklin, in the Legislature of 1905, serving as a member of the Committee on Towns. In 1911 he represented the former Sixth District in the State Senate when he was Chairman of

chant. They have one son, Charles H. Bean, Jr., now thirty years of age, who is married, has a son eight years of age, and is the operator of his father's motion picture theatre.

Senator Bean is Chairman of the Fisheries and Game Committee and a member of the Public Improvements, State Hospital, and State Prison and Industrial School Committees.



HON. CHARLES H. BEAN

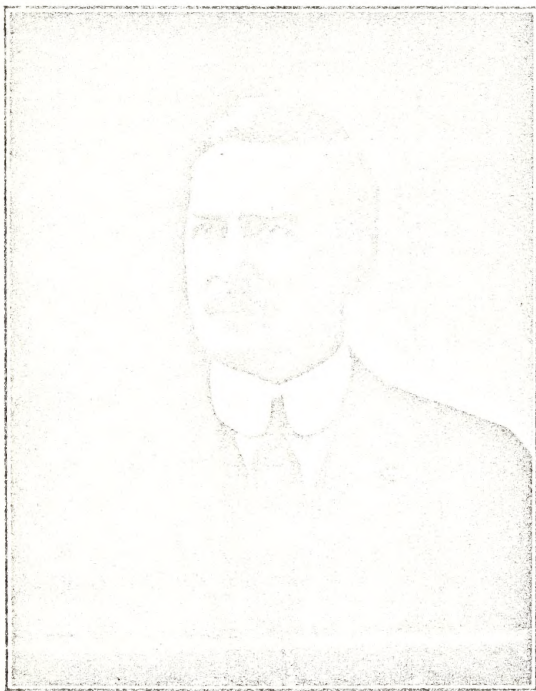
the Committee on State Hospital and a member of the Committees on Revision of the Laws, Elections, Labor and Fisheries and Game. He was elected a delegate from his Ward to the Constitutional Convention in 1912, and at the last election was returned to the State Senate from the present Seventh District, where his former experience renders him a valuable member.

He was united in marriage, October 20, 1889, with Miss Mary Mer-

HON. GEORGE ARLINGTON FAIRBANKS, Senator from District No. 8, was born in the town of Newport, where he has always resided, March 24, 1863, son of George H. and Helen M. (Nourse) Fairbanks. He was educated in the Newport schools, graduating from the high school in 1881, studied one year at Tilton Seminary, and later engaged in mercantile life in Newport, in which he continued successfully for fourteen years. In 1899, in company

with George A. Dorr, he purchased the Granite State Mills at Guild in Newport, which had been for some time practically dormant, made extensive improvements and in a short time had the same running in a high state of efficiency, employing a large force and doing a profitable business, from which he retired some two years since. Meanwhile he has always been interested in agriculture, as was his father before him,

Methodist General Conference at Des Moines, Iowa. Politically he has always been identified with the Republican party. He served twelve years as a member of the Newport school board, and was a Representative from that town in the Legislature of 1917, serving as Chairman of the Railroad Committee and member of the Committee on Banks. In 1916 he was one of the Republican candidates for Presiden-



HON. CHARLES A. FAIRBANKS

and his home is a spacious residence on the old Fairbanks place, commanding a fine view of the village, and located on the spot where he was born.

In religion he is a member and active worker in the Methodist Episcopal church, and he has also been prominent in the work of the Sullivan Co., Y. M. C. A. In 1920 he was one of the two lay delegates from the N. H. Conference in the

tial electors. In the Senate this year, he is Chairman of the Finance Committee, and a member of the Committees on Agriculture (clerk), Banks (clerk), Manufactures and Railroads.

Senator Fairbanks is a Royal Arch Mason (Past High Priest of the Chapter of the Tabernacle) and a Shriner. He is a director and president of the Citizens National Bank of Newport; director and treasurer

of the Carrie F. Wright Hospital, and a trustee of Tilton Seminary and president of the board.

He married, October 22, 1885, Margaret A. Gilmore of Newport. They have three children—Helen M., a graduate of the Lucy Wheelock Training School, for some time a successful kindergarten teacher, now Mrs. Horace A. Redfield of Mount Vernon, N. Y. (two children); Marian S., a

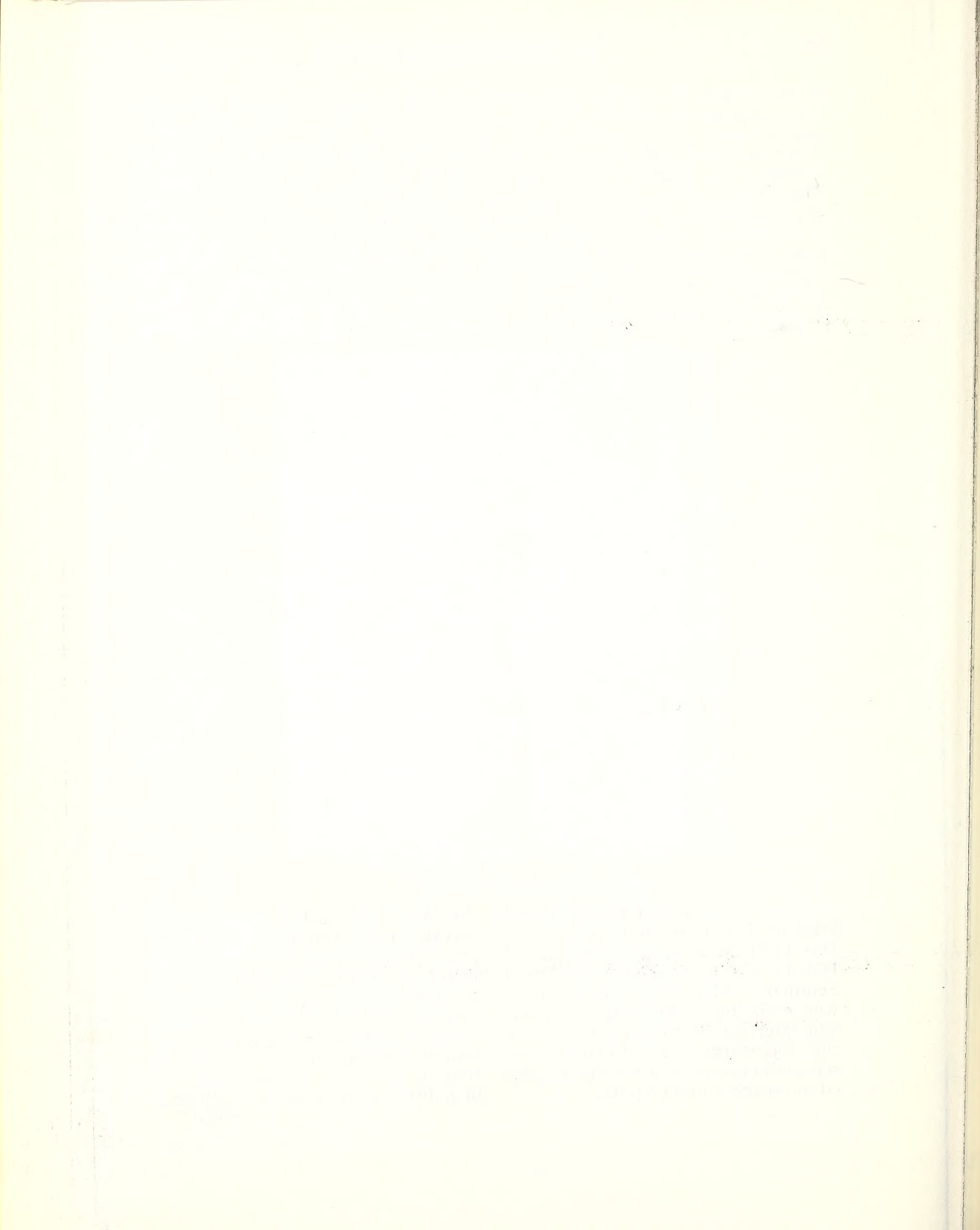
HON. JOHN GILBERT WINANT, Senator for District No. 9, was born in New York, February 23, 1889, son of Frederick and Jeanette L. (Gilbert) Winant. He was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and Princeton University, Princeton, N. J., graduating from the latter in the class of 1913. Since that time he has been a teacher at St. Paul's school, except during a period of 21 months in the service during



HON. JOHN G. WINANT

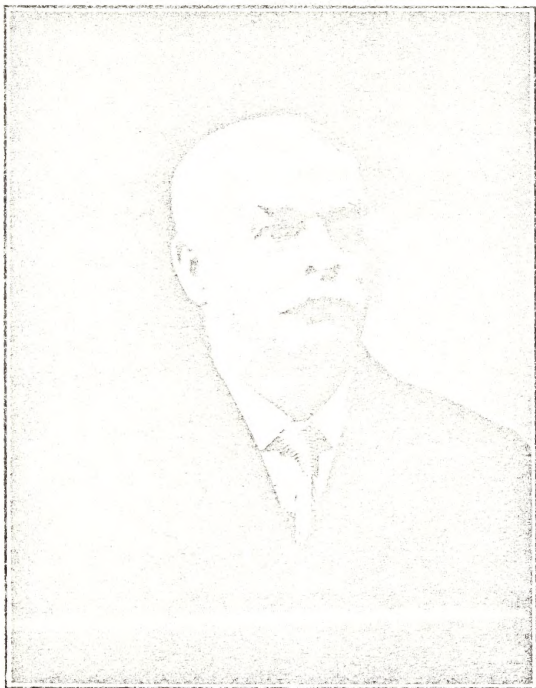
graduate of Boston University and a talented soprano singer, now Mrs. Harold D. Andrews of Concord, and Harold G., a graduate of Tilton Seminary, who served in the late war, enlisting in the Coast Artillery, and later served as a Lieutenant in the Quartermaster's Corps, overseas, who is now married and engaged in business in Newport.

the World War. He enlisted as a private in the American Expeditionary Force; was later commissioned in the air service, and served on the front as a pilot and squadron commander in observation aviation. Since his return he has been an Assistant Principal at St. Paul's. In religion he is an Episcopalian, and in politics a Republican of progres-



sive tendencies. He was a Representative from Ward 7, in the Legislature of 1917, serving as a member and clerk of the Committee on Revision of the Statutes, and as Chairman of the joint committee on State House and State House Grounds. In the Senate, this year, he is Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, a member and clerk of the Committees on Education, Judiciary and State Hospital, and a

HON. FRED O. SMALLEY, Senator from District No. 10, was born in Rockingham, Vt., December 9, 1857, son of Orren E. and Elizabeth (Roundy) Smalley, and was educated in the Rockingham public schools. He is a farmer, living upon the Connecticut River farm in Walpole, which he purchased 35 years ago, to which he has made extensive additions, including meadow, pasture and woodland, and another entire



HON. FRED O. SMALLEY

member of the joint standing committee on Engrossed Bills.

He is an Odd Fellow, a Patron of Husbandry and a member of the Woonolancet Club and the Concord Chamber of Commerce, in which work he takes an active interest.

On December 20, 1919, he was united in marriage with Constance R. Russell of New York. They have a daughter, Constance R., born January 3, 1921.

farm, so that he has now a farm of 420 acres, in excellent condition. Politically he is a life long Republican, and has always been interested in whatever pertains to the welfare of the town. He is chairman of the Town Trust Funds, has served two terms on the board of Selectmen, during one of which terms he built the first mile of State road constructed in town, and was a member of the House of Representatives during the

last session of the Legislature, serving on the Committee on Agriculture.

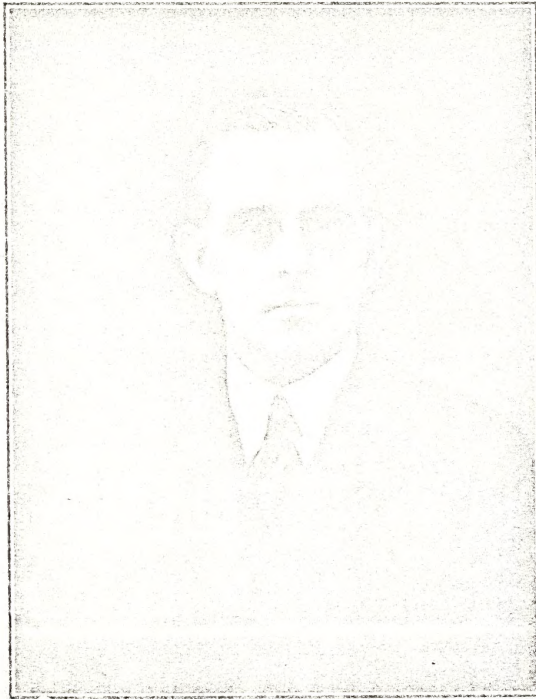
In religion he is a Universalist and in fraternity life he is an Odd Fellow and a Patron of Husbandry. He is a member of the Cheshire County Farm Bureau, serving on the executive board of that organization, and is president of the Cheshire County Farmers' Exchange.

December 20, 1883, he married

Ordinance Department in the late World War.

Senator Smalley is chairman of the Senate Committee on Labor, and a member of the Committees on Agriculture, Claims and Roads, Bridges and Canals.

HON. MERRILL GOULD SYMONDS, Senator from District No. 11, was born in Rindge, April 30, 1882, son



HON. MERRILL G. SYMONDS

Nora E., daughter of Martin R. and Laurenza (Davis) Lawrence, of Rockingham, Vt. They have two sons, Dean F., born July 22, 1885, and Lee S., born April 23, 1887. Both are graduates of the New Hampshire College in the four years Mechanical Engineering course. Dean F., who is in the employ of the General Electric Company of Lynn, Mass., is married and has three children. Lee S., was a Captain in the

of Augustus F. and Addie (Wetherbee) Symonds. He was educated in the Rindge public schools and at Mt. Hermon Academy, Northfield, Mass. He resided in Rindge until 1910, engaged in lumbering, and serving three years on the board of selectmen. Removing to East Jaffrey in 1910, he has there been engaged in the manufacture of box shooks and match blocks, as a member of the Bean and Symonds Co.,

of which he is secretary and treasurer, and is also connected with various other business activities. He is a director of the Monadnock National Bank and chairman of its Loaning Committee; trustee of the Monadnock Savings Bank; a director of the Annett Box Co., of the Jaffrey Development Co., of the Jaffrey Construction Co., and vice-president of the Building and Loan Association, and a trustee of Conant Academy funds.

mittee on Banks, and a member of the Finance (clerk), Fish and Game, Incorporations and Labor Committees.

He is a Knight Templar, Mason, and Shriner, and a member of the I. O. O. F. He was united in marriage, September 22, 1910, with Miss Marion E. Garfield of Jaffrey.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER EMERSON,
Senator from District No. 12, native



HON. CHARLES S. EMERSON

Senator Symonds attends the Baptist church and in politics is an active Republican. He has been for ten years a supervisor of the check-list in Jaffrey, and for six years a member of the Play Grounds Committee. He was a Representative from Jaffrey in the Legislature of 1919, serving on the Committee on Appropriations. In the Senate, this year, he is Chairman of the Com-

and life-time resident of Milford, was born April 2, 1866, son of Sumner B. and Martha A. (Bales) Emerson, and received his education in the Milford schools and at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass. After a short period of school teaching, he entered the furniture and home-furnishing store of his father, in which he has continued to the present time, having been for many

years the directing spirit in a large and growing business, as well as a potent figure in town and community affairs. He is president of the Milford Building and Loan Association, president of the Granite Savings Bank, ex-president of the Milford Hospital Association, and has served as secretary and president of the Milford Board of Trade.

Politically Senator Emerson has long been an active and prominent Republican. He has been the town moderator since 1910, and served with marked ability as a representative in the state legislature of 1907 and 1909, acting as chairman of the House Committee on Public Improvements each year. Largely to his influence is due the permanent retention of the State Capital in Concord and the following enlargement of the state house and passage of the Trunk line highway bill. He is prominent in the Congregational church in Milford and the state at large, serving as superintendent of the Sunday School, and as Moderator of the N. H. Conference of Congregational Churches in 1915-16. He has long been active in Odd Fellowship, is a Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of N. H., and served for twelve years as grand representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge. He was appointed by Gov. Keyes, chairman of the Trustees of the State Industrial School and of the N. H. Pilgrim Tercentary Committee. During the world war he served as chairman of the 2nd Hillsboro County Selective Draft Board and as a member of the State Committee of Public Safety.

June 13, 1889, he married Miss Estelle F. Abbott. They have four children, three sons and a daughter. The elder son, Dean A., (Dartmouth, 1914, Thayer School, 1916), served as a lieutenant in the Aviation branch of the A. E. F.

The second son, Sumner B., (Dartmouth 1917), was a lieutenant

in the balloon section, Aviation branch. The third, Mark F., is a student in the Milford High School.

Senator Emerson is chairman of the committee on Revision of the Laws and a member of the Forestry, Public Health, School for Feeble-Minded and State Prison and Industrial School Committees and is ready and active in the discussion of all matters of importance coming before the Senate.

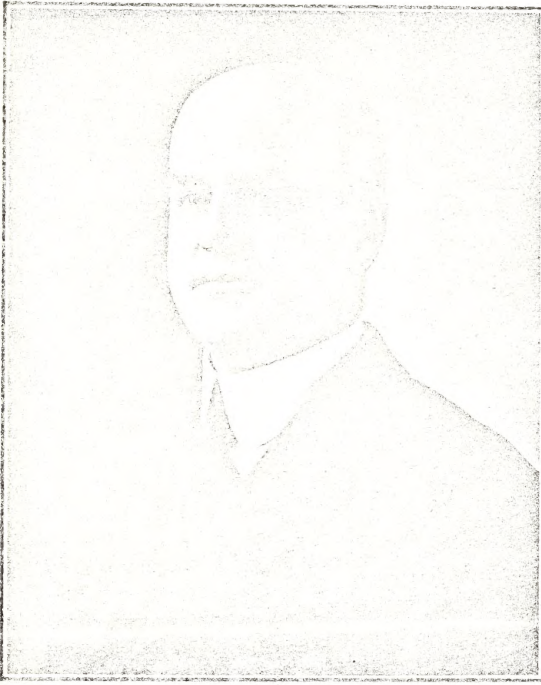
HON. THOMAS F. MORAN, Senator from District No. 13, was born in the city of Nashua, which has always been his home, June 13, 1876, son of Michael and Mary (Sweeney) Moran. He received his preparatory education in the Nashua public schools, pursued the study of law and graduated from the Boston University School of Law in 1900, in which year he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar, and commenced the practice of his profession as a partner of Hon. Edward H. Wason, present Representative in Congress from the second New Hampshire District, which relation has continued to the present time, the firm doing an extensive business and the burden of the work necessarily falling upon Mr. Moran, since Mr. Wason's congressional service began.

Politically Mr. Moran is a member of the Democratic party and is prominent in its councils. He served as a member of the Nashua Board of Aldermen in 1907-8, and was a Representative in the Legislature in 1905, when he was a member of the Judiciary Committee. He was also a delegate from his ward in the Constitutional Convention of 1912. He has frequently been urged to be a candidate for Mayor of his city, but has never been disposed to do so. In the present Senate he is chairman of the Committee on Claims and a

member of the Elections, (Clerk) Judiciary, Rules and Soldiers' Home Committees, and of the Joint Committees on Rules and Engrossed bills. He is a ready and forceful speaker and frequently heard in debate.

Senator Moran is a Roman Catholic in religion, a Knight of Columbus, Elk, Hibernian, Forester, and a member of the Nashua Country Club. August 30, 1905, he was

Julia (Hardy) Flanders. He received his education at the Clinton Grove Academy and from private instructors, and for the last thirty years or more has been successfully engaged in the manufacture of tool handles and small hardware specialties at North Weare, which is his post office address. He takes an active interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare and prosperity of his town; is president of the



HON. THOMAS F. MORAN

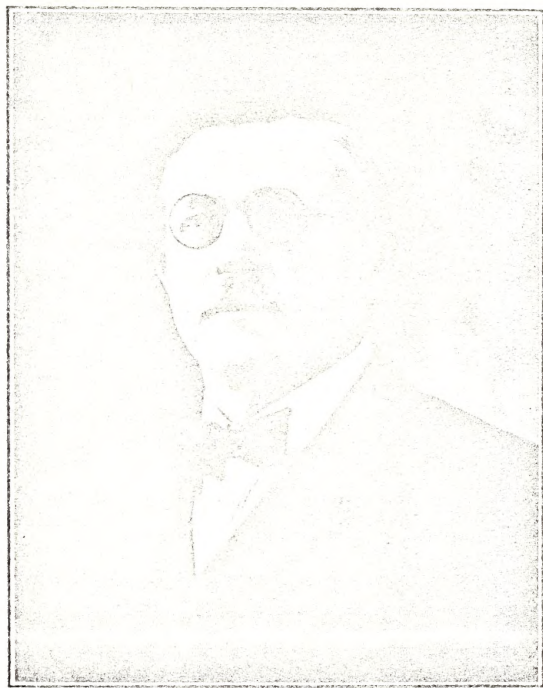
united in marriage with Maude C. Matthews. They have five children: Kenneth, Dorothy M., Madeline, Barbara, and Thomas F. Jr., varying in age from fourteen to five years.

HON. WILLIAM W. FLANDERS, Senator from District No. 14, was born in the town of Weare, September 30, 1869, son of William and

Weare Board of Trade, and a member of the New Hampshire Manufacturers Association. He is also vice-president and general manager of the Weare Improvement and Reservoir Association, and his most important work has been along the line of water power development in the Piscataquog River region. In religion he is a Universalist, and in politics a Republican, though his town is generally Democratic. He

was elected to the last House of Representatives, however, being the first Republican chosen to the Legislature from Weare in twenty years. He was a member of the Appropriations Committee, took an active part in its deliberations, and was a frequent speaker in the House. In the Senate, this year, Mr. Flanders is assigned to the Chairmanship of the Committee on Public Improvements and member-

American ancestry, June 5, 1873, a son of John and Elizabeth A. (Hall) Orr. His father was a farmer, and postmaster of his town for 25 years. He was educated in the schools of his native town, learned the plumber's trade in youth, coming to Concord more than a quarter of a century ago, and soon establishing himself in business, in which George H. Rolfe became a partner about sixteen



HON. WILLIAM W. FLANDERS

ship on Claims, Finance and Labor Committees.

May 29, 1890, he was united in marriage with Miss Mabel Thornton of Weare, by whom he has had four children: Theodore W., Marion J., (deceased), Russell B., and Isadore R.

HON. BENJAMIN HALL ORR, Senator from District No. 15, was born in Armagh, Quebec, of Scotch and

years ago. Here he has continued since, the firm conducting an extensive business as plumbing and heating contractors, though he was personally absent four years, from 1913 to 1917, while engaged in the same line of business with a brother in Vancouver, B. C.

Politically a Republican, he served several years as Moderator in Ward 5, from which he was elected to the legislature of 1919 by the

largest majority ever given any man in the ward, and served as a member of the House Committee on Education. At the last election, as his party's candidate for Senator, he also received the largest majority ever cast, and that against the strongest Democrat in the district. His committee assignments in the Senate are Chairman of the State Hospital Committee and member of the Committees on Education,

HON. WILLIAM B. MCKAY, Senator from District No. 16, is a native of Concord, where he was born, February 5, 1875, son of William B. and Catharine (McDonald) McKay. He was educated in the public schools of Concord and Manchester in which latter city he has resided since childhood, having long been employed by the Amoskeag Mfg. Co., for which corporation he has been for some time overseer



HON. BENJAMIN H. ORR

Manufactures, Public Health, and Railroads, also of the Joint Committee on State House and State House yard.

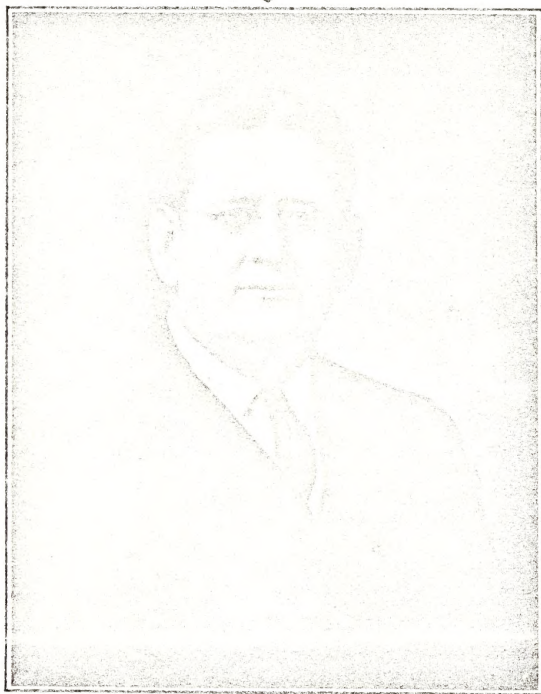
Senator Orr attends the South Congregational Church, is a 32nd degree Mason, Knight Templar, Shriner, and a member of the Woonancet Club of Concord. He married, September 21, 1908, Caroline Dudley of Concord. They have two sons, Dudley, born June 21, 1908, and John, March 29, 1914.

of printing and is editor of the Amoskeag Bulletin, published semi-monthly in the mills. He has seen 21 years of service in the N. H. N. G., and is at present Captain of Headquarters Company in the N. H. State Guard. He is a Congregationalist in religion, and politically a Republican. He was a Representative from Ward 9, Manchester, in the Legislature of 1917, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and as

a member of the Committee on Railroads.

Senator McKay is Past Exalted Ruler of Manchester Lodge, No. 146, B. P. O. E., and present District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New Hampshire. He is also a member of Wilkey Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F., and of Social Rebekah Lodge; a member of the Golden Cross and a member and past president of the Amoskeag Textile Club. He was

HON. ADAMS LEONARD GREER, Senator for District No. 17, was born in the town of Dunbarton, January 8, 1879, son of John E. and Carrie (Roberts) Greer, and was educated in the public schools, the Goffstown High School and Manchester Business College. For the last 22 years he has been a member of the Greer Piano Company, of which he is treasurer, the company having two stores, one in



HON. WILLIAM B. MCKAY

active in the war work during the late world struggle, and was local Food Administrator for Manchester.

In the present Senate Mr. McKay serves as Chairman of the State Prison and Industrial School Committee, a member and clerk of the committee on Military Affairs, and as a member of the Committee on Railroads and Revision of the Laws. He is married and has one daughter, Laura, aged 17 years.

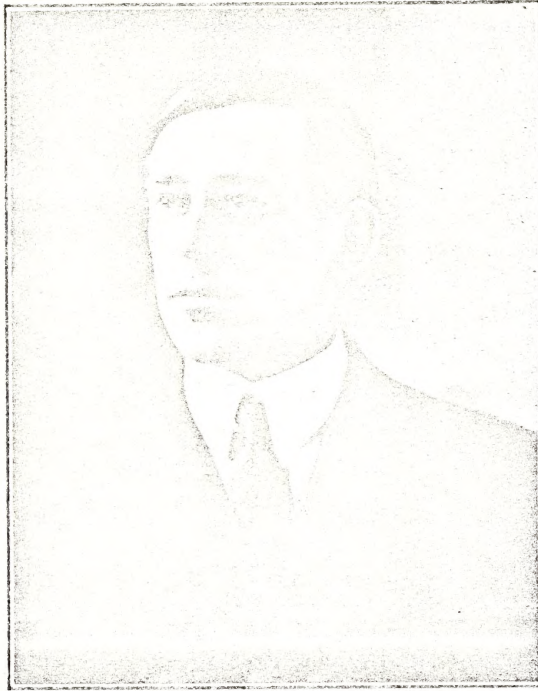
Manchester and one in Concord. In religion he is affiliated with the Baptists and in politics is a Republican, and represented Ward 3, Manchester, in the Legislatures of 1915 and 1919, serving on the Railroad Committee the former year, and on Incorporations and Military Affairs in the latter, being Chairman of Incorporations.

Senator Greer was a member of the Manchester Fire Department

for 16 years and two years company clerk. He also served 16 years in Battery A., N. H. N. G. and was First Sergeant when discharged in 1916. He is an Odd Fellow, Red Man, Knight of Pythias (member of Astrobad Temple, No. 150), a member of the American Mechanics, of the Calumet Club of Manchester and of the Battery Association.

In the Senate he holds the chairmanship of the Committee on Pub-

educated in the Parochial Schools of that city. He is a Roman Catholic, a Democrat, and by occupation a street railway conductor. He is married and has four children. He was for some time lieutenant in the Sheridan Guards and member of its Veterans Association. He is a member of the Foresters of America, and of the Street Railway Men's Union. He served in the State Legislature in 1919, and was a



HON. ADAMS L. GREER

lic Health; is a member and clerk of the Committee on Claims, and a member of the Finance and Military Affairs Committee.

June 27, 1907, he was united in marriage with Miss Julia Canton.

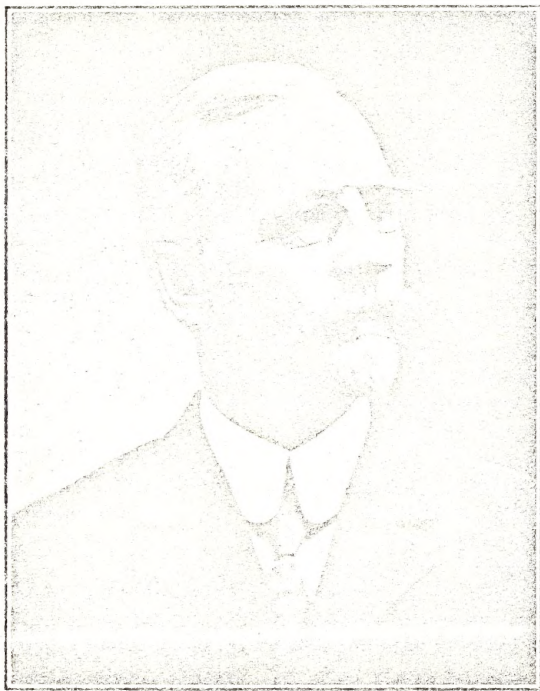
member of the House Committee on Military Affairs. In the Senate, this year, he is Chairman of the Soldiers' Home Committee, clerk of Fisheries and Game, and Labor Committees, and a member of the Committees on Military Affairs and School for Feeble Minded.

HON. THOMAS J. CONWAY, Senator from District No. 18, was born in Manchester July 17, 1885, and

HON. FERDINAND FARLEY, Senator from District No. 19, was born

at St. Simon, Quebec, educated in Nashua Schools, Boston English High School, Harvard College and the Harvard Law School, and is a practicing attorney in Manchester. In religion he is a Roman Catholic, and in politics a Democrat. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1917, serving on the Committees on Revision of the Statutes and Unfinished Business. In the present Senate he is Chair-

(Barstow) Whittemore, being a descendant on the paternal side, of Thomas Whittemore who settled in Cambridge, Mass., in 1642; and, on the maternal side, of Elder William Brewster of the Pilgrim Colony. He was educated at Pembroke Academy and the Harvard Law School, 1880, when he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Dover where he has continued. He is an Episcopalian in religion,



HON. ARTHUR G. WHITEMORE

man of the Committee on School for Feeble Minded and a member of the Committees on Revision of the Laws, State Hospital, and State Prison, and State Industrial School, being clerk of the latter.

HON. ARTHUR GILMAN WHITEMORE, Senator from District No. 21, was born in Pembroke, July 26, 1856, son of Aaron and Ariannah

and in politics a Republican. He has served 13 years as water commissioner of Dover; was Mayor of the city in 1901-2-3, during which time the new city library and high school building were erected; served in the House of Representatives in 1903; was a member of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners from 1903 to 1911, and Chairman the last three years; member of the Constitutional Convention of 1912;

member of the Executive Council in 1919-20, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Highways, representing the Governor and Council; Chairman of the Committee on medals and certificates for returned sailors, and member of the board of State Prison trustees. Chosen to the State Senate at the last election, he is serving as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and as a member of the Committees on Banks, Finance, Fisheries and Game and Railroads.

Senator Whittemore is much interested in New Hampshire History and Genealogy, is Governor of the N. H. Society of Colonial Wars and President of the N. H. Genealogical Society. He is a director of the Strafford National Bank and vice-president of the Strafford Savings bank. During the late war he served as Chairman of the Strafford County Draft Board. He married, June 27, 1887, Caroline B. Rundlett. They have two children, Manvel, a graduate of Dartmouth 1912, admitted to the bar in 1915 and now a successful lawyer in New York, and Caroline (Radcliffe College 1919) now a teacher in Connecticut.

HON. JOE W. DANIELS, Senator from District No. 22, is a native of Newburyport, Mass., born January 7, 1858, son of John H. and Albina F. (White) Daniels. He was educated in the Newburyport schools. He is engaged in insurance business in Manchester (922 Elm St.) being a senior member of the firm of Daniels and Healey. In politics he is a Republican, and is treasurer of the Manchester City Committee. He represented his ward in the Legislature of 1919, serving on the Insurance Committee. Chosen to the Senate at the last election, he is now chairman of the Committee on Incorporations, and a member of the Judiciary, Banks and Elections

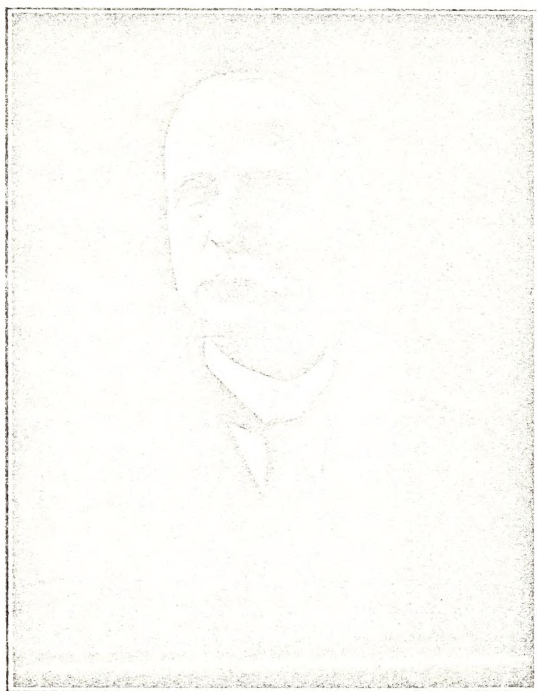
Committees. He is a member of the Elks, Knights of Pythias, American Mechanics and New England Order of Protection, being Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire in the latter. He is married, his wife having been Miss Emma Frances Frye of Berwick, Me.

HON. JAMES ARTHUR TUFTS, Senator from District No. 23, was born in Alstead, Cheshire Co., N. H., April 26, 1855, the son of Timothy and Sophia P. (Kingsbury) Tufts. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy and graduated from Harvard (A. B.) in 1878, since which time he has been a resident of Exeter and a member of the faculty of Phillips Exeter Academy as a teacher of English, and at times other subjects, Latin, Mathematics, History, etc. He has always been deeply interested in educational matters, and is a member of various learned societies and associations, including the Modern Language Association of America, American Dialect Society, American Philological Association and the N. E. Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, of which he is president. He is an honorary member of the Clio-sophic Society and of the Harvard Chapter Phi Beta Kappa, and an associate member of the N. H. Society of the Cincinnati. He received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth College in 1917 and LL. D. from N. H. College in 1920. In religion he is a Unitarian and is a vice-president of the American Unitarian Association. He is a trustee of the N. H. State College, of Robinson Seminary, Exeter, and the Exeter Public Library, and is president of the New England Alumni Association of Phillips Exeter Academy.

In politics Prof. Tufts is a Re-

publican. He was a Representative from Exeter in the Legislature of 1905, and again in 1907, serving as chairman of the Committee on Education at each session, as he does in the present Senate, as well as holding membership on the Committees on Agriculture, Forestry (clerk) and Revision of the Laws, and the Joint Committee on State Library. Prof. Tufts was president

born Dec. 6, 1888, with Pratt, Reed and Co., piano keyboard mfgs., Deep River, Conn.; James Arthur, Jr., born Oct. 8, 1891, N. H. College, 1914, Patron of Husbandry, Master E. N. H. Pomona Grange, member Rockingham Co. Farm Bureau and N. H. Horticultural Society; junior partner with D. Webster Dow and Co., trees, shrubs, etc., Exeter and Epping; Helen,



HON. JAMES A. TUFTS

of the Republican State Convention in 1918, and Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions in 1920.

He married, December 21, 1878, Miss Effie Locke. Children: Effie Miriam, born Nov. 27, 1879, died Nov. 2, 1903; Irving Elting, born Dec. 23, 1881, graduated from Harvard 1903, with Hornblower and Weeks, N. Y., since graduation; Theodora, born Dec. 6, 1888, wife of Prof. N. G. Burleigh of Dartmouth College; Delmont Locke,

born Nov. 10, 1896, student and teacher of pianoforte, Exeter, N. H.

HON. OLIVER L. FRISBEE, Senator from District No. 24, is a native of Kittery, Me., and a graduate of Bates College, class of 1883. For many years in his early life he was engaged in the hotel business in different parts of the country, and during the time of the Spanish war had charge of the Tampa Bay

Hotel in Florida. He is interested in the Atlantic Deeper Waterways association, of which he is vice-president, and has been active in the work of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress. He is a Knight Templar, Mason, Odd Fellow and a member of the Paul Jones Club, S. A. R., of Portsmouth. A Republican in politics, he served in

the Legislature of 1911 as chairman of the House Committee on Public Improvements. He serves in the Senate, this year, as chairman of the Forestry Committee, member and clerk of the Soldiers' Home, and member of the Public Improvements and Roads, Bridges and Canals Committees.

PAUSE

By Harold Vinal.

A faint, far music softly falls
Where the fountains play;
A ghostly lady shadowily
Walks there after day.

Her eyes are deeper than the stars,
Her hands are palely white;
Through the moon-laden solitude
She walks at night.

Her hands are lifted to implore,
As though a lover waited there;
The last hush of a lonely word
Falls on the air.

Only the fountains answer her
And the song of the moss-grown trees
Or the drip of the rain on the velvet grass
Or the sobbing breeze.

A faint far music softly falls
Where the fountains play;
A ghostly lady shadowily
Walks there after day.

JOHN SAYS HE'S DEAD

*By Richard D. Wore.**The Friend* Well John, old man—*John* What a warm hand! I'm dead and mine are
cold.
It's good to hold.*The Wife* He does not know you. He began
To talk an hour ago. The things he's told
As if they were today. The people that he
sees
Out of the memories
That life is to him now
I never knew or heard of, I, his wife.*The Friend* It is the flow
Of life,
When all the vital things
That made up life to him in secret soul
Are taking to their wings
From earth, to go where he may go.*The Wife* No one should know.
I feel as if we stole
The treasure of his heart.
It's time for this.*The Friend* Come, let me lift you up.
Good God! How light he is.
John Up? And do you thing a sup
Of soup or milk or stuff the doctors brew
Will raise the dead? I'm dead.
Can you not see that only the old John you
knew
Is lying here a moment, spirit sped?
And yet what man denies
Unless he lies
That death has reached him in some hidden
part
Before the end!*The Wife* It's come! I can not feel his heart.
Quick! Send!*The Friend* John always meant the thing he said,
He's dead.

By Nicholas Briggs

Continued from February Issue.

Referring to the remaking of pins by Calvin Goodell, he may have used pins whose heads had been pulled off in use. I am unable to speak accurately of this, but I have an impression that in those days pins were hand-made, and the loss by a pin of its head was a common occurrence. To be sure the needles could be bent in this way if their temper was drawn, but whether he worked upon pins or needles does not lessen the fact that he did so work, as I passed him many a day and saw him do it, besides hearing many comments upon it from others. He always carried upon his arm a small oval wooden tray with a bail united to its sides.

Funeral services were attended by every one old and young not prevented by illness. All were in uniform which for the brethren meant the long drab coats in both winter and summer. The sexes faced each other in long ranks, standing throughout the service, which was opened by a brief address by the leading Elder. Then followed the singing of two or three selected pieces, interspersed by more or less speaking by any who desired to do so, usually some reference to the special virtues of the departed one. Sometimes a poem or a piece written for the occasion by a brother or sister would be read, all betokening affectionate regard for the loved one. There were special funeral hymns. The following one was always sung in the case of an older person.

"Our brother's gone to his (her) eternal home,
Let us prepare to follow him (her)
Be righteous and be holy."

The following was sung to a valued young person:

"What means this calm, what's this I hear?
A rushing sound accosts mine ear.
Ah tis a band of angels bright,
Descending from the realms of light,
To hush a soul whose end draws nigh,
And waft her spirit up on high,
To ope the gates of Paradise,
And usher her to holiness.
Hark, hear the music sweetly roll,
As onward they conduct her soul,
And in the distance far and wide,
An echo follows *God's your guide*.
And now a trumpet loud and shrill
Doth sound these words, saying peace be still.
Come to my arms thou faithful one
Receive the treasure thou hast won.
A crown of glory shining bright,
A robe of beauty lily white,
Adorned with jewels rich and rare,
Such as the true peacemakers wear.

This was composed for Nellie Tibbetts, a much beloved young Sister, and this last piece for an esteemed young Brother.

Let holy calmness rule each mansion.
Let mirth and gaiety be hushed,
A painful theme claims our attention.
Our Father calls, give heed we must,
For death has our fond circle entered,
And torn from our embrace away
A brother dear in whom was centered
Our cherished hopes for future day.

Ah! William, why so early leave us
To toil on earth without thine aid?
If Heaven wills, O still be with us
While we through life's rough billows
wade.
We can't forget thy many efforts
To help support the cause of God.
May peace and love, sweet joy and comfort
Supremely crown thy blest abode.

The service continued one half or three-fourth hour, depending upon the prominence of the deceased. If the weather was suitable, the entire Family marched slowly and solemnly to the cemetery, preceded by the corpse in a small wagon drawn by a steady old horse always

led by a brother, never driven. The coffin always a white pine one, unstained, with no carrying handles, made by a member. Arriving at the grave, the people circled around it, the coffin deposited therein and several bretheren refilled the grave and laid the sod upon the top, and the people returned home in the same manner as before.

The next important event, one to which we all had looked forward for years, was the visit to our sister Society at Enfield. The company always consisted of two brethren and four sisters, one older brother and sister usually going as chaperons. Those who were selected as the next party to go were notified long in advance that their special clothes necessary might be prepared, and they would meet together as a company in pleasurable anticipation to talk it over, and to rehearse new songs to sing to our Enfield friends.

I was delighted to find that Helen was to be one of the company, and I knew that she was equally pleased. I very much appreciated the kindness with which our case was treated, and it had the happy effect of stimulating me to act honorably with regard to our profession and not cause our Elders to regret their liberality.

It was in September, 1866, that this visit was made. Having fifty miles to go, with heavy farm horses, required a long day. We carried our dinner and ate it in the hotel at the Potter Place. The landlord was agreeable to this method, and it was a usual custom for the Shakers.

Our carriage was made expressly for visits like this. It was a covered carriage accommodating just six people. In the rear was a locked box to contain needful articles for a long journey. There were receptacles under the seats and pockets

in the curtains, everything to make it convenient and comfortable.

It was a long ride, but made very pleasant with singing and chatting all the way. We arrived at Enfield Church Family late in the afternoon and found a dainty supper ready for us. These Shaker visits were quite formal affairs, and the same routine was followed with all visitors in all the societies. After supper the ministry spent an hour with us at the office which was our visiting home, and the rest of the evening we enjoyed socially together. After breakfast the Elders visited with us an hour, and then escorted us over the premises; the brethren's shops, the kitchen, dairy, infirmary, gardens and barn.

Dinner was a most exquisite affair, as indeed was every meal. They gave us of their best in every way. There was a sort of rivalry between the two societies to see which one could out do the other in this respect, and when you got a competition of this kind between Shaker cooks, you may depend upon it that there was something doing.

In the afternoon we visited the sisters shops, the rooms in the Dwelling House and at two o'clock all the sisters, in the Meeting Room in the following manner: First the sisters formed in ranks. The visitors passed up and down these ranks, attended by a brother and sister of the home people, and we halted before each sister, she giving us her name. Our sisters shook hands with their friends but we brethren were not thus favored; however, we had our revenge when we came to visit the brethren. Next the sisters were formed in three circles, we brethren sat with one circle, endeavoring as best we could to interest them, and they earnestly making the same effort, strangers all.

If neither visitors nor visited

were reasonably adept in conversation, it was liable to be a pretty dull affair. But we wore out twenty minutes in some fashion, and we all changed circles, two of our sisters at each of the other circles. Another twenty minutes and we changed again, until we had visited all around. We then, accompanied by some of the young sisters of the Family, strolled around the grounds and the lake until time for us to return to the Office for supper.

In the evenings members of the Church and the other Families called upon us at their pleasure, but we always enjoyed an hour by ourselves before retiring. One day was spent visiting the second Family and another the North Family, and one day we drove to Hanover, where we were courteously entertained by the professors of Dartmouth College.

Sunday morning we visited the children, boys and girls, at their respective homes, and attended public meeting in the Meeting House with the North and Second Families, and the Church Family in the afternoon. After supper Sunday evening the Elders visited us an hour, then the Ministry awhile and our visit was over.

In the morning early but not bright, for it was rainy, we started for home. If it was a gloomy day it did not dampen our enjoyment, not for one inch of the way. At intervals for some time thereafter we met together as a company who first went visiting together, enjoying a certain limited relationship that at the beginning, as the signing of the Covenant, was encouraged by the Elders as another tie to bind us to the faith.

Each year our people sent a company of visitors to Enfield and received one from them. Nearly every year we sent a company to some other societies. It might be to Alfred and Gloucester in Maine.

It might be to Harvard and Shirley in Massachusetts, or it might be a six weeks tour to Mt. Lebanon and Watervliet, N. Y., Hancock, Mass., and Enfield, Conn.

Throughout the summer we were entertaining visitors from other societies more or less, from Maine to Kentucky. Occasionally a small company would take an outing to the ocean for a week or so. We would also take one day excursions to Winnepesaukee Lake or the Guilford Mountains, with perhaps a sail to Wolfeboro or Alton Bay.

I recall one time that Captain Walker of the Lady of the Lake invited our entire Family to a sail over the lake. The invitation was accepted, and every kind of vehicle in all the Families was requisitioned for the purpose, and then we could not all go. It surely was some excursion.

I have referred to the superlative importance in which singing was held in our worship. In past times little attention was given to its quality. Possibly the amount of zeal was gauged by the volume of sound; but our present leaders were not pleased with any phase of crudeness, and noting my ambition for improvement in music they urged me to a leading part in it, and as about this time the State Musical Convention was held in Concord, I was permitted to attend it, and continued to do so every year.

Some of the young brethren becoming interested in improvement requested me to start a school with them. We were going on very pleasantly when the sisters, learning of it, requested admission; therefore we took a larger room for our purpose. Our school grew, and we adjourned to the school house where we held weekly sessions.

The interest increasing, Prof. Benj. B. Davis of Concord was hired to give us an hour's instruc-

tion every week, and through his introduction Dr. Chas. A. Guilmette became interested in us, and both himself and Mrs. Guilmette very kindly gave us the benefit of their unusually fine musical talent. Dr. Guilmette was for years surgeon for an opera troupe. He taught music from a pathological standpoint, illustrating his views by plaster cast of the vocal organs. He established the Guilmette Technique System which was continued by Mrs. Guilmette. Herbert Johnson, the talented singer of the Rugles Street Quartette, was her pupil and her daughter, Annie Westervelt, was many years leading soprano at the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. Guilmette devoted many weeks to the instruction of our girls in deep breathing and vocal gymnastics to the great benefit of their health, for whereas in former years tuberculosis had been very prevalent there, and deaths from that disease were numerous, since the time of her teaching, with continued practice in those exercises, the deaths by consumption have been very few.

A notable result of her teaching is the well known Shaker Quartet and Trio, the members of which were not by any means the only examples of this intelligently developed system of voice building.

In a visit of Elder Frederick W. Evans to our society he was so well pleased with the manifest improvement in singing of our people, that he made a request for me to give his people at Mt. Lebanon a little instruction. His request being granted, I suggested that a couple of sisters go also, and I was permitted to make my own selection. I was tactful enough not to choose those who very young. I made no mistake in my choice, for two lovelier women could not have been found, and our tour of six

weeks was a life long memory of enjoyment. We had none of the formality, usually attendant upon Shaker visitings. We mingled freely and unrestrainedly with the people and made a very many friends. We spent a week with the society at Watervliet, and made calls of a day or two at Hancock, Enfield, Conn., Harvard and Shirley.

It was some four years after that, the Ministry of South Union, Ky., visited Canterbury, and they, too, expressed a desire for a little aid in music, and I was sent down there for the winter. I cannot speak very highly of my success in this endeavor. The young men scarcely attended our schools at all, but they were helpful in rounding up and driving in the girls, who after the novelty wore off were very apathetic.

This unfavorable condition of things worried me exceedingly at first, but I came to see the ludicrous side of it, and gave myself up to enjoyment as a visitor and guest. A fine Kentucky loper was placed at my disposal, and I took trips on horseback, by carriage and by train, the station was not more than fifty rods away, and on the Shaker's land,—to Bowling Green, 14 miles north east, a battle ground of the Civil War; to Russellville, a regular "secesh" hot bed; and to Nashville, for two days to attend the Mardi Gras upon a scale little known here in the North.

We rode through the woods untroubled by underbush; rambled over the barrens to some extent, but there was not much fun in walking, for everything in the woods was covered with the finest dust and one was soon covered with it, and on the barrens one must step carefully from tuft to tuft of the sage grass, or go down into the sticky mud.

I attended the christening of a

negro cabin, and one of these affairs was quite enough; a hog killing by the negroes in the most primitive style imaginable, in which one seemed transported to the wilds of Africa. It was a warm-hearted people and we parted from each other with genuine sorrow. On my return I visited all the other five societies in Kentucky and Ohio.

I first entered the office as Trustee in 1870. The Eldress continued the same course in regard to Helen as heretofore. Helen was repeatedly in her turn one of the office cooks, and we met very often. Many of my meals were taken at the office and of course she assisted in preparing them.

One day as I passed through the workman's dining room where she was at work she said "I shall always love you Nicholas." That was a sound of ineffable sweetness to me. I was tempted to enfold her in my arms, to have her lips meet mine and to say "I love you dearly, Helen."

For a moment I was too much affected and, indeed, too much surprised to speak. I knew that if I yielded to my impulse Shakerism with us was at an end and I was ready to renounce it. I loved Helen, but I loved her, or thought I did, purely as a sister. I had never spoken of love to her, nor intimated it in any violation of Shaker propriety. I never meant to go that far. I had not thought of nor desired her as a wife; that was a sin to be repented of in sackcloth and ashes. I was conscientiously a celibate. I was true to my faith and dared not entertain a thought of marriage. All my religious training was antagonistic to the thought of such a possibility. In that respect I was undeveloped and abnormal.

Yet now I was sorely tempted; the more so from having recently some disappointing experiences in

my official life. I had witnessed developments of selfishness and disregard of some important principles in those higher up, and for whom I had entertained the greatest respect.

Could I have taken Helen and gone then how much sorrow I would have escaped! But what should I do with my faith? How about those vows so often made before the younger ones who looked up to me as a staunch pillar of the Church, some of whom I had brought into the society, and many whom I held there by their love for me? How could I fail my friends. My fathers and mothers, who placed unlimited confidence in me; whom I loved most dearly, and for whom I must care in their declining years? And last, but not least, there was my own mother and sister and brother, all as I supposed contented.

All these things acted as strong deterrents, but the most powerful was the thoughts of the future life. If I surrendered to these natural impulses and drifted with the tide, could I meet and dwell with the loved ones who had gone on before, or would I be debarred from their presence as a traitor and the gates of Heaven be closed against me? The weight of the evidence was with Shakerism, and the Shaker within me won. The way I had left the matter apparently settled it, as our intercourse continued in our accustomed manner. I considered it to be that belonging to ourselves only, and I never alluded to it to her or any one else.

Before I went to South Union, I had been living at the North Family as associate Elder a year or more, and of course was unable to see Helen very frequently. I think she must have felt this partial separation keenly, for the day before I started for Kentucky I called upon Eldress Dorothy to bid

her good bye and found Helen in her room. To my great surprise she told me that Helen had decided to go to the world, and she left the room with Helen and me alone together. I was sufficiently acquainted with the tactics of the Eldress to believe that she was still within hearing, which deterred me from talking with Helen as freely as I would have desired. I wanted to question her closely, to obtain a more powerful reason for her discontent than I seemed to possess, but I was shrewd enough to confine myself to a conversation that could not be criticised.

I did, however, plead with her with all the fervor of which I was capable to reconsider her decision for her sake and for mine, and I succeeded in exacting a promise that she would remain until my return. I was in hopes that then I might be able in some way to change the current of her thought, and win her again to the fold. Had we at that last interview been really alone, so that Helen could tell me of the indignities heaped upon her, and upon other young women as well, it would have burst my bonds. I would have taken Helen and left Shaker Village forever.

Within a few weeks after being in Kentucky, a letter from the Eldress informed me that Helen had gone. Imagine the gloom it cast over my visit. I felt the bottom of my life had dropped out. My first impulse was to write to Helen. O I longed so much to do so; but this would again violate Shaker rule, and the Shaker in me was still dominant. If then we had corresponded to the intent of giving me full information of the real situation I would have seemed to owe no allegiance to such a cause, for however worthy it might be in itself, and it had much, very much to commend it, if unkind ways were

necessary to maintain it, the more rapid its decline the better.

A few months after my return home I was in Providence on some business of the Eldress and called upon Helen. She gave me some hint of the compelling cause of her leaving, but I felt it not right to probe her, and she, conscious of my embarrassment did not urge her confidence upon me, and it was nearly thirty years before I again saw her and heard her story.

As has already been stated, the basis of Shaker theology was a belief in a continuous revelation from Divine sources, a direct communication with the spirit world. A product of this belief was two most singular books: "The Divine Book of Holy Wisdom," inspired by Paulina Bates, Watervliet, N. Y., and "The Sacred Roll and Book," inspired by Philemon Stewart, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. Both these books were esteemed as canonical, and the leaders insistently urged their thorough reading by all, old and young, and no one had done his duty until every word from cover to cover had been read. The same inspiration that produced the Sacred Roll directed that a copy of it should be sent to every Ruler in the world.

I am very sure that an attempt to do this was made, but as to how far this was done I never knew. These books were published somewhere in the forties of the nineteenth century. Within twenty years the reverence for them was unrecognizable and ultimately both books by some mysterious agency vanished from sight. What became of them I do not know, and for aught I know they may have been burned. Even the author, of the Sacred Roll, was in disfavor at Lebanon and sent to the society at Gloucester where he died.

The Wisdom Book, as it was

familiarly called, was held in high repute, even above that of the Bible, because it was supposed to embody a later revelation of God's word to man, and hence originated the idea that it really was the Shaker's Bible. No reason was ever given by the leaders to the people for the abandonment of the Fountains, or the discarding of these once so sacred books. They did assign a cause for the withdrawal of spirit manifestations, as it had been predicted that this power would go out into the world for an indefinite time, but would return again to Zion with increased power. Well, the years passed by, and no signs appeared of its coming, until even the prophecy was forgotten. But some of the most sincere and devout remembered, and their confidence in all the Divinity of revelation was shaken. The sincerity of those earlier Shakers was unquestioned, but to the intelligent thinkers arose the query whether these people were not victims of self deception, and some of us dared to accept that version of it.

Of all the dangers besetting our convictions, no more severe blow than this could possibly be dealt. The most devotional, the most attractive and charming part of our faith was taken away. It undermined our conceptions of the future life, and made its very existence a matter of grave uncertainty. So far then as religious belief distinctively was concerned, there remained little inducement for a Shaker life. The one vital principle now remaining was the Virgin Life. This had a broader interpretation than mere celibacy. It meant a perfect chastity of body and purity of mind. Indulgence of even an impure desire or thought must be confessed, as all sin is fundamentally of the mind. It was the Christ life. There was no hypocrisy in

it. It would seem a little paradoxical that so very much was said in their songs and in their publications about the marriage of the Lamb and Bride when they looked upon the earthly marriage with abhorrence. There was a very great inconsistency in dilating so much on the glories of the Heavenly Kingdom in that regard, and yet despoil us of all this enjoyment here below, and yet continually assert that this life was but the type of the life to come. It did not comfort with our conception of a loving Father to give his children here on earth powers for enjoyment, faculties for development and desire to use them, and then punish them all through this life by decreeing their renunciation. Some of us dared to think of these things, and free thinking is dangerous to a doctrine unsupported by evidence and opposed to common sense.

The Shakers claimed that the married life was a selfish one, and that their interest and love is narrowed to their own little circle, but the members of a Shaker Community may be just as selfish as people anywhere. They may shirk their share of duties and responsibilities and disagreeable work, or they may avail themselves of opportunities afforded by an official position to appropriate to themselves comforts and conveniences not common to the whole. A community may be indifferent to the sufferings of humanity, make little effort and less sacrifice to soften the asperities of life around them, deluding themselves with the belief that in devoting themselves exclusively to the care of each other they are reaching the climax of unselfishness. As a matter of fact the Shakers are very human, and are selfish or otherwise just as other people are.

The only exceptional cardinal principle now claimed by the Shak-

ers is Community of Interest. In the earlier history of the society the true spirit of communal interest was rigidly enforced and the most perfect equality observed. The trustees were the custodians of the real estate and moneys, and were held to a close accountability. All expenses and receipts were recorded, and their books were at all times subject to inspection by the Ministry, to whom they were accountable. But even the Ministry could not hold money. The Elders were subject to the same restrictions as the members, and were not consulted upon financial affairs; their functions being restricted to the internal business of the Family. The Trustees were not supposed to attend places of amusement nor indulge in any pleasures denied to their brethren at home. When a member left home for a day or longer, he applied to the Trustees for money, and on his return a detailed report was made, and the unspent money returned. If a member needed any article that had to be bought, he applied to the Family Deacons, and they in turn made requisition upon the Trustees. The Deacons kept a supply on hand of articles that were continually needed, such as nails, screws and tools.

It was not a little irksome to human pride to be compelled to ask for every little things one needed, especially if the Deacon was inclined to be a little captious, to question the real need of it, or a too frequent application for the same article, and the maximum of tact and thoughtfulness did not always prevail; but all this was in perfect keeping with the duty to humble our pride, which formed an important part of the burden of testimony in our meetings. In all this there was one excellence, that of equality. Impartiality was the rule and it be-

got harmony. But as the Society declined in numbers, the tendency to laxity of the old time strictness became apparent.

In their finances the Shakers seem just now to be in quite a comfortable condition. The abandonment of so many of the societies and removal of their few remaining members to the other societies means the sale of their property, the proceeds of which are supposed to accompany those people to the society to which they go, and hence a diminishing population increases the wealth of those remaining, or in other words, "the fewer mouths the better cheer."

Writing as I am compelled to do entirely from memory it is not strange that some interesting little features may have been omitted, as for instance, every Society was given a spiritual name which headed all letters written to each other from one Society to another; as for instance the spiritual name of Mount Lebanon was Holy Mount, that of Watervliet was Wisdom's Valley, that of Canterbury was Holy Ground, and that of Enfield was Chosen Vale.

There was an annual ceremony of the "Washing of Feet" upon some day appointed by the Ministry. This may have been at Christmas Eve, but it was discontinued so many years ago that I cannot recall the exact time of ordinance. It was observed by all the members in their several living rooms. Two would be seated facing each other with a vessel of water between them, one with a clean towel across his lap. Each in turn would tenderly take his brother's foot, place it in the water, slightly rub the foot and dry it on the towel. This was reciprocated by the other and thus

until all in the room were served.

Another feature that I regret to have omitted was that not only did every entrance to every house have a foot scraper and mat but also invariably had a broom hanging by a string upon a peg inside the door, to ignore the use of which was almost a cardinal sin. I sadly miss this broom in our city houses, and greatly deplore its absence.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This installment ends Mr. Briggs' interesting account of his life as a member of the Shaker community at East Canterbury. At the request of some of his readers he has prepared a brief historical account of the rise and spread of Shakerism, which will appear in the April issue of the Granite Monthly.

ERRATA

I was never called "Uncle" at the Village. My title was Elder Nicholas when an Elder and Brother at other times.

Page 468. "Savory" viands (omitted).

Page 470. "Wooled sheets" should be woolen sheets.

Page 474. Some of the marchers. should read some of the marches (plural of march.)

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

By Ida B. Rossiter.

Who would believe that chiselled face
Came from the whorl of choatic space?
A Sphinx with features clear and bold,
Guarding the Notch for years untold,
Not made by man from this earthly clod,
But hewn and carved by the hand of God.

PRESENCE

By Leighton Rollins.

Beloved, in the cold
Damp dusk of November,
Neath the trees all bent in age,
Through the fields brown and forsaken
Where each little blade of grass
Yearns for a diamond kiss of the snowflake,
Here have I walked in quiet,
Remote and apart from men.

And all about me, in the meditation of the skies,
In the brown, gray plumed grass of the fields,
Your spirit, O loved one,
Brushes me tender and comforting,
Like the clear crooned song of the stars at dawn.

"SHAKER MEETING"

By Alida Cogswell True

Brightly gleam—O star of evening;
Moon above, with golden glow,
Light the pathway, with its milestones,
To the days of long ago.

Show the fairy land of childhood—
With its glints of gold and rose,
Memories ever growing brighter
Dearer still—'till life shall close.

Light a hamlet quaint in story,—
Rich in culture,—music rare,
Shaker sisters and the brethren,
Living lives of love and prayer.

Sun above,—thru fleecy cloudlets,
Trees all leafy and out spread—
Form a back ground for a picture
Oft recalled—where'er I'm led.

Sabbath walk to "Shaker Meeting,"
Happy custom held of yore,
Peaceful scenes—blue skies above us
Kindly silence brooding o'er.

Sistren quaintly gowned and reverent,
Brethren—saints of old—sincere
Under rows of arching maples—
Groups of worshipers draw near.

Single file the church we enter—
Father, brother at the left—
Mother, daughter with the sistren
Family ties the while bereft.

Bursts of song—of exhortation—
Shaker march,—long cast away—
Thro' all the years this memory lingers—
This "Shaker Meeting" of olden day.

SQUAR' APPLESAUCE

By George I. Putnam

I had been very naughty. Aunt said so. Being set to clear away the breakfast dishes I had tried to satisfy my still sharp appetite by sly pickings into the dish of apple sauce. My criminal leanings being as yet imperfectly developed I attempted no concealment, and of course my sin found me out. At dinner time the shortage of apple sauce spoke for itself. I had nothing to say for myself. Aunt spoke sufficiently, both from my point of view and hers, and at the conclusion of her remarks I was sent to bed for the afternoon.

Perhaps I snivelled as I lay in bed; I do not know. All I am sure of is that Aunt stood suddenly in the half-opened doorway and demanded:

"Do you want anything?"

I wanted my handkerchief desperately, and the need makes me suspect a case of snivels. Aunt waited on me. While I lay passive on my pillow, awaiting the next gift of the gods, she dived into the pocket of my little breeches in search of the dingy rag.

Suddenly her voice rang sharp with a note of terrible triumph. "What's this?" she called.

With my heart sinking from fear of I knew not what newly exposed depravity, I opened my eyes toward her and saw her holding up by the tip of thumb and forefinger, a molasses cooky. I had forgotten hour of need, and my sorrows of that squirrel's hoard against the hour of need, and my sorrows of bed-going had killed my appetite. I would have chosen to go without the handkerchief a century rather than that she should discover the cooky. With the threat of the Inquisition's tortures in her tones she repeated her query; but I could only

groan in anguish of spirit, correctly anticipating immediate anguish of body.

Very slowly, impressively, she declaimed: "Be sure—your sin—will find—you out"

How thoroughly convinced of that I was!

She went on, implacable, unsparing:

"I never did see sech a boy! I don't believe the world holds another like ye, not one! I hope to goodness I'll never run acrost one, anyways!"

The vision of that other boy's unhappy fate if she did run acrost him loomed in my mind and I would have spared him. "I hope you won't," I whined.

"Oh, you can't make up to me like that!" she answered sharply, suspecting me of an attempt to butter parsnips. "The way you act with vittles! A body'd say you was haff starved. Do ye get enough to eat?" she demanded.

I caught my fugitive breath and whimpered, "Yes, ma'am."

"Of course you do. I knew it. But I didn't hardy spoze ye'd have the grace t' admit it. They's no blame to my door, 't any rate. I feed ye and feed ye well, and this is all the thanks I get for't! When you've set to table and et all that's good for ye, then ye have to go when my back's turned and steal my good vittles; *steal 'em!* Cookies and apple sauce! You're a thief, You know where thieves wind up"

I dismally admitted that I did. "I'll be crucified."

"H'm! Well, if you don't beat my time! Ye aim high at that, I mus' say. Jail! Jail!" she repeated, throwing the word at me from her angry forefinger. "Jailed ye may be, but not through fault o' mine,"

she went on, setting her lips in a thin, straight line, and making certain preparations which my abject spirit had already anticipated. "I'll do my duty by ye. I said I would when I took ye, and I will!"

Then she did her duty by me until her arm must have ached from the exercise. After which, heated in body and mind, her voice raised as though addressing me at a distance: "You are a very naughty boy! An' now you lay there till you e'n say you're sorry and won't do it again!" She left me.

It was no punishment, then, to lie in bed. It was indeed balm and solace, the only solace mine in a wide and barren world. I lay there, clinging to the pillow while the whirling room slowed down and the bed ceased rocking. The soundless sobbing left me exhausted and I lay, limp, wishing nothing but to lie, lie forever, undisturbed. Sleep stole upon me and restored me; and presently I opened my eyes with renewed alarm to see Aunt again standing by my bed. But my alarm was due to a guilty conscience, as I knew when it appeared there were no other crimes charged against me on that day's calendar.

"Get up, and get your clo'es on," Aunt commanded. "You'll be late for supper."

Supper! There was magic in the word. Eating was always in good form. And at supper there would be Uncle, back from the store. I dressed with commendable haste.

When I stole into the kitchen the table was laid for the meal. Very crisp and correct it was, with a white cloth and sprigged dishes, with plates of toast, cake and cookies and a bowl of apple sauce. Uncle was seated at his place behind the toast, his hands neatly folded in a waiting attitude on the edge of the cloth in his front. To put the whole hand on the cloth

would have been to soil that spotless napery—I knew!

Aunt took her place opposite Uncle, the apple sauce under her care. I sat at the side between. As I slid to my chair Uncle lifted his chin and gave me a friendly smile, then bowed his head above his crossed fingers and mumbled some phrases which I never caught distinctly, but during which I had learned that it was necessary to hold my appetite in check. Otherwise I would fast, not feast.

It was during this enforced wait that my eye, furtively taking in the supper equipment, fastened on the appalling fact that but two individual dishes stood beside the bowl of apple sauce. There was something ominous about that which the artificially cheerful face of Aunt did nothing to dispel. Anxiously I awaited developments.

Aunt dipped some sauce into a small dish and passed it to Uncle. "You keep this, Henry," she said, pleasantly.

Uncle paused, his hand arrested in the act of passing the dish to me. His glance quested back and forth; his tongue well trained to silence.

Not so Aunt. She was voluble and her frankness would have disarmed had it not been assumed. "That's Squar' Applesauce over there," she chatted. "He takes hisn alone."

"You mean the boy don't git none?" Uncle asked huskily.

"Squar' Applesauce don't git none," she corrected. "He took hisn all alone this forenoon. 'Spoze he likes it better that way."

Uncle was like one stunned. He bent over his plate, a sadness gathering on his visage and he ate as if the savour of the food had departed. Indeed it had, for me. To be addressed as Eben Applesauce, Esquire, would ordinarily have been delightful pleasantry. Un-

der the circumstances it was bitter irony. With but feeble zeal I applied myself to toast and a mug of milk. Aunt's appetite, however, was never better. She ate and drank with tremendous relish. Through it all her eye was upon me, remarking my lack of accomplishment.

"Set to, Squar' Applesauce, set to and make a good meal," she urged with mock hospitality. Then with viperish change: "Eat while I'm lookin' at ye and not go pickin' and thievin' atterwards. Here you be, a great boy seven years old an' I can't trust ye to clear th' table! What sort of a man will ye make if ye ain't to be trusted now?"

"I don't know, ma'am," I whined falsely.

"Yes, ye do know, too," she came back, sharp as a shot. "It's ben drilled into you enough. You start in takin' little things and it's only a step to bigger ones. And what will ye be? she demanded.

"A criminal, ma'am," I faintly admitted.

"Criminal, yes. And jes' think how I'd feel to have a boy I'd raised turn out a criminal! Now ye know what you're comin' to, ye must fight ag'inst it. I can't do nothin' for ye if ye won't do nothin' for yourself. I'm tryin' hard, night and day; land! I don't hardly think of nothin' else but how to save ye and make a man of ye; and here ye hang back and fight ag'inst me instead of with me! But I won't give up! I'll save ye yet if there's any savin' left in ye!" She turned to Uncle and took an intimate tone. "This is proper good apple sauce ain't it, Henry?" she asked like a young housewife seeking praise for her cookery.

Uncle took one glance at my stricken face and faintly rebelled. "Almiry, can't ye let the boy alone?" he remonstrated.

"I ain't talkin' to him," Aunt re-

turned in a tone of surprise. "I'm talkin' to you Henry. I ast you if this wasn't prime apple sauce." And she took a spoonful of it with gusto.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Uncle, giving it up.

Somehow his despair seemed to put Aunt on the defensive. "Anyhow, I'm going to do my duty by him, don't you think I ain't," she declared with finality. "If it kills us both I will! I ain't one to go before th' Throne and leave it appear I didn't do my earthly duty. And I don't forget he's your folks, not mine, either."

There was no opening for reply, even had anyone been in condition to hazard a word, and the simple meal sped to an end undisturbed. Aunt, giving undivided attention now to her plate, ate well. Presently something underneath the table touched my leg, a furtive touch. I responded. Then the exploring member, sure of its ground, pressed repeatedly against me. Uncle and I exchanged no glances as his warm knee caressed my lank little shin, but we both found exquisite satisfaction in the touch and our spirits rose. It was balm to my soul to thus know Uncle for an ally; it was the acme of cleverness thus to establish communication under the very nose of the enemy. I could have laughed aloud, but for the betrayal. Truly, I was learning self-control; I could bear pain without a cry, joy without a smile. Perhaps I was learning other things, such as deceit and trickery. That phase of the matter would have given Aunt pause; Uncle and I passed it over with careless grace.

After supper Uncle sat a few minutes on the back porch before returning to the store. He sat there, apparently resting, but I knew he was waiting—waiting for me. My heart urged me toward him, but first there were duties for

my hands. How desperately I lived up to the letter of the law in performing them! I cleared the table; I broke nothing; I picked no food. And presently my reward was due and could not be denied.

Then I stood by Uncle's side, his arm drawing me close, and closer yet, while mine reached around his neck in a strangling grip to which he submitted as to a soothing influence. He lent himself more and more to my slender size and puny strength, until he was throttled as with bands of straw. With his disengaged hand he patted my head and smoothed my cheek from brow to chin, holding my small, thin face in the cup of his

palm and squeezing until he hurt. But of this I would make no sign. The pain that followed his touch of love was a real joy; I wanted him to hurt me more, to prove how much I could bear from him without crying out.

But he was far from sensing the ordeal I fondly imagined myself undergoing. His repressed spirit was dissolving in tenderness toward me. This was his one moment of spiritual satisfaction; I afforded the sole outlet for his love. Thus we held each other close, and he sighed deeply, now and then whispering in the tenderest way: "My pore little boy! My pore little hatchet-faced boy!"

AU SOLEIL

By Walter B. Wolfe.

The great sun has torn the misty veils.
Where many dawning empires grew—
With silver fingers
It has penciled many mornings;
Babylon and Judaea
Greece and mighty Rome:
Gilded for a day
And plunged into tenebrous silence.
The grey lichens cling
Where pillars stood and temples
And the earthworms
Have crumbled them forever.....

The great sun has watched
The mighty march of empires—
Yet only the grasses
The tall green grasses
Growing in their crannies
Thrusting their heads
From cracked mosaics
And crumbling tilings,
Only the grasses sing now
When the great sun
Tears the misty veils of dawn
With silver fingers.....

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONTEMPORARY VERSE ANTHOLOGY
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CHARLES WHARTON STORK. Pp.
266. Cloth. New York. E. P.
Dutton & Co.

(Reviewed by Gordon Hillman)

Mr. Charles Wharton Stork has a pleasant way of doing unusual things and doing them well, and his Anthology of poems selected from the magazine, *Contemporary Verse*, is more than notable in comparison with the poetry of the day. Here are gathered together Edward J. O'Brien, Lizette Woodworth Reese, David Morton, Witter Bynner, Edwin Ford Piper, John French Wilson, Margaret Widdemer, Gamaliel Bradford, Scudder Middleton, Sara Teasdale, Mary Carolyn Davies, Joyce Kilmer and almost a hundred others, a truly formidable array of American poets.

Undeniably, there is no one giant standing head and shoulders above the others, but as undeniably their work is, on an average, exceedingly good. Here among them is gratification for all tastes, here are new writers and old, all singing to the best of their varied abilities and with few exceptions, all singing very well indeed. It could not have been an easy task to compile such an Anthology, which stands with Mr. Braithwaite's yearly collection, and Miss Rittenhouse's occasional one in bringing to the fore the real poetic genius of America. As the magazine, *Contemporary Verse*, is head and shoulders above its kind, one would expect an anthology of poems from it to be good; one could not expect it to be as good as it really is.

Variety is rampart for seemingly Mr. Stork has no prejudices, and both lovers of free verse and of the lyric will find their prophets here.

Gratefully however, there are in this volume, no explosive verse, explosive only to draw attention to its author, no "red shirt" and dynamite effects such as are initiated by Mr. Sandburg to prove that he is a Chicagoan, no attempts to outdo Mr. Masters and his "Spoon River Anthology" in sensationalism.

One may read Mr. Stork's Anthology with the keen pleasure of discovering really good verse, and not with the more dubious joy of happening upon some new cult or "ism." It shows American poetry as it is, not as certain radicals in rhythm would have us see it. Inevitably there are poems in this collection that some of us will not like, there are no poems that none of us will like.

As to which is the best, you must judge for yourself. The group of "Week End Sonnets" by John French Wilson are unusually good, and the best of the younger sonnet-eers, David Morton, sings the glory of the Seven Seas in "Shipping News" and "Beauty Like Yours." Yet possibly Edward J. O'Brien's "Pulvis et Umbra" overtops them all. Few modern poets and fewer modern American poets can write like this.

"I am but a dusty name
Blowing down a ruined stair,
I whose passion was a flame
Kindling all the windy air.

Veil my dreaming with a sigh
Light is drowned in shadow's foam,
I, whose dream may never die,
Knew not when I wandered home."

He who would find better contemporary verse than this must fare far.

Hardly less good is a poem by Lizette Woodworth Reese, best remembered of all American women poets, and Miss Sara Teasdale is represented by three delightful

A BOOK OF PRAYERS

Which is the part of the ceremony
All should be participating in
both before and after the service
and all should be represented by their prayers
which are the part of the ceremony
which is the part of the ceremony
which is the part of the ceremony

"Songs for E." Well known by this time through many reprintings is Amanda Benjamin Hall's "I Am A Dancer," and Marguerite Wilkin-son's "Weather" is fully qualified to stand beside it in merit.

For contrast, there is a very jolly poem by Joyce Kilmer, "The Ash-man," almost a phantasy with a rollicking humor through it all, and Gamaliel Bradford has contributed some of his best known excellences of verse, deserving of much appreciation in these days when form and meter are neglected.

And now to the youngsters, the poets of the future? Mr. Morton has arrived as his sonnet, "Shipping News," testifies.

"Here is the record of their splendid days,
The curving prow, the tall and stately
mast,

And all the width and wonder of their
ways

Reduced to little printed words, at last.

The Helen Dover docks, the Mary Ann

Departs for Ceylon and the Eastern trade;

Arrived: The Jacque with cargoes from
Japan,

And Richard Kidd, a tramp, and Silver
Maid.

The narrow print is wide enough for
these:

But here: "Reported Missing".....
the type fails,

The column breaks for white, disastrous
seas,

The jagged spars thrust through, and
flapping sails

Flagging farewells to sky and wind and
shore,

Arrive at silent ports, and leave no more."

So has Mr. Wilson just arrived, and yet there are a stride above Helen Coale Crew, whose "These Are Thy Sheep, Theocritus" is a rare bit of poesy. Louis Ginsbery, publisher of a first volume this winter is amply represented by "In the Hallway." Beatrice Ravenel's "Broomgrass" recalls the flaring color of Alfred Noyes, while Leyland Huckfield's "The Old Gods March" has a truly Chestertonian lilt and swing. And one must not forget "The Taking of Bagdad" by Kadra Maysi. Other there are and many of them who have done good things, Witter Bynner among them, but neither Leonora Speyer nor yet Amory Hare are additions to the Anthology.

TO DAWN

By G. Faunce Whitcomb.

Dawn, Dawn,

The still glory of your early morn glow

Steals over my being like wine;

The blended shades of your blues and grays
throw

Nameless yearnings into my mind.

Dawn, Dawn,

The subtlety of your advent and flight

Increases my longing to know

The mystery of your brilliance and might.

Bare your secret before you go!

Dawn—Dawn!

A FEW PAGES OF POETRY

Through the kindness of Mr. Brokes More a prize of of \$50 is offered for the best poem published in the Granite Monthly during the year 1921. The judges are Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, Mr. W. S. Braithwaite and former Governor

John H. Bartlett. A gratifying number of entries for the contest already have been received, some of which are printed herewith, while others may be found elsewhere in the magazine.

ETERNITY HATH NO AGE!

By Maude Gordon-Roby.

Nay, tell me not that I am growing old!
 Look upward to the glowing Sun: Behold
 His morning face of warm and ruddy gold.
 The white arms of the Sea caressingly enfold
 His rays until her bosom, heaving, cold,
 Transmutes the glory....Evening bells are
 toll'd;
 A million Stars leap out, nor are they doled
 Forth scantily like lambs into the fold.

They crowd the blue and ever joyous hold
 Communion with the spheres. Man cannot
 mold
 His age, he WAS before the planets rolled
 Across the firmament——Man is not old!

MEMORIES

By Clair T. Leonard.

At night, dull fancies take their shapes again,
 And feed the mind with recollections dim
 Of jollity and mirth and merry men
 And prattling children—darling cherubim;

Of silly errors, sweet in innocence,
 And spiteful actions of demeanor foul,
 And days and weeks of irksome penitence,
 Till God might waive the suff'rings of my soul.

And then within the blackness of the night,
 Illumined like those knightly dreams of old,
 My soul is quicken'd by a vision bright
 Of thee. And when 't is gone my soul grows cold;

The night reveals how far remote thou art,
 How many months have passed since we did part.

CAMILLA SINGS

By Shirley Harvey.

*Sing me a song that is wholly new,
 A song that no lips have ever sung,
 A song that shall speak from the soul of you
 To the wheeling stars of the universe,
 From Heaven's praise to deep Hell-curse
 Or the hill where a Christ was hung.
 A song that shall echo within my heart,
 And stir to life the dullard there,
 A song divine, like a flaming dart,
 To scar and cleanse to the risen bone
 Yet soothe like a childish prayer.*

Hark! can you hear it,
 Out across the meadows,
 Pulsing through the wind-drift
 Muscial and low,
 The echo of a love song,
 A lark's song that quivers,
 And sets the heart to singing,—
 And bleeding even so?

Hark! can you hear it,
 Surging o'er the city,
 Breaking through the rattle
 Of the traffic's come and go,
 The echo of a love song
 That sneers and blasts and shivers,
 And sets the heart to bleeding
 And singing even so?

Hark! can you hear it,
 Sweeping o'er the mountain,
 Speaking in the stillness
 Of the ocean's ebb and flow,
 The echo of a love song
 That sings of deep contentment,
 And sets the heart to laughing,—
 And longing even so?

Hark! can you hear it,
 Booming in the cavern,
 Speaking the depths
 Of life's eternal woe,
 The echo of a love song,
 Yearning and yet hopeless,
 That sets the heart to longing,—
 And laughing even so?

Loud is the voice of the wind,
When the mountains about are cold.
Wise are the words of men,
When they speak from of old.
New is the dawn on the hill,
Ancient the day that dies.
Heart of me, soul of me, life of me,
What would you give to be wise?

Many the voices that strive
To riddle the meaning of God.
Many the steps that wipe out
The pathways that others have trod.
Loud is the voice of Life,
And greater than Death's in men's eyes.
Heart of me, soul of me, life of me,
Would ye give what to be wise?

When the crimson day is fading
Into gold across the lea,
And the moon is pouring silver
O'er the dark, dim, purple sea,
And the first gleam of the beacon
Twinkles out across the dark,
The home-light of the dory
And the swaying fisher-bark.

Low a woman's heart is singing
In the firelight's homely glare,
Singing softly to the shadows
That beat back the hearthstone-flare,
And her heart is full of gladness,—
Though her song is all of pain,—
For she cannot hear the thunder
Or the racing hurricane,
That in far off Southern oceans
Strikes and overwhelms in wrath
The ship that seeks to breast a way
Athwart its foam-blazed path.

Pale are ghosts of the dead
That walk on the sea;
Worn are the hearts that pray
In love and misery;
Black as the caverns of death
Are the pits of her eyes;
Heart of me, soul of me, life of me,
Would ye be wise?

Where the city lights are mocking,—
 With a mocking that defames,
Where the city lights are tender,
 Like brooding altar flames,
Where the ceaseless hum of thousands
 Seems to weave as by a spell
All the glory that is Heaven's
 All the hate that toils in Hell.

A woman's heart is singing
 As the evening gathers down,
And the thousand steps beat homeward
 From the busy, tired town,
Her heart sings with the city
 That has left the toil of day,
And, dressed in light and laughter,
 Waits to dance the night away.
So she gives her heart to singing,
 For she cannot—cannot hear
In a far off street the clanging gong
 That marks the city's fear.

Pale are the ghosts of the dead
 The city has slain;
Broken the hearts that weep
 And pray in their pain;
Bitter as sour wine
 Are the tears in her eyes;
Heart of me, soul of me, life of me,
 Would ye be wise?

Older than the wisdom
 That mutters through the ages,
Younger than the dawn
 That reddens on the hill,
Sweeter than the hawthorne,
 More bitter than the hemlock
Is the whispered love song
 That bids the world be still.

Listen, can't you hear it,
 In these words that falter,
Read it in my tears
 And blushes ere they go?
Nay, then I must tell you
 How bitterly I love you,—
Take me, hold, love me—
 And slay me even so!

EDITORIAL

New Hampshire, natural home of winter sports, is awaking to a realization of her opportunities on this line which ought to mean much for the good of the state. Winter carnivals, with programs extending over several days, were held during the month of February, 1921, at Newport, Gorham, Hanover and Laconia. Washington's Birthday saw more winter guests from the cities come within the state than ever before. Seeing the profitable possibilities from a pecuniary point of view inherent in this situation, the New Hampshire Association of Publishers of Weekly Newspapers, at its recent midwinter meeting took the lead in advocating action throughout the state for realizing upon this great and almost untouched asset of our commonwealth.

The Switzerland of America does not need to go so far as its namesake country over seas to witness an example of such development, although it is reached in its highest degree in that land of the Alps. Here in America certain sections of the state of New York make every midwinter a season of such joyous and healthful outdoor sport as to draw thousands thither to participate in it. There is no reason why all of New Hampshire cannot do the same. In a normal winter the supply of snow upon our hills and fields and of ice upon our lakes and rivers is sufficient for all demands of snowshoe, ski and skate. Ideal spots for winter sports of every kind are to be found by the score within easy access from the great cities and well supplied with good hotels capable of entertaining the winter guest as hospitably as they have for many years the summer visitor. For a long time the members of the Appalachian Mountain Club have been

aware that to know the White Hills at their best one must see them at their whitest and A. M. C. parties annually have bearded the zero weather dragon in his lair amid the mountain fastnesses.

More recently the Dartmouth Outing Club has turned the tedium of the old time Hanover winter into a season of joyful sport and has flung its line of cabin outposts over a hundred miles of hills. Not the least factor in the wonderful growth of the college has been the widely disseminated knowledge of the work and fun of the Outing Club. Bringing the boys from card and pool tables, yes, and from study desks and book shelves, into God's great white out of doors; sending them over the snow and ice, across the fields, through the woods and up the hills, until every nerve tingles with the joy of being alive, has done wonders for the physical health and spiritual morale of the college body.

It will do much for every community which gives it a fair trial. We can see, as the newspaper publishers see, much money coming into New Hampshire as a result of making available our winter sport resources and advertising them to the world. And we can see, also, how a greater degree of out-of-door winter life for our own people would make us happier, healthier and longer-lived. We wish every city and village considered a toboggan slide as much of a necessity as a moving picture theater; we wish there were as many ice skating rinks as dance halls; we wish more girls would snowshoe and fewer would "shimmy;" we wish more boys would play hockey and fewer would play pool. And perhaps all these things will come to pass if we give them a chance.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

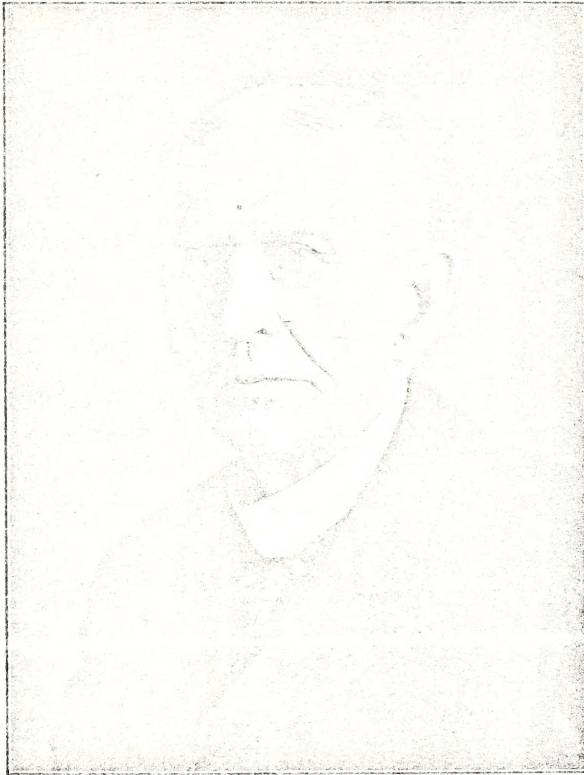
DR. ALFRED W. ABBOTT

Alfred W. Abbott, M. D., was born in Concord, May 7, 1842, the son of Alfred C. and Judith (Farnum) Abbott, and died at Laconia, January 23. He attended the academy at Boscawen and studied medicine with Dr. A. E. Emery at Fisherville and at the Dartmouth Medical College, from which he graduated in 1868. Beginning practice in Kansas, he soon returned to New Hampshire, at first at Suncook and then at Sanbornton, where

Miss Blanche N. Abbott, a teacher in the Laconia High school.

SUMNER C. HILL

Deacon Sumner Cummings Hill, son of Col. John and Betsey (Eastman) Hill, was born in Conway, August 10, 1833, and died there January 20, 1921. He married, April 24, 1873, Mrs. Helen M. (Dow) Merrill, of North Conway, who died February 18, 1914. As farmer, banker, postmaster and state representative, Mr.



THE LATE DR. A. W. ABBOTT.

he was located 1870-1880. For the past 40 years he had been a leading citizen and professional man of Laconia. He was the second president of the Winnepesaukee Academy of Medicine; president of the Citizens' Telephone Company; and trustee of the Laconia Savings Bank. On December 30, 1869, he was united in marriage to Julia Ann Clay of Manchester, who survives, with a son, Dr. Clifton S. Abbott, of Laconia, and a daughter,

Hill served his day and generation. He was a charter member of the Second Congregational Church of Conway and was elected deacon for life. The funeral was held on January 23, his pastor, Rev. Charles E. Beals, officiating. Interment was in West Side Cemetery, Conway. Deacon Hill was a good man, a useful citizen, a sterling Christian. He is survived by an only daughter, Louise D. (Mrs. Stephen Allard), of Conway.

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The
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THE BEGINNINGS OF A GREAT
NEW HAMPSHIRE INDUSTRY

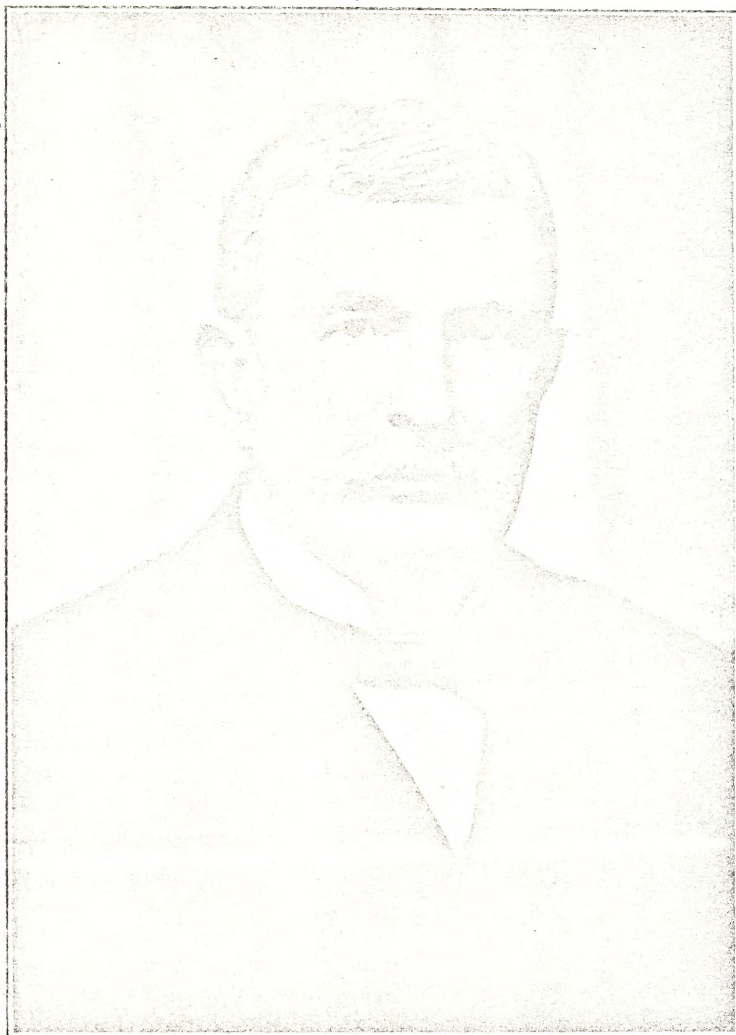
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THE LATE BENJAMIN HOLT

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THE LATE BENJAMIN HOLT

BENJAMIN HOLT, President of The Holt Manufacturing Company and inventor of world-fame, died at Stockton, California, on December 5th, 1920, after an illness that had confined him to his bed only about ten days.

Benjamin Holt, by his inventive genius and his wonderful ability, built up a mammoth industry, made employment for thousands of men, put agriculture on a higher plane of efficiency and profit, and gave the world a machine that has been characterized as the greatest contribution to the success of the Allies in the great world war. Unlike so many inventors and organizers, Mr. Holt lived to see the fruition of his dreams and ambitions, to see the building up of two immense factories for the manufacture of his product, to see thousands of these machines sent out into every part of the civilized world, and finally to realize the greatest triumph of all—the success of the Allied Armies, due more than anything else to the tanks and tractors that were the development of his brain.

Benjamin Holt was born in Loudon, Merrimack County, New Hampshire, the seventh of eleven children of William K. Holt, on January 1st, 1849. His primary education was gleaned in the public schools around his boyhood home, and in the academy at Tilton, New Hampshire. Later he attended the Baptist institution of learning, now Colby Academy, at New London.

In 1868, Benjamin Holt, with his brothers, W. Harrison, A. Frank

and Charles H. Holt, began the manufacture of wagon spokes and hubs, shipping this material, and also hardwood lumber, into all parts of the United States. In 1873, Benjamin Holt established at Concord, New Hampshire, a plant for the manufacture of spokes, hubs, felloes, wheels, bodies and running gears, and during the ten years that he continued this business he built up an extensive trade that gave him a wide reputation in business and manufacturing circles throughout the East.

In 1871, Benjamin Holt, together with W. Harrison Holt and A. Frank Holt, entered a wholesale hardwood and wheel business which had been established in San Francisco some time earlier by Charles H. Holt. The new firm was known as Holt Brothers Company. Benjamin Holt did not, however, come to California until 1883, at which time he and Charles H. Holt took up the manufacture of wheels and wagon material in Stockton, first under the name of The Stockton Wheel Company, but after 1892 under the present name of The Holt Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Holt was married in 1890 to Miss Anna Brown, daughter of Benjamin Brown. The children are Alfred Brown, Anne (Mrs. Warren Atherton), William Knox, Edison and Benjamin Dean.

Through the entire history of the Holt Company, Benjamin Holt had been the mechanical head of the company, and had been its president since the incorporation

under its present name in 1892. It was Benjamin Holt who invented combined harvesters, which greatly reduced the cost and labor of harvesting grain by combining the cutting, threshing and cleaning operations. It was Benjamin Holt who invented the self-propelled combined harvester, a combination of tractor and harvester. It was Benjamin Holt who invented the "Caterpillar" Tractor, which proved to offer the only solution of the problem of traction on soft and slippery surfaces and rough ground conditions.

Up to the time of his death more than one hundred inventions cover Benjamin Holt's achievements in the field of industry and practically all are incorporated in the products of The Holt Manufacturing Company. Many of Benjamin Holt's most remarkable achievements were made in the later years of his life, his wonderful inventive faculties being retained in full measure up to the time of his death. One of his last words, in fact, was a request for information regarding the progress of work on one of his experimental machines. This interest continued in spite of the fact that Benjamin Holt himself realiz-

ed, in spite of the assurances of his doctors and nurses, that the end was near.

Probably no man who has won so large a measure of world wide fame as Benjamin Holt has so modestly sought avoidance of popular praise and public recognition of his achievements. Instead of accepting the honors that might have been his, Benjamin Holt preferred to devote his entire time and energy and all of his inventive faculties to his life work—perfection of his product and further invention along new lines.

Benjamin Holt's death marks the passing of the last of the founders of the Holt business. The younger generation is represented in the Holt Company by C. Parker Holt, treasurer, son of Charles H. Holt; Pliny E. Holt, vice-president, and Ben C. Holt, manager of Pacific Northwest business, sons of W. Harrison Holt. Alfred Holt, the oldest son of Benjamin Holt, is connected with the Peoria Holt office; William Holt, the second son, is engaged in sales and service work for the Company in Texas; the two younger sons are still in the University of California;

SPRING

By Martha S. Baker.

A vanished joy, my garden, erstwhile gay,
The autumn frost had swept it ghost-like, sere,
No trace of perfume freighted blossoms near,
No dew drenched roses rare, naught but decay,
Where brigand bees sought sweets are dead stalks grey;
The wailing winds' discordant dirge, a jeer;
Depressive, desolate the scene so drear;
Death's icy hand has had its way.

But hark! The Spring's clear call, " 'Tis time to wake,"
Behold a bit of blue on flashing wing;
The captive streams released rush reckless on;
The crocus starts its upward way to take;
Triumphant paeans nature's voices sing,
For Life in conflict over death has won.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A GREAT NEW HAMPSHIRE INDUSTRY

By George B. Upham.

The Sullivan Machinery Company now has offices in Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Knoxville, St. Louis, Cleveland, Duluth, Dallas, Joplin, Denver, Spokane, El Paso, Salt Lake, San Francisco; and agents in other industrial and mining centers in the United States; also in Toronto, Vancouver, Mexico City, Santiago in Chile, and Lima in Peru. In the old world it maintains headquarters at London and Paris and before the war had a flourishing branch in Petrograd. A branch has been maintained for many years in Sydney, Australia, and the company's representatives are selling Sullivan mining machinery in Japan, India, The Federated Malay States, and South Africa.

Sullivan machinery for excavating rock in mines, tunnels and quarries, for compressing air, for prospecting for minerals, and for mining coal is found in every part of the world where these industries are carried on. This article tells of the small, yet interesting, beginnings of this New Hampshire industry.

The establishment of the machine business in Claremont, N. H., which later became the Sullivan Machinery Company, was due to the enterprise of James Phineas Upham, who made a beginning there shortly after his graduation from Dartmouth College in 1850. How he came to be born and to live in Claremont may be told in a few words, involving an interesting and little realized fact in American history.

In the later years of the eighteenth century the Upper Connecticut river valley was to the settled communities of Southern New England what the middle west became to all New England half a century later. Enterprising people went there, "to grow up with the country." Mr. Upham's father, George Baxter Upham, after graduation at Harvard in 1789, saddled his horse, rode north from Brookfield, Mass., settled at Claremont and there began the practice of the law, which he continued throughout Western New Hampshire for forty years. He founded the first bank in Claremont, and was elected to Congress for several terms, riding to and from Washington on horseback. He died in 1848. His son, after graduation from Dartmouth, returned to Claremont and bought lands on the slopes of Barbers Mountain and bordering on the Connecticut River which are still

occupied by his descendants. Although without mechanical training Mr. Upham was always intensely interested in machinery, especially in new and useful improvements.

A little machine shop with a small foundry was then in existence on a part of the present site of the Sullivan Machinery Co., in Claremont. Mr. Upham bought it in 1851. It was at first carried on in the name of Mr. Upham's bookkeeper and known as "D. A. Clay & Co." When additions to the buildings and machinery had been made, in 1854, it was dignified by the name "Claremont Machine Works." Among its products then advertised were "Engine lathes of 4 sizes and the latest patterns," "Iron Planers of a new and desirable style," "Paper Mill Machines" and Circular Saw Mills, the best in use. These mills will saw 1,000 feet of boards per hour. We are now filling orders for them for the great pine timber regions in Minnesota." The "Tuttle Water Wheel," was another product, which, however, was soon superseded by the "Tyler Turbine Water Wheel," invented by John Tyler, a resident of Claremont. The latter wheel was extensively manufactured by the Claremont Machine Works and its successors for a third of a century.

In 1856 this wheel was exhibited

at the Crystal Palace in New York and received the highest prize medal awarded to water wheels. More than three thousand were manufactured by the Claremont Machine Works and its successors, some made in sections to be carried up into the Andes and other mountainous districts on muleback.

The Claremont Machine Works at about the same time also received the highest premiums awarded at the Crystal Palace in New York for engine lathes and planers. The Tyler water wheel was to be found in almost every state and territory of the Union. For many years in

At about this early period the business was recorded as having an invested capital of \$15,000 and employing thirty men, probably an understatement of both.

About 1860 Mr. Upham, continuing to be the sole owner, changed the name to J. P. Upham & Co. During the sixties the manufacture of the Tyler Water Wheel was continued in large numbers; thousands of water wheel regulators were built, and lines of agricultural machinery were added, among which were the "Clipper Mowing Machine;" the "Lufkin Side Hill Plough," one of the early, improv-



THE SULLIVAN MACHINE COMPANY IN 1869.

competitive tests at various places these water wheels showed the highest percentage of efficiency for the amount of water used.

As early as 1854 the "Works" were fitted out with "A Large Chucking Lathe having a swing of 6 ft. 9 in. and adapted to the heaviest work," with "Boring and Screw Cutting Machines, and Gear Cutters for all kinds of machinery." All work sent out was warranted. Thus early did the predecessors of the Sullivan Machinery Company establish the principle of standing behind its work.

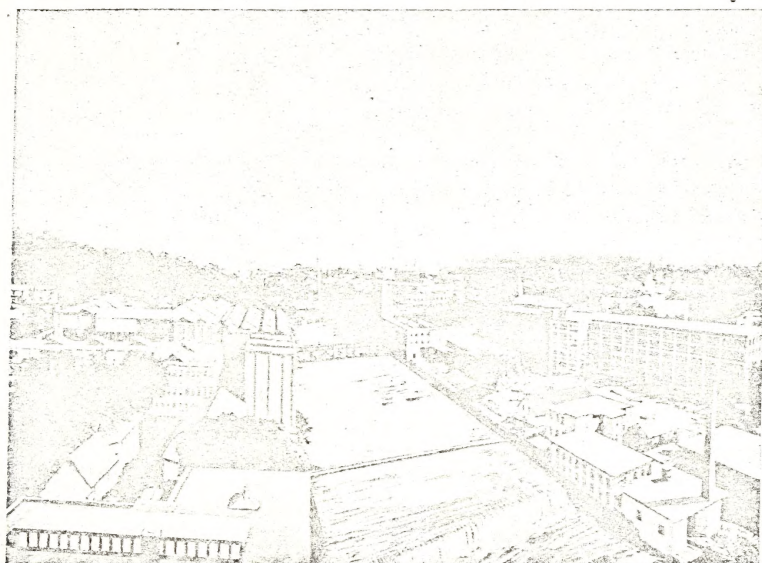
ed reversible ploughs; the "Colby Cultivator and Harrow," a predecessor of the disc harrow now in common use; and the "Hunt Sulky Plough," believed to have been the first of that type.

On an afternoon in May, 1868, Mr. Upham was pruning apple trees near the highway, leading up the Connecticut River valley and known in colonial days as the "Great Road." (See Granite Monthly for February, 1920.) Two strangers driving in a light "buggy" stopped, inquired where Mr. Upham lived and on learning that Mr. Upham

was speaking to them, hitched their horse to a tree and talked with him for an hour or more; they on the outside, he on the inside of the moss grown stone wall, a broad stone serving as a desk for the exhibition of sketches and for mathematical calculations. The writer, then a boy, looked on with interest. The strangers were Albert Ball and Roger W. Love from Windsor, Vermont, seven miles up the river. They brought with them sketches

come well known throughout the world, it seems worth while to relate the circumstances which brought the three together.

The historic village of Windsor for more than half a century had been the scene of much interesting mechanical development. Professor Roe's able work on "English and American Tool Builders" (Yale University Press) begins with a description of the tool made for boring the cylinder of Watt's first



WORKS OF SULLIVAN MACHINERY COMPANY, 1921.

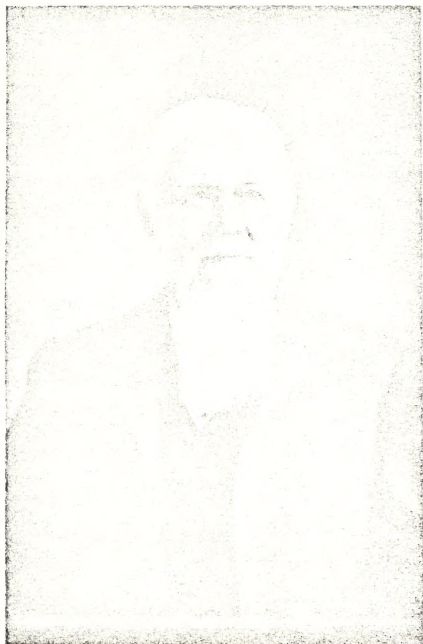
of a newly invented and patented diamond channeling machine for quarrying stone, especially marble. An agreement to build this machine was made then and there, and this interview over the old stone wall may be truly said to have been the inception of the Sullivan Machinery Company as an organization devoted especially to the construction of rock cutting and mining machinery.

Since the meeting of these three men resulted in the organization of a corporation and the establishment of a business which has since be-

come well known throughout the world, it seems worth while to relate the circumstances which brought the three together. The historic village of Windsor for more than half a century had been the scene of much interesting mechanical development. Professor Roe's able work on "English and American Tool Builders" (Yale University Press) begins with a description of the tool made for boring the cylinder of Watt's first

In 1863 an enterprising New Englander, Mr. E. G. Lamson, was engaged in the manufacture of machinery in Windsor. Mr. Lamson was a somewhat restless per-

son who travelled much and was possessed of boundless energy. Of a decidedly inquiring turn of mind, he made acquaintances everywhere, under all circumstances. Had he not possessed these characteristics the Sullivan Machinery Company might never have existed. Among other products of Mr. Lamson's establishments were sewing machines and sewing machine needles, for which he required a



ALBERT BALL,

Chief Mechanical Engineer of Sullivan Machinery Co., for nearly 50 years.

small but extremely accurate engine lathe. Albert Ball, born at Boylston, Mass., in 1835, and at the time in question employed by L. W. Pond in Worcester, had built such a lathe for his own personal use.

Mr. Lamson, learning of this fact from a fellow passenger, straightway repaired to Worcester, found Mr. Ball and ordered two such lathes. Mr. Ball had been making

fine screws for a fire-arm then manufactured by his employers. To see almost any piece of mechanism was sufficient to suggest to his mind an improvement. He constructed a combined repeating and single loading gun. Mr. Lamson saw it and then and there bought the patent rights, at the same time engaging Mr. Ball to go to Windsor to further develop his invention and to superintend the manufacture.

In the spring of 1866, while riding in a railway train north from New York to Windsor, Mr. Lamson with unerring eye selected a seat beside a man who, it developed, was on his way to St. Johnsbury, Vt., to make arrangements for the manufacture of an improved stone channeling machine. Mr. Lamson soon convinced his new acquaintance that there was no need to travel so far north, and that the place for which he was really destined was Windsor. The negotiations with him fell through, but Mr. Lamson, his mind started in that direction, was determined to build a stone channeler. He directed Mr. Ball to make the working drawings upon the principle used in a certain trip-hammer. After investigation the latter reported that if so built it would infringe upon the patents of the friend of the railway car, whereupon Mr. Lamson said, somewhat sharply, "You attend to the working drawings, I'll attend to patents."

On another railway journey a few months later Mr. Lamson seated himself beside a clergyman, a Mr. Love, who had recently inherited \$40,000. Mr. Lamson soon discovered that fact with the consequence that this money was invested in his stone channeler. The United States Circuit Court was unkind to Mr. Lamson in this adventure. The clergyman's investment proved a permanent one.

Fearing that not all was as he had hoped, the Rev. Mr. Love sent his son, Roger, graduate of Brown University, a recently discharged soldier who had been present fighting throughout the siege of Charleston, to Windsor to investigate. Mr. Lamson generously offered the young man a position as accountant in his office.

Roger Love saw the stone chaneler, then under the cloud of an



JAMES PHINEAS UPHAM,
Predecessor and Founder of the
Sullivan Machinery Company.

injunction for patent interference, and conceived the idea of channeling stone by boring intersecting holes with diamond drills operated in gangs. Mr. Love was not a mechanic, so Mr. Ball, outside of working hours, draughted a machine developing the idea. Mr. Lamson heard of this and sharply reprimanded him. The resignation of both and the interview with Mr. Upham over the stone wall prompt-

ly followed. Thus were these three men brought together, and thus came into existence the Sullivan Machine Company.

It is of interest to note the consequences of Mr. Ball's improvement in rifles. The U. S. Government contracted for two thousand of them, but about the time they were completed the Civil War ended. The Windsor Company then had five hundred rifles on hand. A wide awake German saw one of them in New York, bought the entire lot and shipped them to Prussia. The government of that belligerent autocracy immediately reproduced them, with some modifications, in enormous numbers. With this superior arm Prussia was then prepared to go out and steal something from her neighbors. She promptly did so. Defeating Austria and her allies, who had no repeating rifles, at the battle of Sadowa in July, 1866, she practically annexed not only Schleswig, Holstein and Hanover in the north, but also some half dozen South German states which had been the allies of Austria. Thus was the inventive genius of the man who was to be for nearly half a century chief mechanical engineer of the Sullivan Machinery Company unwittingly a cause of Prussia's military ascendancy. The Ball repeating rifle is an acknowledged progenitor of the Winchester and other leading repeating rifles. Mr. Ball was also, in 1863, the inventor of the cartridge greasing machine which, with little change, is everywhere in general use today.

Work was begun upon the diamond chaneling machine as soon as the working drawings could be prepared. It was completed August, 1868, operated upon blocks of marble on an outdoor platform where the shipping room of the factory is now, and first tried in the quarries of the Sutherland Falls

Marble Co. (now Proctor, Vt.) in September, 1868.

On January 18, 1869, the Sullivan Machine Company was organized under New Hampshire laws. The name Sullivan was that of the county in which the business was carried on, which had been named for the intrepid General John Sullivan, who with General Stark had shared the principal honors of New Hampshire in the Revolution.

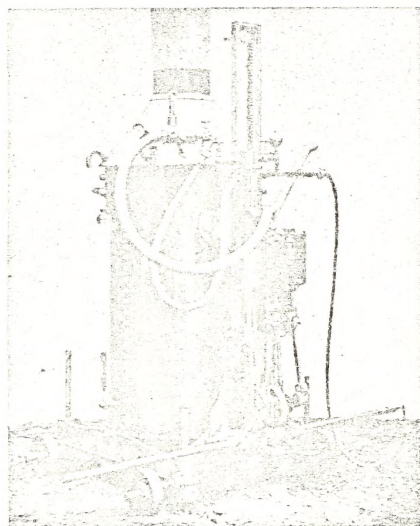
The incorporators were James P. Upham of Claremont, Roger W. Love and Albert Ball of Windsor, Horace T. Love and Edwin T. Rice of New York City. The purposes were "carrying on a General Foundry and Machine business, including the development of inventions and the holding and management of Patents relating to Machinery." The capital stock was fixed at \$200,000.

At the first meeting held on February 6, 1869, the five incorporators were elected directors. James P. Upham was elected president, an office held by him for twenty-three years; Roger W. Love, Treasurer, and Albert Ball, Superintendent and Mechanical Engineer. Mr. Love and Mr. Ball came to reside in Claremont in the spring of 1869.

In February, 1872, John Henry Elliot of Keene, N. H., who for years had been a personal friend of Mr. Upham, invested \$50,000 in the business, taking unissued stock at par to that amount; he was immediately elected a director in place of Horace T. Love, and remained a director until his death in 1895.

A few words respecting the characteristics of the early officers of this company. Mr. Upham was public spirited, enterprising, genial and ever ready to aid in all improvements. Mr. Elliott had backed with rare judgment numerous successful enterprises in New

Hampshire; a sparkling wit and an effervescent humor made association with him a continued delight. Mr. Ball's chief characteristics were and are an extreme modesty and a quick perception of how to accomplish any desired operation by mechanical means. Mr. Love in personal appearance and cerebral activity was keen as a razor. Mr. Rice, a learned and highly cultured lawyer, was counsel for the company.



Sullivan Diamond Gadder with boiler,
1870 or 1871.

The first diamond channeler, completed in August, 1868, was a six spindle, variable speed core drill, movable on a track with a guaging device to space the holes, and operative at any angle. It was soon found that the cores caused difficulty by breaking and jamming in the rods, and an obtuse angle, conical, solid head was substituted for an annular head, with at first four, later two, holes for the escape of the water to clear the detritus. Black diamonds were then cheap, costing only \$3.50 per carat. They now cost \$100 per carat.

The diamonds, known in the trade as "carbon," are black, brown, or dark gray in color, with a dull lustre. They have no such cleavage as the white diamonds, so do not split or crumble on rotation of the drill. They are found in gravel and almost exclusively within an area of a few hundred square miles in the province of Bahia, Brazil. The largest one ever found there, in 1895, weighed 3,150 carats. The large ones are, however, relatively less valuable than the smaller sized, since much labor is required and some loss sustained in reducing them to fragments of suitable size for drill heads. Black diamonds are not beautiful, looking much like small bits of coal; but, next to radium, they are by weight perhaps the most costly commercial commodity this planet affords. Aside from use in rock boring they are used only in cutting and polishing brilliants.

About twelve diamonds were set in each head. They averaged about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, about nine-tenths of each diamond being embedded in the steel. At the periphery they at first projected slightly beyond the circumference of the head. This channeler made wall cuts at any desired angle, which no other machine was capable of doing.

The first channeler was never sold, but used on contract work in Vermont marble quarries and for a time on red sandstone at Portland, Conn. The channeling price was at first \$1.25 per square foot, later reduced to seventy-five cents. The second was sold to the Columbian Marble Co. and used in its quarries near Sutherland Falls, Vt. The third was sold to the owners of the old Prime Quarry at Brandon, Vt.

In 1871 the six spindle machine was superseded by the two or three spindle channeler, which remained

in use for many years until the high price of "carbon," black diamonds, proved prohibitive. The thousands of square feet of semi-circular drill holes on the walls of stone and marble quarries in Vermont and other states attest the extensive use of the diamond channeling machines made by the Sullivan Machine Company.

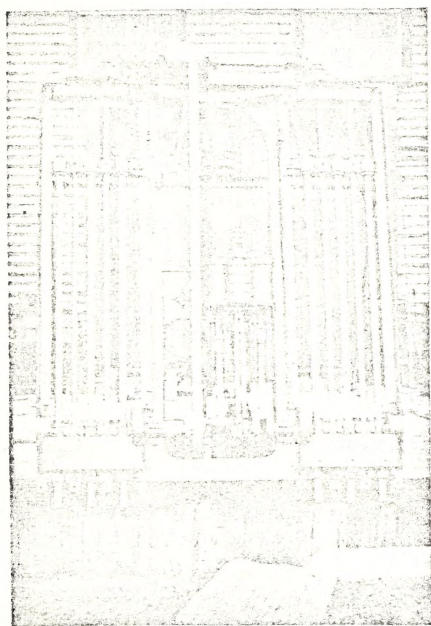
The drills sank into the marble at the astonishing rate of eight to ten inches per minute when run at the usual speed of 800 to 1,000 revolutions. A depth of one inch to a hundred revolutions could be depended upon in average marble. The wear on the diamonds, even after long periods of service, was almost imperceptible unless flint or quartz had been encountered, or nuts, or bolts dropped into incomplete channels, when, although nine-tenths imbedded in the hardened steel, the diamonds were sometimes ripped bodily from their setting without being otherwise injured.

These channelers were so far in advance of all other machines that they became indispensable and elicited the highest praise from many of the best known quarrymen who wrote as follows: "The great labor saving machine of the age;" "Without it we cannot successfully compete with our rivals in the trade;" "Does work hitherto regarded as impossible to be done by machinery."

In 1869 the company built its first "Gadder," a single spindle, solid head diamond drill, used for drilling shallow holes beneath the marble block to split it from its bed. One machine accomplished more and better work than the hand labor of twenty men. In January, 1872, Redfield Proctor, afterwards Governor, Secretary of War and U. S. Senator from Vermont, wrote; "We have owned and worked two of your Gadding Machines for several

years and find them admirably adapted for the work required, and not often out of repair, though in almost constant use."

On January 1, 1872 the superintendent of the Rutland Marble Co. wrote: "We have used your 'Gad-der' for two years. It has no rival and is the only practical mechanical appliance for its especial work within my knowledge. It is invaluable because the work done by it is so much cheaper and better than by hand labor."



Sullivan Diamond Channeler at Work,
and Wall Cut By It.

It should be stated that prior to the invention of the diamond channeler all channels cut in stone by machinery had been made wholly by concussion, by the successive blows of heavy steel cutters; and that with the then crude mechanism for operating such cutters break downs, caused by the continuous jar, were of frequent occurrence. The blows also strained and sometimes cracked the marble.

The credit for the first application of the diamond to a rock cutting tool belongs to M. Hermann, a Frenchman, whose drawings, accompanying a patent issued in France in 1842, showed various forms of boring tools whose cutting edges were diamonds. It does not however, appear that the idea had ever been put to a practical use in the country where it originated. In 1863 another Frenchman, Rudolph Leschot, took out an American patent for one form of diamond cutter shown in the drawings of Hermann, which consisted of arming the lower edge of a metallic ring with diamonds slightly projecting beyond the periphery.

Leschot's patent was bought by an American company which is not known to have engaged in much, if any, business other than in prosecuting a suit against the Sullivan Company. This litigation was long, tedious and expensive, involving the taking of much testimony in France and Mr. Upham's presence there for many months. The validity of the Leschot patent was finally established so far as it covered the circumferential projection of the diamonds.

Long before the decision was rendered it had been discovered by the Sullivan Company that such projection was not only unnecessary, but a positive disadvantage. With the diamonds set flush the inevitable slight eccentricity in the revolution of the head gave all necessary clearance, the drills running steadier and with less wear.

This article will some time be continued giving an account of some of the deep diamond drill borings made by the Sullivan Company in South Africa and other places, where it has brought up "cores," i.e., stone rods, showing the character of the metaliferous rock all the way down for considerably more than a mile in depth. The

Sullivan Machinery Company is still the largest manufacturer of diamond drills and the largest contractor for diamond drilling in the world.

I WANT TO SING

By Grace Stuart Orcutt.

I want to sing
Of earth's unbosoming;
Of springing rills and modest woodland flowers;
Of greenening moss and thudding summer showers;
Of arbutus and curling fiddle heads;
Of dead leaves massed and broken into shreds.

I want to sing
Of creatures on the wing;
Of pudgy moths that beat the glass at night;
Of fireflies that make the swamp alight;
Of dusky shadows darting here and there,
The flitter-mouse that scarcely moves the air.

I want to sing
The joy the thrushes bring;
Up toward the mountain's wood encircled top
Sonatas on the world below they drop;
From peak to peak each to the other cries,
They trill their oratorios through the skies.

I want to sing
Of clouds and coloring;
Where far flung sunset's pinkest afterglow
Shines in the water at the wharf below,
Or lingers soft upon an Alpine peak,
Like patchwork clings behind Sardinia bleak.

I want to sing
And make the song to ring
In every land, in every heart benign;
I want to touch one chord that is divine;
I want to make one soul reach out and say:
" 'Tis good, 'tis good, that you have sung today."

THE ORIGIN OF THE SHAKERS

By Nicholas Briggs

In the year 1668 there occurred amongst the Huguenots in Dauphine and adjacent territory in France, a most peculiar religious revival, increasing in intensity until large numbers of people were affected, concentrating in assemblies of from a few hundred to four or five thousand each.

Both sexes and all ages were included, but the devotees were mostly young people from six to twenty-five years. Strange fits seized them of trembling, staggering, beating themselves with their own hands, falling in a swoon, emerging therefrom with violent jerking of arms and legs and contortions of the body.

In their trances they beheld the Heavens opened and the holy angels therein, and also saw hell and its denizens. They prophesied the near end of the world and vehemently denounced the priests, the Church, and the Pope, and the wickedness enveloping the entire world.

We have little definite further account of these people until the year 1705, when three of them, viz., Elias Marton, John Cavilier and Durand Fage, went over into England. Arriving at London they began a caustic denunciation of the clergy and the established Church, and their meetings were characterized by frenzied and ecstatic operations.

Awile previously some of the Huguenots, persecuted in their own country, had fled into England, and under the protection of the Bishop of London organized a church of their own. When the "prophets" came over, with their violent diatribes, the Huguenots feared, from being Frenchmen, that the "prophets" would involve them, the

Huguenots, in the peril that seemed the inevitable consequence of such insane and offensive crudity.

The Huguenots appealed to the Bishops and were by them constituted a committee to confer and plead with their deluded countrymen. A conference was held between the Huguenot deputies and the "prophets," in which the deputies were assailed with invective. The deputies declared the new-comers to be imposters and so reported to the Bishops, who affirmed their verdict.

But, under the patronage of John Lacy, Esq., they continued their meetings in defiance of the Bishops, threatening the judgments of God upon the Church, the city of London, and the whole British nation. The three leaders were arrested, tried and sentenced as disturbers of the peace to pay a fine of twenty marks each and stand upon a scaffold in a public place with a placard upon their breasts describing their offence.

They persisted in their work and acquired a following of several hundred people. They claimed the possession of the power of the Apostles to heal the sick and raise the dead. They attempted to resurrect a Dr. Eames but met with so ignominious a failure that ridicule and contempt resulted.

In 1747 we find a remnant of the sect, some of whom were Quakers, led by James Wardley and his wife, Jane. Up to this time they continued in marriage, the ceremony conforming to the Quaker custom, the bride and groom standing up in meeting and promising constancy to each other and were by the Elders declared to be man and wife, but many of them in deference to public opinion were afterwards re-

married by the Church of England.

Ann Lee, the founder of the United Society of Shakers, was born in Manchester, England, February 28, 1736. Her father, John Lee, was a blacksmith, a poor man, but industrious, and of good character and respected by all who knew him. His wife was also a good and pious woman. They had

business. Still later she became a cook in the Manchester Infirmary. Possessing a winning manner and pleasing loquacity, vivacious, social, witty and sarcastic she easily won the confidence of all with whom she came in contact.

Before attaining her eighteenth year she married Abraham Stanley, her father's apprentice, and by him



NICHOLAS BRIGGS

As a Member of the Shaker Community at East Canterbury, N. H., about 1878-9.

eight children, three sons and five daughters.

By reason of the poverty of the parents, the children received no education and Ann could neither read nor write. In childhood she worked in a cotton mill, and later as a cutter of hatter's fur, evincing unusual ability in the dispatch of

had four children, of whom three died in infancy and the other in its fifth year. The last child was born through the Caesarian operation and her consequent suffering and the cruelty of her husband, who had become a confirmed inebriate, filled her with hatred for married life, and from this time forth she de-

nounced marriage as inhuman in tendency and sinful in the sight of God.

She came to believe herself led by Divine revelation to devote herself to advocate the celibate life and she engaged in the work with all her capable assiduity and enthusiasm. She was now, after the death of her mother, her father's housekeeper. She became melancholy and averse to conversation. Spent much of her time in attending the meetings of the various religious sects and thus became acquainted with the little band led by the Wardleys, which had now received the name of Shakers in derision of their peculiar manner of worship.

Finding much in the faith of these people congenial to her own, she joined the Society after their usual method by confessing her sins. This was in September, 1758, and Ann was in the 23rd year of her age. She soon assumed a leading position in the little society by her great activity and ability and her zeal in advancing the interests of the Society. Her consummate tact and graciousness of manner won the love and confidence of the people and the leaders, admitting her superior competence and believing her to be more greatly favored of God, resigned in her favor and conferred upon her the title of Mother.

Very likely she at this time resumed her own family name as we have no evidence of her being called by the name of Stanley after this.

History now glides on to the year 1771, when John Partington of Mayortown and John Hocknell of Cheshire joined the society and by their wealth added prosperity and respectability thereto. Hocknell's wife, Hannah, was at first much opposed, but ultimately followed her husband and brought in

several others. The Society now numbered about one hundred.

Encouraged by their prosperity, Ann now professed extraordinary divine revelation, claimed the gift of tongues, power to heal the sick and to read the lives and innermost thoughts of man. She declared herself to be led in every thought and deed, however trivial, by the power of God and the Holy Ghost, and that she was the one predicted in the Revelations, and that through her sufferings she had attained a perfection equal to Jesus Christ, and that she was co-partner with Him. She said this was the eleventh hour, and who so rejected her testimony would like the unbelieving Jews, perish in their sins.

She now introduced new gifts of singing, dancing, shouting, shaking, leaping, speaking in unknown tongues and prophesying. She vehemently testified against sin and demanded its confession either to herself or to Elders appointed by her. Marriage was banished and all sexual intercourse condemned as impure and devilish.

The singular and extravagant conduct of their meetings attracted large crowds and became so notorious that the Shakers were arrested for breaking the Sabbath and jailed for one day, when all were released except Ann and her father, who were for a few weeks confined in the House of Correction. About this time Ann's half brother and James Shepard joined the society.

In 1773 their numbers had been reduced to about thirty. This naturally was discouraging, and Ann, hoping to infuse new life into her little band, announced a new gift of God for them, emigration to America, predicting a great future prosperity.

So poor were they that few were able to go. Those who did find means were Ann, her former hus-

band, who it seems had been converted, William Lee, her brother, James Whittaker, John Hocknell, James Shepard, Mary Partington and Nancy Lee, niece of Ann.

James and Jane Wardley had been residing with a man named Townley who was a member. He seceded from the society and then excluded the Wardleys from his home, and they being quite aged became unable to support themselves and ended their days in the Almshouse.

The pilgrims sailed for America May 19, 1774, arriving at New York August 6th.

Ann with her husband stopped in New York, the rest of the party went to Albany and worked at their several trades. Stanley worked at his trade as blacksmith for a Mr. Smith, and Ann engaged in housework in the same family.

In the summer of 1775 Stanley suffered a severe illness, during which Ann nursed him with most faithful care. This enforced idleness reduced them to the utmost poverty. After his recovery he relapsed into his former evil habits and took another woman into the house, soon after marrying the woman and thus forever sundering his connection with Ann.

By advice of Quaker friends, John Hocknell purchased some land in Niskeyuna, now Watervliet, N. Y., seven miles from Albany. He then sailed for England to bring his family over, returning December 25, 1775, with them, and also John Partington and family. Some of the land at Niskeyuna was now cleared and houses built, and in September, 1776, Ann and part of the members took up their abode there.

In the fall of 1779 a revival started at Canaan, N. Y., now New Lebanon, under the leadership of four women, Mrs. Hamblin, Mrs. Kinnakin, Mrs. Mace and Mrs. Dobkins, members of the church of

which Samuel Johnson was pastor.

This revival continued with increased activity for several months in New Lebanon and adjacent towns. One of the members on a business trip met with the Shakers at Watervliet, was converted and joined the Society. He began to teach his new faith and his people sent Calvin Harlow, Joseph Meacham, Amos Hammond and Aaron Kibbee as deputies to investigate more completely. All of them were converted and joined the Shakers, confessing their sins.

Ann and her Elders soon visited New Lebanon and made many converts. Knowledge of the Shakers was spread to some extent throughout New England, and they received many visits from persons who went to see them from curiosity and not a few with the object of ridicule, but instead of returning to tell a merry tale received faith and on their return home testified to it, and the doctrine was thus disseminated more or less in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire.

In consequence of the war with England, and the Shakers so recently coming from there, suspicion was excited amongst the sensitive people that these Shakers were British emissaries and involved in some plot against the colonies. David Darrow, driving some sheep to Watervliet for the Shakers, was arrested upon the charge of treason and with Joseph Meacham and John Hocknell was imprisoned at Albany for five months. About the same time Ann and seven others of the Elders and leaders were arrested and sent to New York to be delivered to the British, but for some reason were stopped at Poughkeepsie and there committed to prison until December 20, 1780, when all were released by order of Governor Clinton.

On May 31, 1780, Ann with five

written, and signed by every adult member, relinquishing all right to any compensation for services and to any claim upon the Society should they withdraw therefrom.

The next Society to organize was that of Hancock or West Pittsfield, and of course the one at Watervliet. Then followed Tyringham, Harvard and Shirley, Mass., Canterbury and Enfield, N. H., Enfield, Conn., Alfred and Gloucester, Me. In 1826 a society was established at Sodus Bay, N. Y. This situation here was desired by the U. S. Government for military purposes, and was seized by the law of eminent domain, the society removing to Groveland, N. Y.

In the year 1801 a revival of great extent and singular power began in Kentucky or Ohio. In its beginning it was as gentle as the breathings of the Holy Spirit but increasing in intensity it assumed all the phases of fanaticism, the devotees twisting, whirling, jumping, rolling, stamping, falling, with

the gift of visions. Houses and tents became greatly inadequate to accommodate the vast assemblies of people. The meetings at times were attended by 5,000 or more persons of both sexes and colors and all ages.

The report of this affair induced the Shakers to send missionaries there, and by the direction of Mother Lucy Wright, John Meaham, Benjamin S. Young and Issachar Bates left home January 1, 1893, and travelled afoot to Lebanon, Ohio, arriving there March 1st. They were met by Malcolm Norley and Richard McNemar, and to the wealth and influence of these men the Shakers owe the existence of the Societies in these states. The Shakers made ready converts here from several Church Societies, and Societies were organized at Union Village, Watervliet, White-water and North Union, Ohio, Pleasant Hill and South Union, Kentucky, and Busroe, Indiana.

I CLEANED MY HOUSE TODAY.

By K. C. Balderston.

I made my house quite clean today,
I thought that you might pass this way.

I killed the little flying things,
The miller moths with dusty wings,—
You would not like their flutterings.

I made the house all clean and sweet,
Swept out the tracks of dusty feet,
And then I gathered holly-hocks
And filled a bowl with lady-smocks;
I put them there to catch your eye,
And then—I saw you passing by.

AN ADVENTURESOME SAP GATHERING

By Alice Bartlett Stevens

The hill-side fields and pasture slopes of a New Hampshire farm lay covered with snow. White and cheerless they stretched away on every side of Joseph Hastings' little group of farm buildings. The low, wide spread, sunny-windowed house, so snug and warm; the huge old deep-fronted barn, with its length of roof and breadth of side that bespoke well-filled mows and bays for the farm folk which it warmly sheltered, and the connecting link of long, rambling woodshed.

Overhead, the tumbling masses of gray, wind-driven clouds swept low and chill. A mid-March sun peeped palely out at intervals, only to scurry back into cloud depths in seeming dismay over the drear, chilling prospect of all below.

Here and there could be seen projecting posts and the top rails of fences and gates, which outlined irregular shaped fields and orchards and rocky slopes of distant pasture. The trees, as if bewailing their frozen state, flung out bare, frost-stiffened branches, while scattering groups of warmer clad evergreens seemed sturdily defiant of wind and rough weather. In a near background, "Old Moosilauke"—snow-capped and dark-mantled—frowned shadowily down over all.

How frozenly asleep it all looked! Yet it was mid-March, according to the almanac, and high time for some hopeful sign of nature in a warmer and merrier mood. It was high time for the "backbone of winter to break," or to show some sign of weakening. But the only signs of life anywhere about were those in the immediate vicinity of house and dooryard; the wavering, wind-tossed curl of smoke from the kitchen chimney;

the deep-trodden paths, leading from house to barn, from barn to the scattering out-buildings; and the longer, hoof-trodden, "fox and goose" paths that led from the rear of the barn down through the orchard to a spring beneath the hill.

II.

But once step inside that little farmhouse, and all the drear, out-of-doors was forgotten, for there, in that old fashioned kitchen—the living room of your farmer-folk—all was radiating warmth and snug coziness. The tea kettle was singing merrily over a fire that sparkled and crackled and breathed such warmth and comfort to the farthest-most corner of the big old kitchen as to make of it the kindest, happiest place on earth!

What cared they—the little family gathered there within its walls—for snow covered fields, cloudy skies and driving winds without, when all was so snug and warm here within?

Not a care—so it seemed. For there was grandmother in her deep-cushioned chair over near a window, her knitting needles going click—click, as a little red mitten is fast taking shape under her swift moving fingers. Mother, sitting near another window, with a big sewing basket on the light stand beside her, is busily fitting a sleeve into the waist of a blue and white checked gingham dress, keeping a watchful eye, as she sews, on the two little girls curled up, Turk-fashion, on the calico-covered, home-made, roomy old lounge that quite fills the space between the two windows.

And they are busy, too, these girls: Leila fashioning "doll-rags" out of the scraps from mother's

work basket, while Alsie's scissors fly in and out, snipping bright colored pictures from magazines and seed catalogs. Very busy girls, as they sewed and snipped, looking up every little while at their grandfather—dozing in his rocking chair near the kitchen stove, with lazy old Trudger, the rabbit hound, stretched out full length on the braided rug there beside him.

Pretty soon Grandpa finishes his nap, gets up and puts on his fur cap, his long blue woolen frock of coarse home-spun, his warm woolen mittens and slowly makes his way out to the waiting wood-pile—the farmer's knitting work—to begin his afternoon's work on the small hill of saplings, cut down for the fell purpose, so it appears, of being cut up again—into fire wood.

Soon his axe begins to swing right lustily.

As soon as they hear their grandfather chopping, Leila and Alsie slip down off the lounge, scattering bits of cloth and cut-out pictures all around them, and run to the window to stand there watching him. They love to "watch Grandpa make the chips fly" out there in the door yard.

Just at this moment, though, something else is attracting their attention. It is beginning to snow—big, soft, feathery flakes that soon make the air thick and white; real "sugar snow" that, in its frosty way, tokens to New England folk the first faint breath of spring.

"And see!" they exclaim, "why, Grandpa looks just like a real, honest-to-goodness snow man!"—his cap and frock are so white.

But he pays not the slightest heed to the storm, as up and down goes his snow-man's arm, and chop—chop goes his busy axe, sending showers of chips to fall and lie covered—like little frosted cakes—almost as soon as they touch the ground.

But Leila and Alsie are paying the greatest heed to the swirls of softly falling flakes, flitting hither and yon:

"Just like little Fairies," they declare.

Suddenly, they dart away from the window, and begin to dance around the room, for didn't these "sky-feathers" mean to them the close-at-hand, jolly, sugar making season?

Spring had, at last—to Leila and Alsie, anyway—ARRIVED.

"Look, Alsie—look, look!" exclaimed Leila, "See the big flakes come down—just see 'em! It's sugar snow! Goody—goody! Let's us put on our hoods, quick,—an' run out where grandpa's chopping. Come—hurry!"

"An' we'll tell him," returned Alsie, thrilling with anticipation, and trying, as she ran, to tie the strings of her hood into a knot that would stay tied (and they "stayed," those knots, often to the extent of a new string, when mother's hands were otherwise employed, and Alsie's lacked the skill and patience to untie them), "that we must get the buckets down out of the shed chamber right away;—right away, this very minute, an'—

"Yes," chimed in Leila, breathlessly, "an' that we're goin' to help; we'll climb up and hand the buckets down to grandpa to carry for us and lay on the big sled, just like we always do, won't we—'Twon't take any time at all, will it?"

And away they sped as fast as their little legs could carry them, out to the wood pile, where their grandfather was still whacking away with "all his might and main" at a particularly stubborn, knotty log, just more than making the chips fly.

"Oh! grandpa," they shouted, with never a care for the rain of chips, or the swift uplift of the axe, as they ran straight up in front of

him, each bent on being the first one to tell him what they had come for. But before they could open their lips to say another word, a strong arm was flung out, and a mittened hand pushed them back; in no gentle manner, either; angrily, almost, for they had given him a big scare—running right up under his uplifted axe, like that.

"Don't you children know any better than to come runnin' up here like this——?" he fairly shouted, shaking them and pushing them back away from him. Yes, grandpa was angered; but more from fright than with the girls themselves. Fatherless, they were his special care and treasure; and their mischievous pranks—big or little, it never seemed to matter—were always passed over unnoticed, or unproved, anyway; not so this time, however.

"Haven't I told you—both of you—time an' time again," he went on, "that you mustn't come racin' up in front of my axe when I'm choppin'? Why, I don't know what's goin' to become of you— you children, you—I declare, I don't, if you don't pay more heed to me when I'm tellin' you things First thing you know, you'll be killed, if you don't mind me better. I can't always be a watch-in' out for you. . . . Do you hear me?"

"Yes, grandpa, we do. An' we won't ever—do—so—any—more—again, never; no, we won't," they readily promised, "but, grandpa," coaxingly, and in a manner not only bespeaking repentance, but promisingly hopeful of heeding future admonitions as well, "don't you see the sugar snow a comin' down. . . . And don't you remember that you always told us when it snowed like this way that it was time to tap the trees? Don't you remember, grandpa? Oh, please tell us, "yes," that you do remember!—Please,

p-l-e-a-s-e do, grandpa. . . . An' we want you to let us help you get the buckets down and all the things ready—right now! An' if you only just will—an' won't chop any more—we'll throw all the sticks up onto the wood pile. . . . Just watch us throw 'em, grandpa!—See?"

And they went to work, tossing up the sticks—hit or miss, miss, mostly—in direction of the wood-pile, one watchful eye on their grandfather and the other on their work, in a way—it must be admitted—that was rather more coaxing than helpful.

Grandpa was certainly paying close and amused attention, and was finding their efforts to "help him" quite as hard to resist as had been their pleadings. In fact, he was quite persuaded that Leila and Alsie were right—that this was really "sugar-snow."

Anyway, the sharp axe, gashed deep in the sapling—which was firmly held on the chopping-block with one foot—still clings, as he tries to peer up under his palm through the blinding flakes, in an effort to forecast a "little weather" promising to their hopes and their faith in his wisdom.

"Well, well," he said, at last, wrenching the axe free to continue his work, and as if quite unmindful of their anxious, questioning faces, but he knew—he knew how they were watching him and waiting for his decision, trust a grandfather for that, "I daresn't make you any promises now, children, only just this much: You wait till tomorrow, then, when it's about noon—time the sun gets highest, you know—if the snow begins to run*, on the south cant*, down in the little pasture, why, I'll start a fire under the kettles out at the boiling place, and we'll—well, we'll begin gettin' the buckets down, anyway, and get 'em scalt out. . . . Yes, we'll make a start."

"An' you surely will, grandpa? Promise—— cross-your-heart-and-hope-to-die—do you?" they cried, catching him by the tail of his frock and trying to wind him up in it, as they ran around him in an outburst of joy too great to be expressed in words.

"Yes—yes, I will," he replied, "but don't bother me any more now. Come, run into the house," motioning them away with his hand, "and don't let me see your faces out here again till this storm's over; come, run along, I say. Do you hear me?" he calls after them a bit sharply to quicken their snail-slow step homeward. "No, no: stop your teasing; not another word, I say! No, you're not going to throw any more sticks onto the wood pile, either....What? No—it snows too hard. Now start yourselves into the house this very minute, or I'll—I'll know the reason why," stooping to pick up a twig to emphasize his commands, and whipping the air with it; a twig so small it wouldn't have hurt a fly. "Come—stiver, I say!"

They "stivered," laughing back at their grandfather, standing there, with one hand resting on his axe handle, and waving that silly little switch at them with the other and looking his very fiercest,—or trying to..... The idea! Pretending to glower at them, when they knew just as well as anything that it was all "put on." The thought of grandpa whipping *them* was so funny! "Just too funny for anything," they laughed.

But, anyway, he'd promised them just exactly what they'd come for, and teased for, so they'd do just as he told them to—this time.

And disappeared into the house.

III.

Now the virtue that has its own reward doesn't make a very big hit

with children—not when they have to practice it.

Could they ever wait, they wondered, till tomorrow? Just now, it seemed to them they never could. But things do come—even to children—who wait..... And tomorrow noon found Leila and Alsie returning from the "little pasture" with the glad news that "the snow's runnin,' grandpa! Now you must do's you said you would."

And their grandfather never goes back on them, once he has given his promise, so the fires are built under the huge iron kettles out at the boiling place, and the kettles filled with water. Soon it is steaming hot and ready for scalding the buckets—lying in rows near by—having been hustled down out of the shed chamber and carried there by Leila and Alsie, in all the flutter and excitement of happy beginnings.

For the sugar-making season is coming..... It is already here!

Next morning, bright and early, the big old wood-sled—backed up the night before in readiness for an early start—stands waiting for its load. An ox sled, it is; none of your frivolous light running "bob" variety, but a big, heavy, ungainly affair; home-made, with long wooden runners; the kind of a sled that, as the country-folk say, "had to be chained to keep it in the door yard," because it was so crude and unwieldy.

When used for drawing sap barrels, it was fitted with a strong wooden frame. This frame, held together at its four corners with stout oak pins, was of a length and width to hold two barrels, placed end to end. Stakes about five feet long—three on each side—were driven into the top edge of the sled runners, and stood upright to keep the load from slipping off; that was their chief use; incidentally, however, they were such fine things for

Leila and Alsie to hold on and swing by when the sled was in motion.

Soon the old sled was piled high as it could hold with the long rows of sweetly-fragrant wooden sap buckets. And grandpa—after what seemed to Leila and Alsie ages and ages of waiting—appeared at last around the corner of the barn, driving before him "Daniel and Darius," the big old widehorned spotted oxen. After many "whoa-hishings" and "gee-offings," the placid, cud-chewing creatures were finally backed up over the sled-tongue, and their yoke-ring slipped into the iron groove at the end of it. Then, with an awakening prod from grandpa's goad-stick, they settled themselves to their load; swaying their heads from side to side, and stepping out with slow, measured tread, the load, in a manner, is on its way.

And what a load it was!

The big, toppling pile of buckets; the basket of tools for tapping the trees, and last—but not least—the two girls themselves. Leila swinging by one sled-stake and Alsie by another, with Trudger yelping and bounding on ahead. Grandpa, wading knee-deep in the soft snow by the side of the oxen, guides them along up and down the deep-rutted, snow-filled wood road that winds along past the barn, down through orchard, fields and rocky pasture to the Sugar Place.

And what a ride it was!

For the hills were steep, the hollows filled with soft snow, and a heavy, unwieldy load is pushing the oxen hard ahead. . . . Old and experienced fellows—Daniel and Darius. They know the value of a step ahead before taking the plunge and very carefully and cautiously do they step along.

And what jolly sport it was!

Down the long slope of snow-covered fields, gleaming crisply

white in the morning's sunshine, we go—bumping along; thrilling with anticipation and making the hills echo with our shouts of laughter, as we come up out of one "thank-you-marm," only to nose down into a deeper one, where Daniel and Darius—like Doctor Foster—go up to their very middle, as they plunge and wiggle and plough their way through.

And how slow we go! The poky old oxen barely crawled, it seems to us, their noses poked straight out, horns laid on shoulder, holding back—holding back, all the way. . . . Would we ever get there?

To the edge of the big wood we came—at last! The big, still, mystery-whispering wood! How beautiful it looked that bright March morning! What sparkles of sunshine were thrown back at us from boughs and branches of evergreen and maple—weighted and bending low with their fluffy masses of yesterday's "sky-feathers!"

And what jolly sport—ducking our heads to escape the soft showers from the snow-weighted, bending-low branches, as we ploughed our way past them into the wood! Then the fine woods-y tang that breathed up to us. . . . How we thrilled with the keen enjoyment of it, and of our own importance in being there—to "help grandpa."

Our hand-sled, for us to haul the buckets on from tree to tree, trails the big sled all the way down. Here it is, and almost before we know it grandpa has it piled full up for us. Yes, and here's the basket of "tapping things," too—"Noah's Ark," we always called it, because it was always filled with everything you could think of: the big auger for boring the holes in the trees, the spiles, hammer and nails, bits of wire and string, and—oh, everything!

Swinging the jingle-ty, junk-

e-ty basket over his arm, grandpa leads the way to the nearest tree, with Leila and I at his heels, pulling and tugging at our load of buckets, as it slides and slews over the uneven path.

Have you ever tried to pull a loaded hand-sled over untrodden ground, covered deep in snow? Some pull, isn't it? That was what it seemed to us—a hard old pull, and only a single track of footsteps ahead of us to mark the way.

Our heavy load, our uneven path, our sudden stop to watch the glint of scarlet on the head of a bobbing woodpecker, and to listen to his tock-tock-tocking, as he winds around a nearby tree, then glimpsing a chipmunk on a spruce bough, directly over our heads, chittering down at us and eyeing us so inquisitively, had made us lag a long way behind grandpa. And now he is calling:

"Come, come, children! What makes you so slow?"

So we leave little Tapping Red-head and Mr. Chippy Chipmunk, and hurry along with our load as fast as we can go. And now that we hear the tapping-iron biting into a tree, how fast we hurry along up to grandpa—to stand on tiptoe, watching for the first drop of sap to trickle down, as the tapping-iron is twisted out.

Then we hand up a spile, then the hammer, then a nail: these driven home, how we hurry along a bucket for grandpa to hang on the nail, so that not a single drop shall be wasted! Then we all wait for the soft tinkle and the faint, sweet smell of the sap as it drips, pattering down the side of the bucket.

Oh, yes; and to remember this particular tree as the one to come back to for our first drink of sap. There'll be a good big dipperful

pretty soon, for see how fast it drops.

"Just look, grandpa," we exclaim, "see how fast the sap drops!"

Can you think of anything more sweetly refreshing than those long draughts of sweet sap—out of those fragrant sap-buckets? Isn't it a taste that lingers? And wouldn't you like a tin dipper full right now?—yes, that's what I said—"tin dipper." Who ever heard of drinking sap out of anything but a tin dipper?

Then we go on to the next tree; and the next and the next, till we have made the round of a full morning's work, and come back to the place of beginning—the empty wood sled and the stolid, cud-chewing oxen, standing just where we'd left them; they haven't stirred out of their tracks all the time we've been gone.

And you better believe we lose no time in getting ready to go home. For our brisk work, and the sharp morning air, has made us hungry as wolves! Daniel and Darius are hungry, too, and need no prodding as they nose for their hay-filled manger.

So we make quick time—up the hills and home.

And when we get there, was there ever anything that could have tasted "gooder" to us than the steaming pot of baked beans and the huge loaf of brown bread that mother has already on the table, waiting for us? Then there was the baked Indian pudding, too; little gold-brown islands of it—dipped with no stinted hand into our plates, and surrounded by a high tide of maple sugar-sweetened cream.

Hoop—ee! Hoop—ee! But it was good!

And couldn't we have some more of it? we begged, licking the bowls of our inverted spoons, and reaching out our scraped-clean plates, arms length, towards the huge pud-

ding pan,—just a little, teeny bit more?

We could. Grandpa said so. For we'd been good girls that morning. Done just exactly what he told us to and helped him a whole lot; didn't go chasing after squirrels only just once; nor race 'round, scaring up partridges, nor anything; just 'tended to their knittin' and worked like little beavers! "So give 'em all the pudding they want, and cream, too—just lots of it! They've earned it."

It was pretty good, listening to praise like that from grandpa. It made us feel quite puffed up—that, and the pudding. And for being so wonderfully good we were standing a pretty fair chance of being filled to the limit with—both.

Well, praise and pudding were pretty good things, we thought.

IV.

Now a late spring, as this particular spring proved to be—for after the first generous run there were days and days of grim old winter before it was warm enough to "start the sap" again—means either a big falling off of the "sugar crop," or else working "like all possessed" from sun up till long after sun down.

"Making hay while the sun shines," and "making sugar while the sap runs," means exactly one and the same thing—that the farmer has to hustle.

Hustle is certainly the word.

For the sap, gathered at flood tide—and that is the way it flows, as the long delayed warmth sends it "welling to waiting bough and bud"—means running over buckets, and sap kettles kept "on the boil" day in and day out; sometimes, and very often, far into the night as well.

And what keen sport it was when mother would let us stay out at the 'boiling place' and wait for the sugaring-off," on those busy nights!

She would give us saucers and spoons, and when grandpa's long-handled sugar ladle "haired," as he stirred and lifted and poured—over and over again—the sweetly fragrant boiling syrup, we'd slip our saucers underneath and "get ours."

Then the neighbors, with boys and girls aplenty, would always come, in big pung-loads, for the end of the season Sugaring Off. And what sweet, sticky, stirring times we would have! Each and every one of us armed with a dish and spoon, beating and stirring the syrup into sugar.

A variation that always added a good bit of zest to the Sugaring Off, was a pan of snow to "wax the maple on." I wonder if there is any tid-bit that children—and many grown-ups—have a bigger sweet tooth for than "waxed maple?"

Other nights—in the big rush of things—we would be forgotten, and would stay out at the "boiling place" so late that we would fall asleep, and have to be carried to the house either by grandpa, or good natured old Bill Spooner—our "hired man."

V.

Just a word about faithful old Bill Spooner—gone to his reward long, long ago. He was rough and uncouth as he could be, but with a heart that was pure gold. Always in good humor. Never getting out of patience with us—no matter what we did or how bothersome we were to him.

In his younger days, before he "got stranded high and dry on these here mountings," as he used to say, he had been a sailor. And the stories he would tell us about his experiences on the "high seas, before the mast," as he proudly called them, were—to us—intensely thrilling! Always a new story every time; it made no difference

how often we begged for "just one more," we always got it.

Why, they would have filled books!

His description of shipwreck, and his "saved by the skin of your teeth" escapes, would make us positively shivery. Then he would tell us about the strangest kind of beings, who inhabited far away islands; oh, very dreadful creatures—half human, half animal, as he would describe them—that must have been, we thought, quite awful!.....And quite all lies, probably, many of his "yarns," but we believed them as seriously as we believed Bible stories, and with equal faith, I dare say.

Because of his thin, high-pitched voice, and because he mended his clothes and darned his "footens," we always called him, "Miss" Spooner.

To us children, a man sewing was a strange sight! We could never quite understand it. And wearing his thimble on his thumb, as Spooner did, and pushing his needle from him instead of towards him, as he sewed, was still another thing we couldn't understand. So we never missed a chance to watch him.

Yes; Spooner was odd and queer.

But we loved him in spite of his queer ways; perhaps we loved him more—because of them. Anyway, I distinctly remember that, when we said our prayers at night, we besought Divine guidance not only for grandpa, grandma and mother, but for dear old "Miss" Spooner, too.

VI.

Ours was the real old fashioned way of making sugar. Instead of a sugar house, situated in some accessible part of the Sugar Place, we had what was called a "boiling place." Huge iron kettles and deep sheet iron pans were set in a

solid foundation of rocks, with openings on the ground—big enough to take in good sized sticks of wood; small logs, in fact. This boiling place was set close up against the old stone wall that separated our apple orchard from the door yard, and was only a short distance from the house and directly opposite our big old red barn.

Making the sugar so near the house was, in many ways, preferable to the modernized methods of today, as different members of the family could easily look after the fires, and the boiling down of the sap, while the "men folks" were away on their long rounds of sap gathering. But it made the hauling of sap—up through the stony pasture and the lowermost edge of field, still more up—a very slow, toilsome task.

VII.

It had now got to be about the last lap in the sugar making race. For these were the lingering days of April. Spring was warming the New Hampshire hill sides, and sending their last snows, "singing in joy of their happy release," to swell the brook beds. The warm breath of April days was in the air, giving to the tree tops that softly pink haze that foretells not only the "soon coming bud and blossom," but the final days of the sugar making season.

And how the sap did run!..... Drop—drop—drop, so fast that it seemed almost a steady stream all day long; nights, too, it dript—when the frost held off. It made busy doings for grandpa and Spooner—twice a day gatherings—to keep pace with full-up and overflowing buckets.

Grandpa couldn't be bothered with us now. It had been several days since we had been with him

on his rounds, and we were getting pretty tired of being told every time.

"No, children, you can't go with me this trip.....I'm too busy."

So we decided there was going to be a change—if there was any virtue in teasing. We had stayed at home long enough.

It was mid-afternoon, and grandpa was getting ready for the second and last trip—for the day—to the Sugar Place.

Knowing, from past experiences, that we would be more likely to go, if we waited till the very last minute before we began to tease, we planned to be a bit "cagey" and not let on that we'd even thought of going—or tease a single tease—till just as he was starting off, and would be in too much of a hurry to stop for an argument, or to stop long enough to even say, "no; you can't go."

We had guessed right. He hesitatingly consented.

So with our little tin pails, to help him carry the sap—oh, we were going to help big, we were, to pay him for letting us come!... we started off.

Down over the same old wood road, we again jostled along. It was pretty hard going now, with the snow gone in spots; bare ground and muddy, part of the way, with big stones in the road that made the old sled scrunch and squirm, leaving a generous "grist" of shavings out of its runners—on their sharp edges—as we ground along over them. It made hard pulling for Daniel and Darius, too, but we didn't mind that; if they did, why, they should worry—not us. Our business was to get to the big, old, lovely wood again, for it seemed ages since we were last there—just ages!

And very soon we do get there, for grandpa is in a hurry and urges

the old oxen along as fast as they can go.

How enchantingly beautiful it looked!.....How enticing, as we slipped along the road into its very heart! And how we loved this deep old wood—so full of mystery and charm that it seemed to us like a big story book of never ending happenings! Listen!—what did we suppose the trees were telling each other in their soft, rustling whispers, which we could hear going on all about us? Something—some very pretty stories, we were sure—Fairy stories, perhaps.....How we wished we could hear them, too.

How fragrantly sweet and fresh everything seemed, with the "breath of budding leaves showing mistily" in the light of these late afternoon shadows!.....Shadows which were, as Leila described them, "Scotch-checkering everything all over," with their fine radiating, criss-cross lines.

A little way off—just over the tree tops—a big flock of crows are winging ponderously towards the top of a tall hemlock, where they settle down—at last; but not for a peace conference, for only listen to their scolding, "caw—caw—caw's!" "Such a very disagreeable, unhappy family," we think. "See how they want each other's places as they fly-hop from branch to branch; and get them, too, or else go flying off in the biggest kind of a huff, finding fault with everything—the cross old things!"

But listen—hear that?—that noise? Off that way, down by that bunch of spruce trees, it comes—"Trum—thrum—thrum," it goes; why, we know what that noise is, don't we? It's a cock-partridge, "drumming on a hollow log," so's to let his mate know he's all right, we guess. Wouldn't we love to crawl up real still and "see him drum?" "Look! up there, on that

tree"—there goes that self same Chippy Chipmunk, we're sure; fluffing up his tail over his back and peeping down at us, his little bead-y eyes so watchful and defiant, as if he might be saying to himself: "Well, what are you doing here in my woods? Do you think I am afraid of you? Pooh! Just let me see you try to catch me.... There, I knew you couldn't," he seems to chitter down to us, as, in frolic, we race along under the trees just to watch him jump from one tree to another—ever and ever so far ahead of us.

VIII.

But grandpa is calling us.

He is putting on his sap yoke, as we come running up to him, and telling us that we must stay right there by the oxen and sled; that Trudger must stay there with us; that it is getting late, close on to sun down; that he has to work fast, and we would only be in his way and hinder him *this* time, if we follow and try to help.... We don't like this—don't like it a bit; Why, we brought our pails on purpose to help! And it's just horrid nasty of grandpa not to let us go with him, so there! It isn't any fun at all, sticking around the old oxen and sled—waiting!

But grandpa is very firm; he means exactly what he says—we must mind him.... Stay right there.

But say—! watching grandpa's hurrying steps down the long wood road ahead of us, his sap pails dangling from the sap yoke and swinging with every step—Didn't we remember, right around here, somewhere, there was a little path that led off towards a clump of evergreens?—a place we always called the "Little Woods," because it was so thick and dense. Oh, here it is—right over here—see? And it leads right straight to our "Little Woods," where we always come

with mother to hunt for the earliest "Mayflowers."

It was, indeed, a most beautiful spot—a sort of secluded amphitheatre, "all curtained about" with lordly, wide-spread beeches and a dense undergrowth of spruce and hemlock..... A spot "Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook,"

where the earliest arbutus peeped out from their soft beds of moss, and where mother always allowed us to play all kinds of "make believes" as long as we liked, when we came with her in quest of these beautiful flowers..... Often fancying, as we played, the many strange, eventful things as likely to happen to us here in this *real* Fairyland! That's what it always seemed to us—a real *Fairyland*!

Why, we guess we *do* remember *that* place! And how surprised mother would be if we could find a little bunch of flowers to take home to her, wouldn't she?—even though we couldn't find more than two or three—or just a few buds?

And grandpa wouldn't mind our going just that little way off, would he? Why, we'd be close in sight of the oxen and sled all the time, and that wasn't anything but "staying right there"—just like he told us to—was it? And we'd take Trudger along with us..... Come, Trudger."

And away we sped along the little path that led to our "Little Woods," throwing a look around every few steps so as to be sure we kept the oxen and sled in sight—as a kind of sop for our disobedience, probably, and because we were—in spite of our vaunted courage—just a wee bit afraid.

You see we had never been there, except when mother had been with us, and when it was bright sunlight, while now it was nearing sun down, and the shadows were beginning to fall all about us. It

was something to give heed. Still, we just had to look. It wouldn't take us but a second, then we'd run right back and stay there by the sled till grandpa returned; yes; we would—we promised ourselves.

"Oh, Alsie, hurry up—quick!" cried Leila, getting ahead of me while I had stopped to tie up my shoe string and pull my tippet out of a tangle of cedar branches. "I've found one—see—right down here in this big bunch of moss."

"Wait—wait, Leila, let me break it off," I called, hurrying along as fast as I could run.

"Yes, Alsie, 'cause I found one first; then, if you find the next one you must let me break it off, will you? An' maybe, if we hunt real hard—oh, ever'n ever so hard—we can find a big, big bunch."

And away we run to pull away the moss and peep into every promising hummock, and deep green beds of ground pine. Every bud and half open blossom we found was proclaimed by wild cries of surprise and admiration, as we sped from place to place—all unconscious of how quickly the shadows of night-fall had closed in; of our promised, "just one look and we'd go right straight back," or of a tawny-gray shape—back there in the black depths of the spruce undergrowth—that had been warily gazing at us out of its round, glaring eyes, watching our every step.

And now, emboldened by the deepening shadows, it is stealthily padding around a clump of evergreens, slipping noiselessly as a thread under their low spreading branches, to the trunk of a fallen tree, crouching behind it, with its tufted ears and the gleam of its pale yellow-green eyes showing over the top of the log—as it watched us.

We had just spied another mossy knoll, and were running towards it, when Leila suddenly caught hold of my arm, pointed at a log, and

excitedly, in a half whisper, said:

"Oh! Alsie, see the pretty, big-wood's kitty; see—right over there by that log; the one where the tree bends down over it. Can't you see him? Look—look, there he is! See? He's crawlin' up on top o' the log. Oh, ain't he a big kitty? Let's us tiptoe up an' try to catch him. Sh—," laying her finger on my lips, "we mustn't make any noise, we'll scare him away, if we do. Step just as easy as you can," she whispered, moving cautiously forward, holding me tight by the hand and calling:

"Kitty—kitty—pretty kitty—come—," reaching out her hand towards it as we draw nearer and nearer, till we were up to within a few feet of it.

And so intent had we been on capturing it—so watchful in fear it would escape—that we had not noticed how, as we had cautiously crept towards it, the tawny bulk had been quite as cautiously creeping towards us. And its sudden nearness now—it was almost right on us, and, oh, what a monster it looked!—fairly stunned us.

At that instant it looked anything but a "pretty kitty." Holding us stock-still—we scarcely breathed, we were so terrified by the intense fixity of its glaring eyes—it slowly flattened its body, laid its ears close back against its head, opened wide its jaws—so red and big and full of sharp white teeth—and gave a spitting snarl! A snarl so avid, so unexpectedly frightful that it sent us backward like a blow.

In a flash the huge gray bulk sprang out at us—stunning us into voiceless terror as it hissed and snarled and struck, with wicked, stinging blows.

The frightening shape on every side of us—a mass of teeth and claws and terrific muscle that ripped and tore wherever it clutched.

It struck at me first, sending me

to the ground with one blow of its paw that tore, as it struck, through my hood and into my scalp, so deep that the scar plainly shows, even now. That I was saved from more, and still wickeder blows, was due to Leila's screams, her frantic blows with her tin pail over the creature's head, and the worryings of valiant old Trudger. But it was beaten away from me, only to fall upon Leila with doubled fury, striking Trudger out of its way with one rake of its tearing claws that sent the poor dog howling.

I tried to scream, but I was so scared I couldn't open my mouth. I tried to get up, but I trembled so from fright and the hurt of that awful bleeding scratch, that I couldn't stand. And there was Leila—screaming and crying out to me, only a few feet away—trying to beat off that awful wild cat.... Alone!

Oh, I must get there, somehow—I must—I must! I began crawling on my hands and knees, and had managed to get almost up to her, when her foot caught in the tangled vines of ground-pine, and she fell head-long. But the instant she went down, Trudger leapt out at the cat with a force and fury that sent both dog and cat to the ground. Over and over they rolled, in a clutch that filled the air with yelps and spitting snarls and flying fur as they bit and scratched and tore.... Trudger would be killed.....He would be eaten up alive....Oh, he would—he would—! Why didn't grandpa come—Oh, why didn't he come—? "Grandpa, grandpa!" I scream, at the top of my voice, "Why don't you come—?"

He is coming, for just then the most terrible yells I ever heard in all my life—and hope never to hear again—rang out, and made the woods echo and re-echo with their awful intensity.

Our screams and cries had reached him, and had crazed him with fright. He knew some dreadful thing had happened to us. And his first thought was: "It's a wild cat!" Hence those blood-curdling yells, all the time he was running up to us, to scare the thing away.

They did scare the thing away!

And as silently as it had come upon us, it slipped out of sight, and was gone, leaving only the swaying of branches to mark the spot where it had fled into the thicket.

IX.

And there on the ground, insensible to all that had happened, lay Leila. The trampled moss, her clothing in shreds, the little tin pail—with which she had so vainly tried to beat off the blows—still gasped, battered and crushed, in her little red-mittened hands, tells, in unspeakable anguish to grandpa, as he comes crashing up, the story of her awful struggle.

For a second he stood leaning against a tree, breathless—from his run—and too crushed and dazed to move; his lips trembling, as he tried to speak her name.....

Stooping over her, he arranged, as well as his trembling old hands would let him, the tattered clothing; picked up her little hood—that had been flung to the ground with one tear of a wicked paw—put it on and tied it under her chin. Then, tenderly gathered her up in his arms and lifted her up on his shoulder, tucking the little limp hand, so terribly bitten and torn, into the breast of his frock for warmth and protection.

Bidding me walk in front of him, we started back to the wood road, where stand the waiting oxen. Poor whining Trudger follows limpingly along, to curl up close to me in the space in front of the partly-filled sap barrels—where there's just

room enough for us to squeeze in and to hold us from pitching out.

Then we begin the slow, sad journey out of the woods, and up the long stretches of hills and hard-going—home. The oxen moving along, with only the motion of grandpa's free hand laid on their yoke to guide them, all the way home. It seemed almost as if they understood we were in trouble, and they must do their part in helping us—so evenly and steadily do they move along up the steep hills.

X.

Now a strong, healthy child of nine years, lying limp and unconscious in one's arms, is no light burden; and many a stouter heart than that of the dear old grandfather's would have quailed at the undertaking, and waited for help, knowing that our unusual absence would arouse fears, and mother would be sending Spooner to look for us. But his one thought was—to get away—out of this deep, dark wood. Stout of heart, though he was, the terror of our struggles with the wild cat, and the thought of "what might have happened," was breaking him—he was terror-stricken!

With every step, he could feel against his arm the helpless swing of Leila's little red-mittened hand.

"I shouldn't have let them come," he kept saying to himself, over and over again. "But Leila had teased so hard.... He might never hear her hearings again"..... And the thought of how bad her hurt might prove, unnerved him, and made him realize, as never before, how dear—how unspeakably dear—she was to him; how he had, unconsciously, held her as something nearer and dearer than anything else in life.

"Yes, it had been going against his better judgement—letting them come, for all day long there had

been moments," he reflected, "when he had felt something 'hangin over him;' some vague foreshadowing that had seemed like a 'warning'.... He should have heeded it."

"Even when he left them there by the sled, cautioning them not to go away, he hadn't been able to shake off that 'dread of something,' but had gone on with his work," he remembered, "in an uneasiness of mind that had hurried him from tree to tree, and made him stop, every time he emptied a bucket, to look uneasily around, as if expecting to hear, or see, some unusual thing... Hark..... Listen..... What was that? P'shaw! How like a nervous old woman, he was getting! Why, its just the children—laughing and playing games around the sled; chasing squirrels, maybe; he could hear Trudger barking, too; why, they are all right," he had tried to assure himself. "Still—"

"Hark—what was that? They're not laughing now..... Why, it's Leila, screaming out in terrible fright!"

Flinging the pails of sap to the ground, and catching up his sap yoke, the next thing he was conscious of was tearing through the woods, fear-crazed, and yelling at the top of his voice as he races along, only to find Leila—when he reaches their Little Woods—as she now lies in his arms.

XI.

How still and shivery everything seemed all about us, as we slowly emerge from the woods into the moonlit fields. The only sounds to break the penetrating silence were the creaking sled, the scrunch of its runners over the stones, the panting oxen, the splot—splot of grandpa's sad, heavily burdened footsteps, as he moves slowly along beside them, and Trudger's little whimpers of pain as he cuddles

close up beside me. While farther away—comes the whispering trickle of the snow patches, still lingering in the hollows, and occasionally breaking with so startling a sound, as they shrank and settled, as to make the after-stillness even more deep and awesome. And to make me snuggle down beside Trudger even more closer—startled and shivering with fright.

And as we passed slowly on up by them, how every rock and weather beaten stump—along the whole way—seemed, to my overwrought nerves, to outline some lurking, moving shape!

XII.

But we were being missed up at the house. It was long, long past the time for us to be back—even allowing for the longest of rounds and any reasonable delay. Supper had been a long time ready. They were all waiting—waiting—and still no sign of us coming. Mother was getting very anxious. Spooner had finished his "chores," and comes in to ask mother if he hadn't "better be a-mosey-in' along down a piece, an' find out what the trouble is—; what'n timenation's a hinder-in' of 'em?"

"No, they'll be along pretty soon," she tells him, "You are tired. We'll wait a little while longer."

Grandmother, worried and nervous, was going from window, peering intently out and trying to visualize us in the different objects scattered along her line of vision.

At last she called out:

"I can see them, Sarah; they're just rising the little hill down below the orchard, but they are coming very slow—the oxen barely crawl.....Sarah, something's happened.....Father's—yes, father's holdin' something over his shoulder—it's—why, it's one of the chil-

dren! Go—somebody; go—quick, an' help him!"

And somebody did go quick. It was Spooner. And if anybody ever hit the high places on a keener jump than dear old "Miss" Spooner, as he lit out down the fields, they certainly would have had to "run some."

I shall never forget how he came tearing around the little clump of trees on one side of the road that quite hid us from him, and was right on us before he could "come off his gait"—how funny he looked—and how glad—oh, how glad—I was to see him!

Bare-headed, in his shirt sleeves and "stocking feet," waving an old carpet-slipper in each hand (he was pulling off his boots and had his old slippers in his hand ready to put on, when grandmother's—"Go—somebody!" rang out), he tore past us, stammering—"stutterin'," he called it, and when excited couldn't help it to save his life—so that nobody on earth could have told what he said, or meant.

As soon as he could slow up enough to turn around, he rushed up to grandpa and held out his arms for Leila, "stutterin'" away like a house afire. It was so dark he couldn't see how badly she was hurt, else there would have been no help from him. He would have "stuttered" himself to death then and there—likely.

But grandpa motioned him away, barely indicating, with a wave of his hand towards the oxen, that he would leave the load for him to drive up the rest of the way, and said:

"No, no, Spooner, I—I can't give her up." And sped on up to the house.....

Well, the dear old grandfather

With the best of intentions

didn't have to give her up, although And all her life she bore deep,
it was many weeks—many long, ragged scars made by the tearing
weary, tearful-watching days and teeth and the ripping claws of a
nights—before we were told Leila blood-thirsty wild cat.
would get well.....

THE HARBINGER OF SPRING.

A "Spring Song."

By Jennie E. Hussey.

There's a dear little flower,—I know of none fairer—
That follows the soft April showers;
To me it is dearer and sweeter and rarer
Than even the queen of all flowers.

Refrain

O trailing arbutus! fair harbinger, thou,
Of spring-time and blossom-time sweet.
What hope and what cheer, after skies dark and drear;
How gladly thy blossoms I greet.

There's a hint of the snowdrifts with sunrise above
them,
Among the green leaves where you shine.
Fair Puritan blossoms, I cherish and love them;
They bring me a new hope divine.

For I know that each winter is followed by spring-time,
As midnight to morning gives place;
And sweet April showers and breezes and sunshine
Will make the earth blossom in grace.

A FEW PAGES OF POETRY

Through the kindness of Mr. Brookes More a prize of \$50 is offered for the best poem published in the Granite Monthly during the year 1921. The judges are Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, Mr. W. S. Braithwaite and former Governor

John H. Bartlett. A gratifying number of entries for the contest already have been received, some of which are printed herewith, while others may be found elsewhere in the magazine.

NATURE

By Emily W. Matthews.

Ye Artists!
Come unto me and humbly kneel before me,
For I am Nature, the great mother of Artists;
Your mother and your only true school mistress.
This Flower:
Its tints are something to wake dreams
And morning fancies in your hearts,
And every curve of leaf and petal, crisp
With dainty grace, wakes innocent delight.
And see!
My sweeps of wooded slopes,
That, undulating, sinuous and strong,
Are clothed in changing colors as the seasons and the
hours come and go.

Observe!
How well my tender hand
Has covered with a thousand graceful vines
Trailing and looping, shedding fragrant scent,
The scars you leave upon my lovely hills.
See sparkling rivers and my mirroring lakes;
Flashes of light that dazzle your poor eyes
And make you rend your brushes—
I confound you
With curves and hues and filmy tracteries,
Perspectives, vistas, contrasts, each one new
And never twice the same—
Some times there are
When in a melting mood
I'm painted beauty all day long—
(Such pictures as no one of you can ape);
When day is done.
In ecstasy of inspiration
I fling across the sky
My palette—full of paints,

See, brilliant royal reds and flaming gold;
A wilderness of color, shot with light;
Dazzling, changeful, delirious, intense—
Which fades, through varying tints, to stars and night.

Musicians!
Hear my music;
Whose bass is beat by sombre waves on all my shores
And answered through my continents,
Full-throated, vibrant, strong,
By countless rivers striving toward the sea.
The treble's played by brooks.
My pastoral
Is fluted by the birds. My violins,
The rustling of a thousand million leaves
From South to North in answering melodies.
And all unite to make a song—
Ah, what a song! And it is nothing but
The throb of my large heart.

Oh sinner!
Come to my pine cathedrals,
For there is nothing there—no stifling cants—indiffer-
ence—
No creakings of the pews—no clink of coins
In contribution plates;
Nothing to hide from you
The face of my great beauty.
Lie down and turn your eyes to my blue sky
Which you believe is only there
To hide my secrets.
Find there in sky and trees
That interlace and swing in rhythmic grace
The secrets that you crave.
Put down your ear—
Yes—here among the needles
At the foot of these great trees.
Listen—you hear?
The beating of my ever throbbing heart!
Well, now, dear one, you are a part of me;
Bound to me close, as close as now you lie
Among the brown pine-needles.
“Being” I give, and then anon, reclaim you.
Perhaps when time has passed
“Being” I’ll give again;
But oh, ask not my dear, my little one—
That’s not for you to know!

VALENTINE

By Elaine Stern.

When you look into your heart
 And find me there
 Are you surprised?
 Just covered with amazement
 At seeing me
 So snugly curled up
 And smiling at you sleepily?

You wonder how I came there,
 Who let me in,
 You, who guarded the portal so closely,
 (I know you did, my own,
 You are just as much afraid as I
 Of being hurt.)

But all the time there I was——
 Taking complete possession of every corner
 And choosing the warmest spot for my own
 For ever and ever.....

I'll tell you how I did it;
 I sneaked in;
 Yes, I did,
 One day when you weren't looking,
 Until I found the tiny door,
 And found its key.
 The key was that I loved you so entirely
 I did not mind your knowing it at all,
 I, who have always kept my heart intact,
 I, who have said I'd play at loving!

Well, that was the key.
 I fitted it in, and turned the lock——
 And fell back gasping!
 Your heart is so beautiful inside.....
 Just large enough for me—and me alone
 (You see how selfish I've become!)
 And so, I'm now at home, Sir,
 My hours twelve to twelve.

And you need not be lonely any more,
Ever,
 Because when you walk, or golf,
 Or talk, or write, or read,
 You'll know I'm there,
 Just buttoned snugly up beneath your vest.

APRIL

By Mary E. Hough.

Some big wet drops fall slowly one by one;
Then suddenly descend a sheeted stream.
Starting a deluge just for fun
To see the lazy eaves spouts run,—
When lo! there flutters down a gay sunbeam.

Again, more wind than rain, they beat and pound
As if somehow a threatening cloud decreed
That they should storm the soggy ground,
Blow up what new seed can be found,—
And satisfy an elemental need.

Now timidly it rains or darkly lowers.
The rain-drops and the fog-sprites keep their tryst,
Making out programs for their April showers
And choosing what they'll have for flowers,—
Then once again the sun peeps through the mist.

IN VIOLET TIME

By L. Adelaide Sherman.

One rare spring day she gathered violets;
Then life was young and all her days were May.
She knew no haunting past, no vain regrets,—
She gathered violets; and down the way
Where trillium bloomed, hepatica and sweet
Pink lady's slipper, strayed her loitering feet.

He brought her violets when stars less bright
Than her clear eyes, love-lit, adown the sky
Moved to slow music, trailing veils of light.
She lost the world—she knew that he was nigh;
And her white soul, swept by a flood of song,
Was borne on visioned wings of joy along.

We laid blue violets upon her breast;
Poor wounded heart, so long inured to pain!
We left with her the flower she loved the best,
For months had passed and it was spring again.
Then, while we stood with blinded, tear-wet eyes,
She bore her violets to Paradise.

EDITORIALS

In its issue of August, 1920, the Granite Monthly advised Presidential Candidate Harding to tell the people that if elected he would invite into his cabinet, Elihu Root, Herbert C. Hoover, John W. Weeks, and other men of like calibre. A little later in the campaign the same suggestion was made by the Saturday Evening Post, a publication of somewhat larger circulation than the Granite Monthly. Mr. Harding did not see fit to take this course of action and the result in November showed that he did not need the additional number of votes which it would have brought him. But without making the pledge he has carried it out and Mr. Hoover and Mr. Weeks today have seats at the cabinet table with Mr. Hughes as an entirely satisfactory substitute for Mr. Root. While the other members of the cabinet do not have the same standing in the public mind as the three named, several of them seem to be especially fitted for the posts to which they have been invited. New Hampshire is recognized by the choice of her native son, Mr. Weeks, whose name thus is added to the notable list which began with Levi Woodbury, and has included Webster, Chase, Cass, Chandler, Dix, Fessenden, Dearborn and others.

Last month the people of New Hampshire refused with emphatic decision to ratify any of the four amendments to the constitution submitted to them. We are still of the opinion that the best interests of the state would have been served by the ratification of all of them, but that is a question now of only academic interest. The immediate problem presented by the failure of the income tax amendment is how to pay the state's bills. As this is written the legislature

is adopting the solution of cutting to the bone the living expenses of the state government and refusing absolutely to make any extension of its activities on any lines, however worthy and desirable. Two years of this policy may not do any great harm; may have, in fact, a salutary effect in certain directions. But to continue it indefinitely would make New Hampshire a by-word among her sister states. In a decade the damage thus done would be well nigh irreparable. The General Court of 1923 will be looked to for a sounder financial policy.

The series of articles upon the state government of 1921-1922 has been interrupted this month in order to allow time for the preparation of an article to be published in the May issue, giving an outline of the work of the legislature at its three months' session and portraits and sketches of some of the leaders in the lower branch to supplement Mr. Metcalf's story of the Senate in the March number.

New Hampshire is forging ahead fast among the states in magazine making, both as to quantity and quality. Few establishments in the country excel the output of the Rumford Press at Concord, with the Atlantic, Asia, Century, House Beautiful, St. Nicholas, North American Review, Yale Review, and many others on its list. And now we have just learned that the Photo-Era magazine, one of the handsomest and most interesting class publications extant, is being published at Wolfeboro, where its editor and manager, Mr. A. H. Beardsley, has taken up his residence. Certainly in its new location Photo-Era has no lack, in beautiful scenery, of "raw material" for its justly famous illustrations.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Norman Hapgood, journalist and diplomat, has been for a quarter of a century a resident during a large part of almost every year of New Hampshire and has taken a more than academic interest in our politics. In return we take a lively interest in whatever Mr. Hapgood writes, finding him always pungent, readable and well informed, even when, as often is the case, we disagree with his conclusions. "The Advancing Hour," his latest book, is published by Boni & Liveright of New York and deals with problems of the immediate yesterday, today and tomorrow.

He finds this a time of "a double revolution, shifting of class power and shifting of the nations," and regrets that this country has become "the home of reaction" and has taken to "the storm cellar," becoming meanwhile the victim of a "blockade of thought." Mr. Hapgood defines the issues of Nationalism, the class conflict, and tells why he finds himself just now "a man without a party." He answers in the negative the question, "Is Socialism needed?" and finds in co-operation between farmers and other labor the solution of the situation. "Liberalism," which he seems to find embodied in Mr. Justice Brandeis, is another of Mr. Hapgood's requisites for the future of our nation.

Two chapters he devotes to explaining his very well known attitude in favor of the soviet government in Russia and another to explaining why President Wilson reaped no harvest from the seeds of great deeds which he sowed. Finally he answers the question, "What is our faith?" which seems to be that the Sermon on the Mount should supplant the Ten Commandments as the individual and national law of conduct.

"The Advancing Hour" is brilliant and stimulating. Conservative readers may think that it would violate the Volstead Act of letters, if there were such a statute.

James Oliver Curwood, very popular novelist of the North, issues through his publishers, the Cosmopolitan Book Company, New York, a pretty little book, "God's Country: The Trail to Happiness," which, it is hoped, will share in the wide circulation of his stories; for it will do its readers good. Mr. Curwood has found for himself a religion in nature which he preaches to all who will hear. In the vivid style of which he has wonderful command he tells of the days when he was a "killer" and of how a great grizzly bear made him see the error of his ways and of how he found "the road of faith." Mr. Curwood has not discovered anything new. The worship of nature was the first religion and it never has lacked for devotees. But this writer preaches it with an eloquence that entices and a sincerity that impresses. His answer to the riddle of the ages is not, to us, complete and satisfying; but his back to nature remedy for the ills of the times is a good one and very easy and pleasant to take whether here among our New Hampshire hills or in the mighty Rockies of which Mr. Curwood writes.

The series of books issued under the auspices of the Red Cross to inform the American people as to what their dollars did over seas when spent by the Red Cross organization is concluded with a volume, "American Red Cross Work Among the French People," by Fisher Ames, Jr., published by

Macmillan, New York. It tells the story of civilian relief work in France alone and gives a clear idea of the importance and the magnitude of this endeavor. Previous titles in the series have been "The American Red Cross in the War," "The Red Cross in Italy," "With the Doughboy in France" and "The Passing Legions." It is good to

have this glorious accomplishment fully and justly recorded, and maybe the books will serve the further purpose in these disappointing days of "peace" of recalling to mind the times of "war" when men and women showed the pure gold rather than the polished brass of their composition.

RAIN IN APRIL

By Helen Adams Parker.

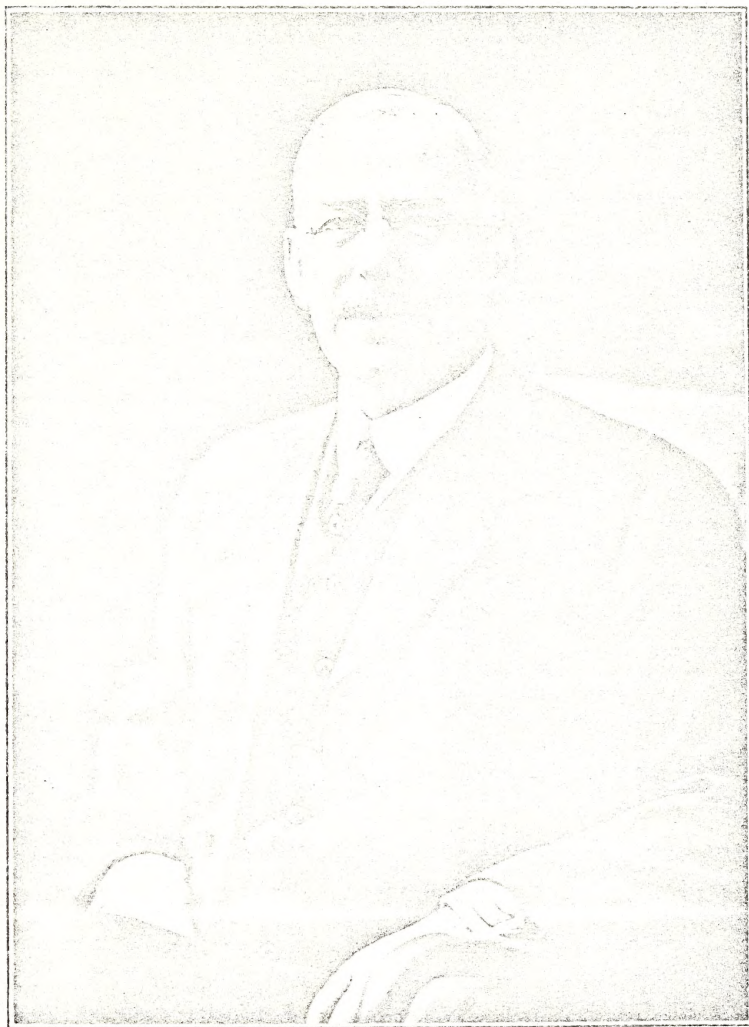
The wind sighs through the casement,
It growls behind my chair;
The dry leaves left from Autumn
Go flying everywhere.

The bare trees look so sombre,
Upreaching to the sky,
Their leaden branches rocking
Above the earth so high.

The birds fly under cover,
Or circle—overhead,
The wind, it blows so fiercely
They seem to be afraid.

But hush! it all is over
The wild wind's fret and frown,
A wing dove oils its feathers,
The April rain comes down.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



THE LATE FRANK L. KENDALL

COL. FRANK L. KENDALL.

Colonel Frank L. Kendall of Rochester, one of the leading insurance men in New England, a public-spirited citizen with a wide social acquaintance, bank director and president of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, died suddenly on Saturday, May 29, 1920, while on a fishing trip at North Wakefield. The news came as a great shock not only to his home city, but to the great number of his friends throughout the state and country.

Colonel Kendall was born in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, June 25, 1871, the only child of L. L. and Maria A. (Poland) Kendall, his father being a life long resident of Vermont and a well known merchant there.

Frank L. Kendall graduated from the St. Johnsbury Academy just before he was sixteen years of age. After leaving school, he accepted a position in the post office at St. Johnsbury, remaining there about a year. At the end of this time

he associated himself with the Vermont Central and Boston and Maine Railroads as telegraph operator at Burlington and St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and Concord and Lakeport, New Hampshire.

Then he accepted a position in the insurance business with True E. Prescott of the Melcher and Prescott Agency at Lakeport, New Hampshire, where he remained ten years, the last year of this time giving part of his time to work as an adjuster for the American Central Insurance Company of St. Louis, Mo., in connection with the agency at Laconia.

Leaving there in 1892 to accept the management of the A. S. Parsley Agency at Rochester, New Hampshire, he held that position about two years and then purchased the agency. The business grew by leaps and bounds under his management until it became one of the largest agencies in New Hampshire. For many years he was associated with insurance men of high standing and was a member of the New Hampshire State Board of Underwriters. A short time before his death he with other Rochester capitalists bought the Prudential Fire Insurance Company, re-organized it and moved its headquarters to Rochester.

Colonel Kendall's activities were by no means confined to insurance, however. He was at different times interested in various branches of retail trade and had large real estate holdings. He was for years a director in the Rochester Loan and Banking Co., and after its merger with the Rochester National bank, continued as director in the consolidated institution. For many years he had been treasurer of the Rochester Fair association, where his great business ability, system and accurate accounting methods were of the greatest advantage to the association. He was one of the leading organizers of the Rochester Country club, had been its president and was always a prominent member. He had been secretary and treasurer of the Rochester Building and Loan Association, one of the oldest and most prosperous organizations of this sort in the state.

Ever since living in Rochester, he had

affiliated with the Congregational church and had taken a great interest in its work. He served as warden for a number of years and at the time of his death was moderator of the society. He was always ready to contribute money and time to further the interests of the church.

Colonel Kendall at the time of his death was president of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, to which he had devoted much time and thought.

During the war, his services as an organizer were in great demand. No man was more efficient in this sort of work than he and he organized and directed many of the big drives in his community and in the county. His card indexes connected with these drives are still preserved and will prove of great interest and value in the future beyond a doubt.

He had a large hand in starting the Rochester hospital and was the treasurer of the association until he resigned and was elected chairman of the board of trustees.

Colonel Kendall secured his military title by service on the staff of Governor Tachelder. He was a thirty-second degree Mason, a member of the Rochester lodge, chapter, council, commandery, and Eastern Star, and of Aleppo Temple of the Mystic Shrine; and was also an Odd Fellow.

Colonel Kendall married Miss Sarah E. Kennett, sister of the late Hon. A. Crosby Kennett of Conway. She survives him, together with one son, Kennett Russell. He also leaves two half sisters, Mrs. Clara M. Plummer of Lakeport, and Miss Elizabeth Kendall of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and a half-brother, Josiah B. Gage of Olean, N. Y.

His home paper, the Rochester Courier, said at the time of his death: "Few men in a community of this size have ever had so great a variety of activities as Colonel Kendall was engaged in. These continued up to his death and his loss will certainly be greatly felt here and elsewhere. He was public-spirited in the highest degree and was never called on in vain for any public enterprise of merit."

THE ROAD TO JERICHO

By Alice M. Shepard

All down the road to Jericho
Ajourneying the people go,—
The priest, the Levite, and the man,
The thieves, and the Samaritan.

Sometimes the Levite and the priest,
Oft times the "neighbor" on his beast,
Will fare along with one intent,
To frustrate what the thieves have meant.

They bind the wounds, they pour in oil,
They spare not scrip, they stint not toil,
To heal the nations if they may,
And help them, limping, on their way.

O futile pilgrims! Why so blind:
And slow of heart in being kind?
Why leave the ambush, and the den,
Whence robbers come to prey on men?

The groaning world cries out in need:
"Heal those that suffer, heal and feed,
Yet more, prevent my future woe,
Make safe the road to Jericho."

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HON. FRED A. JONES,
Speaker of House of Representatives.

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New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE WORK OF THE LEGISLATURE

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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MAY, 1921.

No. 5.

THE WORK OF THE LEGISLATURE

By H. H. Metcalf.

The New Hampshire General Court of 1921 assembled on Wednesday, January 5, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and was prorogued a little after 11 o'clock in the evening, actual time, at 5 p. m., legislative time, on Thursday, April 14. Of these 100 days, 72 witnessed sessions of the two bodies and business was transacted on 44 of them.

There originated in the Senate 41 bills and three joint resolutions; in the House, 417 bills and 66 resolutions. Of these 283 became laws and 244 failed of passage. The Governor did not veto, or withhold his approval from any measure submitted to him.

There were two deaths during the session among the members of the Legislature. Hon. Joe W. Daniels of Manchester, senator from the 22nd District, died suddenly of heart disease towards the end of a session during which he had endeared himself to his associates by his genial kindness and had proved himself a faithful and efficient public servant. Representative James A. Gallagher of Ward Seven, Nashua, was fatally ill at the opening of the session and never took the oath of office. Sickness also prevented Representative Wilbur G. Colcord of Ward Three, Manchester, from taking the seat to which he was elected.

According to the figures given in the Official Manual of the General Court, the Senate was made up of 21 Republicans and three Democrats; the House of 294 Repub-

licans, 109 Democrats, and one Independent, George L. Porter of Langdon. The House was especially distinguished as to membership because of the fact that for the first time in the history of the state women occupied seats as entitled representatives of two towns, Mrs. Mary L. (Rolfe) Farnum of the town of Boscaawen, and Miss Jessie Doe of the town of Rollinsford. They were notably faithful and quietly efficient in the discharge of their duties and were highly respected and esteemed by their associates.

Another unprecedented feature of this session of the legislature was the resignation, at its close, of Hon. Leslie P. Snow of Rochester as president of the senate in order to accept an appointment as justice of the supreme court. Senator James A. Tufts of Exeter was elected by acclamation, on motion of Senator Charles S. Emerson, to succeed President Snow, thus establishing beyond question the succession to the governorship in case of the absence or disability of the present Chief Executive.

The usual presentation of gifts to the officers and attaches of the two branches occurred on the final day of the session and was featured by the gift of a purse of gold to Representative William J. Ahern of Ward Nine, Concord, the member of longest legislative service, and whose work in expediting the business of the session was universally recognized as of the greatest value.

The New Hampshire Legislature of 1921

DID

- Reduce the state tax.
- Protect the state roads.
- Codify the school laws.
- Authorize credit unions.
- Regulate the sale of seeds.
- Increase motor vehicle fees.
- Enact a new pharmacy law.
- Authorize the closing of jails.
- Raise the bounty on wild cats.
- Relieve women from jury duty.
- Allow the killing of fewer deer.
- Free the Dover-Eliot toll bridge.
- Authorize a state publicity board.
- Equalize salaries of state officials.
- Regulate the naming of highways.
- Legislate against daylight saving.
- Require a woman factory inspector.
- Protect maternity and infant welfare.
- Name the Daniel Webster Highway.
- Remove the limit from interest rates.
- Assist the Grand Army of the Republic.
- Make June 30 the end of the fiscal year.
- Provide continuing boards of selectmen.
- Establish the office of state veterinarian.
- Regulate the sale of inflammable polishes.
- Reduce the amount of state aid to schools.
- License chiropractors and lobster fishermen.
- Make large anti-tuberculosis appropriations.
- Make six inches the legal size of brook trout.
- Require the payment of fees into the state treasury.
- Make provision for state university extension courses.
- Give the American Legion quarters in the state house.
- Change the manner of distributing the session laws.
- Provide for the expenses of the Constitutional Convention.
- Raise the debt limit of the city of Manchester and furnish the city with state-appointed highway and finance commissions.
- Provide for commissions on divorce laws, workmen's compensation, water power conservation, 300th anniversary of the settling of New Hampshire, foreign and domestic commerce, Connecticut River traffic.

The New Hampshire Legislature of 1921

DID NOT

Regulate billboards.
Aid agricultural fairs.
Allow absentee voting.
Extend state activities.
Encourage bee keeping.
Increase appropriations.
Censor moving pictures.
Raise the pay of jurors.
Repeal the divorce laws.
Liberalize the Sunday law.
Tax furniture and fixtures.
Provide public warehouses.
Allow women to hold office.
Lay out new state highways.
Establish a state police force.
Prohibit stalls in restaurants.
Repeal the direct primary law.
Regulate the gear of automobiles.
Tax the income from intangibles.
Give Manchester a normal school.
Punish the libel of religious sects.
Make topographic maps of the state.
Abolish the state board of education.
Establish a minimum wage commission.
Establish a state board of piano tuning.
Remove the protection from pheasants.
Require the union label on state printing.
License plumbers and electrical workers.
Direct a re-valuation of taxable property.
Provide for a revision of the public statutes.
Exempt from taxation farm mortgages at 6 per cent.
Establish a 48 hour work week for women and children.
Exempt from taxation new homes and farm improvements.
Require that the deputy secretary of state should be a woman.
Abolish the offices of liquor law enforcement and state liquor agent.
Make the highway and fish and game departments triple-headed commissions.
Require the inspection and licensing of hotels and restaurants and makers of ice cream and beverages.

The presentation address to this honored veteran was made by Representative William E. Price of Lisbon, one of the new members, who attracted attention by his evident fitness for the work of legislation.

In his address proroguing the legislature, Governor Brown said to its members:

against destructive use; for the improvement of the school law and some reduction in the cost of its operation; for the closing of certain jails; for the equalization of salaries paid by the state; and for the payment of fees and other income into the state treasury.

"Extensive provision has been made for continuing the fight



HON. WILLIAM J. AHERN,
Parliamentary Leader.

"It is the quality, not the quantity, of your work, that will commend it to your constituents.

"Among the acts of the session of major importance are the enactments providing for continuing boards of selectmen; for the maintenance of highways by the traffic they bear and for their protection

against tuberculosis in men and animals. The Sunday law has been retained, unimpaired, upon the statute book. The state's greatest highway has been named for her most distinguished son. The aid of the state has been extended to the city of Manchester to supply a need where local government, for

It is the purpose of the present
work to point out the various
ways in which the various
branches of the service are
interconnected and the
importance of the various
branches of the service in
the maintenance of the
service of the public.
The first part of the work
deals with the various
branches of the service
and the second part deals
with the various ways in
which the various branches
of the service are
interconnected.

the time being, had failed. Various commissions have been created to serve without pay in the interest of the state.

"The appropriations provide for necessities, only, and not for luxuries. They are reflected in a deficiency tax of \$450,000 for the current fiscal year; a state tax of \$1,700,000 for the next year; and of \$1,500,000 for the year following that.

"This result should mark a turning point in taxation. Your work in bringing it about is extremely gratifying to me, and in return I promise you the money appropriated shall be expended with the utmost care and prudence, and that, so far as it can be prevented, no deficiency will be permitted to accrue.

"I desire to thank you in behalf of the people of New Hampshire, whose servants you are and to whom you are about to return, for the general excellence of your record in legislation, and for the earnest and orderly manner in which, under a capable and efficient presiding officer, you have proceeded with your work. I also thank you for your splendid co-operation with me and for your kindness and courtesy to all with whom the public business has brought you into contact."

For various reasons this General Court was rather slow in getting into its stride and an unusually large number of measures were left for final disposition until the last fortnight of the session. This was due in part to the extended consideration given in committees to several important matters upon which continued hearings were desired.

Another cause was the comparative lull in the proceedings which followed the vote appropriating money to pay the expenses of a special session of the constitutional

convention. Until this one-day session had been held and the results of its work judged by the people on town meeting day, there was more or less uncertainty as to the legislative program with especial reference to taxation and appropriations. The decision of the people at that time not to open up new sources of revenue added to the obligation of the general court to keep down state expenses, and in that endeavor special inquiries were made into the finances of the state departments of education, highways and fisheries and game, those of the State College and the whole matter of state salaries.

The work of the committee on appropriations in the House and that of the committee on finance in the Senate, led by their respective chairmen, Hon. Harry T. Lord of Manchester and Hon. George A. Fairbanks of Newport, was done with remarkable thoroughness and fairness, and the support given the committee recommendations by the two branches was evidence of the confidence felt in the success of their endeavors for economy without parsimony.

The application of the pruning knife, however, to the work of the state board of education and an increased degree of supervision over its finances by the governor and council led to the resignation from the board of its chairman, Gen. Frank S. Streeter, and three of his associates, Thomas W. Fry of Claremont, Ralph D. Paine of Durham and John C. Hutchins of Stratford.

The most successful attempt to increase the revenues of the state was by increasing the fees charged for the registration of motor vehicles and changing the basis of payment from horse power to gross weight.

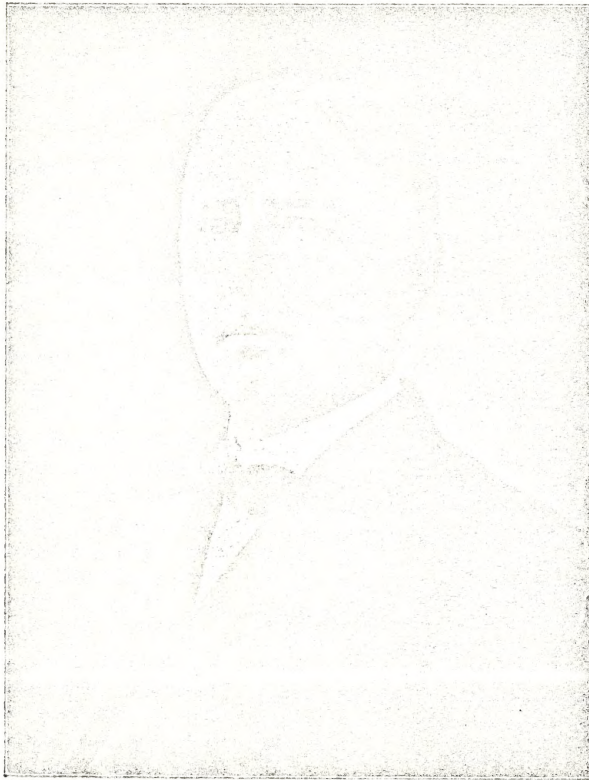
The presiding officers of both branches accompanied Governor

Brown, his council and staff to the inauguration of President Harding, the situation thus created presenting the interesting question of who was governor of the state during the absence from its borders of all three of the officers mentioned in the statutory succession.

It was the general opinion among those who have attended in one

branch, was to have a roll call as soon as possible.

The most words were employed in considering the conditions in the city of Manchester, but other topics of spirited debate were daylight saving, chiropractors, the Sunday law, the interest rate, salaries, the schools, the constitutional convention, and moving picture censor-



HON. HARRY T. LORD,
Chairman of Appropriations.

capacity or another many legislative sessions that there have been few in the recent history of the state so slightly featured by debate as that of 1921. "Orations" were few and far between; partisanship was almost entirely absent from the proceedings; and even in the case of those subjects upon which there was a decided difference of opinion, the desire, especially in the lower

ship. The number and excellence of the speeches made upon these subjects showed that the legislators could talk if they wished to, but that they lacked the inclination except on extraordinary occasions.

One word they could say, liked to say and did say, very frequently, was "no!" and by this characteristic perhaps the General Court of 1921 will live longest in history.

PERSONAL SKETCHES

SPEAKER JONES.

Seventy-five different men have presided over the deliberations of the New Hampshire House of Representatives since the organization of the State government under the Constitution of 1784, which, with various amendments, still remains in force. Of these seventy-five men, fifteen were called to service in the National House of Representatives; twelve represented New Hampshire in the U. S. Senate, and one was chosen to the presidency of the Republic. Most of these were men of ability and high character, and none of them ever disgraced the position to which he was called by his associates; but it is no reflection upon any to say that some, more readily and efficiently than others, performed the often trying, and sometimes delicate duties of the office. It may safely be said, however, that no man who has filled the Speaker's chair during the last fifty years, which is as far back as runs the memory of men familiar with the work of legislation in the state, has surpassed the present speaker in his perfect grasp of every situation, the promptness and accuracy of his rulings, the readiness and rapidity with which he has despatched the business of the House, the general courtesy of his bearing, and the absolute impartiality which has characterized his action whenever question or controversy has arisen.

FRED ANDROS JONES was born in Stoneham, Mass., April 9, 1884, son of Andros B., and Lizzie J. (Young) Jones. His father, a veteran of the Civil War, who has since been prominent in public affairs in city and state, removed to Nashua, N. H., when Fred A. was a child, and in the public schools of that city, Dartmouth College

(class of 1906) and at the Harvard Law School, he received his education.

Admitted to the bar in June, 1909, he began the practice of law in Lebanon in August following.

He attends the Congregational church, and there has never been any question as to the reliability of his Republicanism in politics. He was a Representative from Lebanon in 1913, serving on the Committees on Revision of the Statutes, Railroads, and Labor. He has been moderator of the Lebanon town meeting since 1914, and judge of the municipal court since 1915, and was a delegate in the recent Constitutional Convention. He has been active in party affairs, and a member of the executive committee of the Republican State Committee for the last seven years. He is a 32nd degree Mason, Knight Templar and Shriner, is affiliated with the Elks, Knights of Pythias, Patrons of Husbandry and Sons of Veterans, and a member of the Langdon and Sunset Clubs of Lebanon and the Chi Phi Fraternity.

On September 3, 1907, he married Mary Elizabeth Bennett. They have four children, Eleanor, Lucille, Robert and Donald.

The chairman of a prominent House Committee, familiar with the work of the session, gives the following estimate of the services of Mr. Jones as Speaker.

"One must go back to a period beyond the experience of any member at present in the House to find a speaker whose effectiveness in office will compare with that of Speaker Jones. We expect certain personal powers in any man chosen to govern the unwieldy New Hampshire House of Representatives. We also expect that against recognized virtues will be matched equally obvious defects. The surprising fact is that when we come to weigh the pros and cons in the case of the speaker of 1921 all the entries must be

made in the column of virtues. How stands the account?

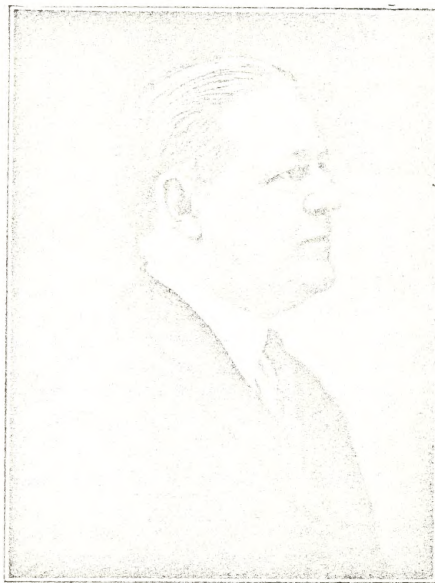
"To begin with, there is the question of voice. The Speaker's voice is clear, resonant, penetrating, yet agreeable; it reaches to the farthest limits of the gallery. His utterance is always distinct, with every syllable intelligible, even when the pace is hurried. Through all the rapid-fire repetition of form and phrase, first reading, second reading, third reading, reference, amendment, he never loses his bearings or becomes entangled. He presides with dignity and composure, sure in his rulings, unruffled by untoward incident, however sudden the jolt or confusing the unexpected problem. Discipline, in which many speakers fail, comes easily to him. The blow of his gavel registers not a piteous appeal for consideration but a peremptory order, and that order is obeyed. He is fair, granting to every man and every measure full justice and an equal chance. His statements are ever terse and explicit. He is not garrulous and he does not lecture.

"These be virtues, indeed, and a long list! One more, however, must be added, and that too, from the point of view of service to the state, of the first importance. Throughout the session Mr. Jones' aim seems to have been to see that the business of the House is done, rather than to contrive that it be done in his way. He plays no favorites. He does not use the power of his office to influence legislation. To be just and fair, to keep the house in order and hold it steadily to its work, to make the questions as they arise clear to every mind, to be the leader and director not of his party but of the whole house—these are ideals easily stated but difficult of attainment. Mr. Jones has made them a matter of daily practice."

WILLIAM E. PRICE.

William E. Price of Lisbon is a newcomer in legislative work who has made a record for efficiency in the present House, which is likely

to insure his return at the next election. He is a native of Woodstock Ill., born May 9, 1873; graduated from Brown University, Providence, R. I., A. B., in 1896 and A. M., in 1897, and is a member Beta Theta Pi Fraternity. In 1899, in company with his brother-in-law, B. S. Webb, he removed to Lisbon, N. H., and established the



WILLIAM E. PRICE

present N. E. Electrical Works, manufacturing electric wires and cables, with salesrooms in New York City.

Mr. Price is a Congregationalist and a Republican, and has been active in the affairs of the Republican party, holding, for the last fifteen years, the position of president, or chairman of the executive committee of the Lisbon Republican Club, being now its president. He has served the town six years as moderator, is at present a member of the school board and president of the supervisory district. He was a delegate in the recent Constitutional Convention, was fuel administrator



during the late war, member of the State executive staff for United War Work, one of the "Four Minute" men and local manager of various war relief drives. He is a 32nd degree Mason and Shriner. He has been active in public affairs as a citizen since locating in Lisbon and a leader in all movements for promoting the welfare of the community. He is actively interested in athletics and amateur theatricals.

Mr. Price is a member of the Judiciary Committee in the present House and is ranking member of the Ways and Means. He was the sponsor of the Chiropractors bill and made the leading argument in its support. As a speaker he is forceful and effective. He married, in 1899, Rebekah Webb of Providence, R. I. They have two children, a son entering Dartmouth College this year, and a daughter now in the Lisbon High School.

ELMER E. WOODBURY

Elmer Ellsworth Woodbury, Representative from Woodstock, has served his town and the state in various capacities, having been many years a selectman, town clerk and member of the school board, a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and again a delegate in the last convention; a member of the House and Chairman of the Elections Committee in 1909, and a member of the State Senate in 1915 when he served as chairman of the Forestry Committee and a member of the Committees on Agriculture, Elections and Finance. In the House, this year, Mr. Woodbury is chairman of the Committee on Mileage and has second place on the Forestry Committee. He has given close attention to his committee work and has evinced a strong interest in all legislative matters of public im-

portance. He was the originator of the plan adopted by the Legislature to procure a portrait of Abraham Lincoln to be hung in the hall of the House, and is chairman of the Committee to carry out the work.

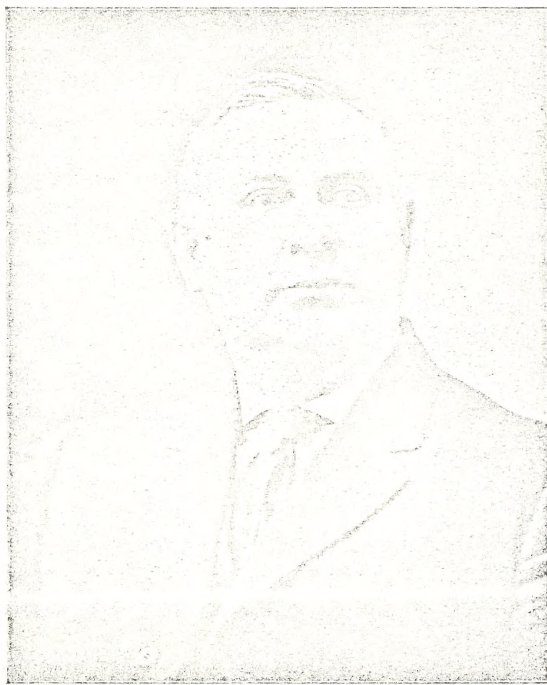
Mr. Woodbury is a native and life long resident of Woodstock, son of David and Mahitable (Russell) Woodbury, and educated in the public schools of Woodstock and Franconia. He is a Republican in politics and liberal in his religious views. He is a Knight of Pythias and a Patron of Husbandry, in which latter order he has been Master of his subordinate and Pomona granges, and a District Deputy of the State Grange. By occupation he is a farmer and builder, and is a district chief of the N. H. Forestry Department. He is a writer of note, under the pen name of "Justus Conrad," and was a leader in the movement for the development of the Lost River region. He married, September 4, 1885, Florence E. Chase of Concord. They have one son and a daughter.

WILLIAM A. LEE.

William Andrew Lee, Representative from Ward 8, Concord, may be accounted one of the "old timers" in the House, as he is now serving his fifth consecutive term, having been a member in 1913, 1915, 1917 and 1919, and returned with practical unanimity at the last election. In his first term he was a member of the Committee on State Hospital; in 1915 he was assigned to the same committee and that on Ways and Means, in 1917 the same as in 1915, and in 1919 to Revision of the Statutes and State Hospital. In the present legislature he serves on Revision of the Statutes and School for Feeble Minded.

Mr. Lee is a veteran in the public service, outside the legislature, having served in the Concord City government many years as councilman, alderman and assessor. He was also a delegate from Ward 8, in the last Constitutional Convention, and took an active part in the proceedings of that body, as he always has in the work of the legislature, both in Committee and on the floor.

crat, he has continued actively in the faith, and is at the present time a member of the Democratic State Committee. In religion he is a Roman Catholic. He is interested in all matters of public concern, and is a member of the Concord Chamber of Commerce. He married, October 10, 1883, Johanna Kelley of Northfield, Vt. They have one son, John J. Lee, born November 4, 1893, late deputy



WILLIAM A. LEE

He was born in Concord, April 10, 1861, the son of John J. and Kate (Coughlin) Lee; was educated in the public schools and learned the plumber's trade in early life, which business he has since followed, having been for many years past extensively engaged as a plumbing and heating contractor. Born and bred a Demo-

collector of U. S. Internal Revenue, and now in business in Concord.

DR. HENRY H. AMSDEN.

Among the new members of the House from Concord in the Legislature this year, taking prominent position, is Dr. Henry H. Amsden of Ward 4, who holds the

responsible position of chairman of the State Hospital Committee and is also a member of the Committee on Public Health, in the important work of both of which Committees he has taken an active part.

Dr. Amsden is the son of Hon. Charles H. Amsden, now of the Boston Custom House, and once prominent in Democratic politics in this state, having been the party nominee for Governor in 1888 and 1890. He was born in Ward 1, Concord, July 15, 1872, and was educated in the Concord High



DR. HENRY H. AMSDEN

School and the Boston University School of Medicine, graduating from the latter in 1896, and immediately commencing the practice of medicine in Attleboro, Mass., where he continued until 1905, since when he has been in active practice in Concord, with the exception of about a year with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, where he served in the Medical Corps, with the rank of Captain. He is a Republican in politics and

a Congregationalist in religion; a member of the Masonic fraternity, of the American Medical Association, N. H. Medical Society, American College of Surgeons, Medical Veterans of the World War, and the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States.

On June 29, 1898, Dr. Amsden was united in marriage with Grace F., daughter of Charles T. Page of Concord. They have two sons, John Page, born May 20, 1899, a graduate of Dartmouth, Class of 1920, and now an instructor in Chemistry in that institution, and Edward D., born January 16, 1908, now a student in the Concord High School.

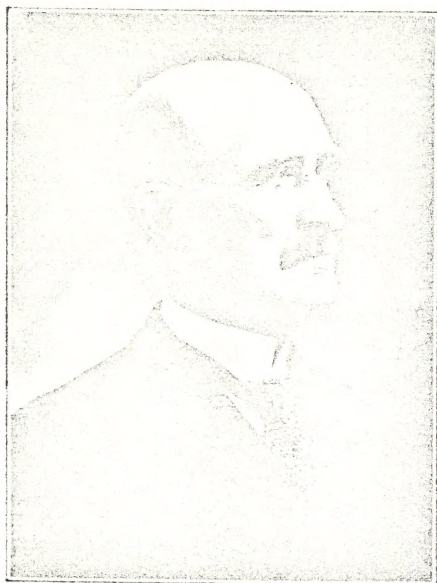
JAMES H. HUNT.

James H. Hunt, Republican, Representative from Ward One, Nashua, returns to the House this year, having served in the same two years ago as a member of the Committee on Appropriations, of which he is also a member this year, as well as Chairman of the Committee on Soldiers' Home.

Mr. Hunt is a native of the town of Stoddard, son of Timothy Hunt Jr., and Tryphena (Fisher) Hunt, born November 25, 1841. He was educated in the public schools of his native town, and resided there until 1872, except for an absence of three years, from August 1862 to July 8, 1865, as a member of the 14th N. H. Vols., in the Union Army during the Civil War, and a year immediately following the war, spent in California. He entered the service with the rank of corporal and was discharged as a lieutenant.

Returning to Stoddard he engaged in the stove and tinware business, and served as postmaster there three years. Removing to Nashua in 1872, he continued in the stove and tinware business until

September 1, 1879, when he was appointed Assistant City Marshal of Nashua, and served as such two years and four months, and as City Marshal five years. He engaged in the livery and boarding stable



JAMES H. HUNT

business in 1887, and continued in the business thirteen years. He has served as Coroner, Deputy Sheriff, and County Commissioner for Hillsborough County, for several years, retiring from the latter office in 1919. At present is engaged in no active business, but is a Notary Public, a director of the Nashua Trust Company, and of the Nashua Building and Loan Association.

Fraternally he is a member of all Masonic bodies, of the Loyal Legion, and the Grand Army of the Republic. November 21, 1867, he was united in marriage with Miss Rosalthe Upton of Stoddard. They observed their golden wedding in 1917.

WALTER M. FLINT.

The Chairman of the House Committee on Revision of the Statutes, who is also a member of the Judiciary, is Walter M. Flint of Plymouth, one of the few lawyers chosen to the legislature this year, who also comes for his first term, but has made a record for efficient service and is likely to be heard from in the future. Mr. Flint was born in Boston, June 15, 1877, son of Moses L. and Mary A. (Richards) Flint. He is a descendant in the ninth generation from Thomas and Ann Flint who came to America from Wales about 1640. His great grandfather settled in Lyme, N. H., in 1793, and the old homestead, on which his father and grandfather were born, is now occupied as a summer home.



WALTER M. FLINT

Mr. Flint was educated in the Boston schools, studied law in a Boston office, was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1903, and

practiced in Boston till 1911, in the meantime having been admitted to the bar of the U. S. Circuit Court. He removed to Lyme in the summer of 1911, and was admitted to the N. H. Bar in December of that year. He remained in Lyme until January, 1913, when he removed to Plymouth, where he has since been located in practice. While in Lyme he served one year as a selectman and also as a member of the school board. In Plymouth he served as justice of the Municipal Court from 1915 to 1918; has been a member of the school board from 1916 to date, and is moderator of the village precinct. He is a Baptist in religion, a Republican in politics, and a Mason of lodge, chapter, council and Eastern Star connection.

October 5, 1904, Mr. Flint was married to Elizabeth Hilton Marston of Boston, a native of Sandwich, N. H. They have two children, Dorothy Grace, born February 3, 1906, and Elizabeth Josephine, born December 30, 1912.

HARRY M. MORSE.

Littleton sent two Republicans to the present legislature, along with one Democrat, this being the first time since 1909 that any Republican has been elected a representative in that town. One of these, Harry M. Morse, who has been for many years in the practice of law there, was named by Speaker Jones as chairman of the important Committee on Judiciary, before which the bulk of the important business of the session always comes.

Mr. Morse was born in the town of Haverhill, March 22, 1858, son of John F. and Susan W. (Johnson) Morse. He was educated in the public schools of Lisbon, where he had removed with his parents in

early life, and at the New Hampton Literary Institution. He studied law in the office of John L. Foster and Hon. Edward D. Rand of Lisbon, was admitted to the Grafton County bar in August, 1880, and commenced practice as a partner with Judge Rand, continuing till the death of the latter in 1886, after which he was alone in practice. On December 31, 1889, he was united in marriage with Miss Helen E. Oakes of Littleton. Following his marriage he spent three years in California, where he was admit-



HARRY M. MORSE

ted to practice. Returning to New Hampshire he soon after removed to Littleton, where he has since resided, engaged in the practice of his profession, and taking a prominent part in public affairs. While in Lisbon he served as superintendent of schools, and in Littleton he has been a trustee of the public library, and justice of the municipal court. He was also a delegate from that town in the recent Constitutional Convention. In religion

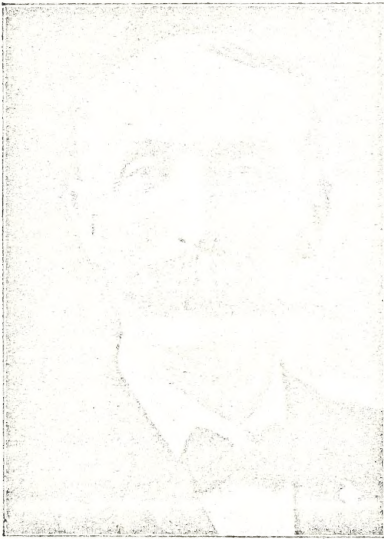
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of the school district of 1890
of John A. and Susan W. Brown
those in the school of 1890
public school of 1890 and
had removed with his parents to
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he is classed as a Liberal, while in politics he has always been a Republican and active in party affairs. By virtue of his position as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and nominal leader of his party in the present House he is also a member of the Committee on Rules.

DON S. BRIDGMAN.

Among the new members of the House this year, but by no means new to public affairs, is Don Seavey



D. S. BRIDGMAN

Bridgman of Hanover, who was born in that town April 4, 1856, son of John L. and Hortensia A. (Wood) Bridgman. He was educated in the public schools and at Norwich, Vt., Academy, and was engaged for many years in farming in Hanover, with dairying as a specialty. He kept over seventy cows, and operated a creamery, producing butter for the Boston Market, with poultry and swine as prominent side lines. Of late he

has devoted his time to the care of his extensive real estate interests in Hanover Village.

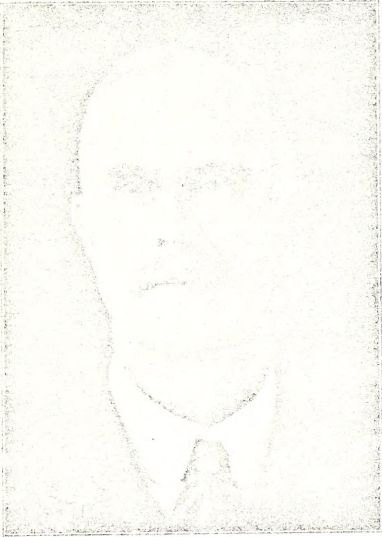
Mr. Bridgman is a Baptist in religious affiliation and a Republican in politics. He has served nine years as a member of the school board, and twenty-one years as a selectman, and has just been re-elected for three years as chairman of the board, which position he has held for several years past. He has also been superintendent of the Hanover Water Works since 1916. He is a 32nd degree Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a Patron of Husbandry, in which latter order he has been prominent, serving two terms as General Deputy of the State Grange, from 1906 to 1910. In the House this year he has been an active member of the important Committee on Appropriations.

On October 30, 1882, he was united in marriage with Jennie May Burton.

STANLEY H. ABBOT.

Stanley H. Abbot, who was a representative from Wilton in 1917, serving upon the Committee on Agriculture, comes back to the House from that town this year, where he is assigned to the Forestry and Agricultural College Committees. He was born in Wilton, October 20, 1863, son of Harris and Caroline Ann (Greeley) Abbot, and was educated in the public schools and at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass. He is a farmer and land surveyor by occupation and resides on the farm where his grandfather and great uncle developed the potato starch manufacturing process more than a century ago. He is strongly interested in forestry as well as in music, and has been a member and director of the Congregational church choir for a third of a century. Politically,

he is a Republican. He has served nine years on the town school board, and was a member of the N. H. Vocational Education Commission, 1917-19. He is a Patron of



S. H. ABBOT

Husbandry and an active member of the N. E. Milk Producers Union, of which he was president from 1904 to 1910.

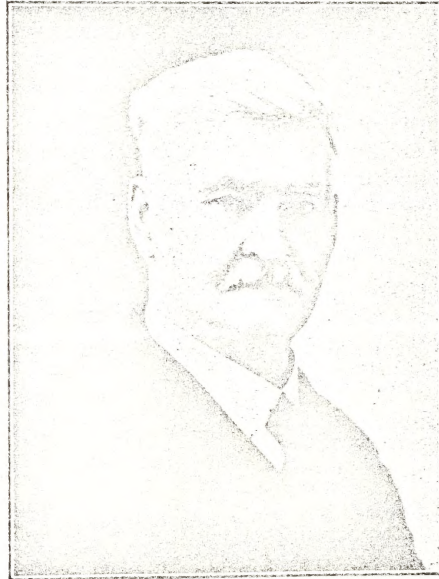
Mr. Abbot married, November, 15, 1894, Mary Kimball of Lowell, Mass. They have seven children: Leonard Harris, born September 19, 1895, educated at Clark College and Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and connected with the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.; Marion Kimball, born March 5, 1898, graduate of Keene Normal School; Howard Stanley, born January 7, 1900, graduate of New Hampshire College; Sidney Greeley, born August 19, 1903; Charles Mack, born March 15, 1905; Helen, born July 10, 1906.

WILLIAM H. KIMBALL.

Among the veteran members of the House this year is William

Henry Kimball of Stratford, born in Columbia, November 18, 1853, son of Edward W. and M. Jannette (Luey) Kimball. He was educated in the Stratford public schools, engaged in agriculture in early life but has since been extensively engaged in lumbering operations.

Mr. Kimball is a Methodist in religion, and in politics an active and life long Democrat. He has served several years as a member of the school board, for twenty-four years as a selectman, and has represented his town in the legislature at three sessions previous to the present. In 1901 he was a member of the State Hospital Committee; in 1909 on the Ways and Means Committee, and in 1917 on the Committees on Banks and Education. This year he is assigned to Education and Retrenchment



GEN. WILLIAM H. KIMBALL

and Reform. He was the Democratic nominee for Senator in District No. 1, in 1910, and for Councilor in the Fifth District in 1918, and has been a member

of the Democratic State Committee since 1910. He was commissary general of the State under Governor Samuel D. Felker, 1913-15. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias and a director of the Coos County National Bank of Groveton.

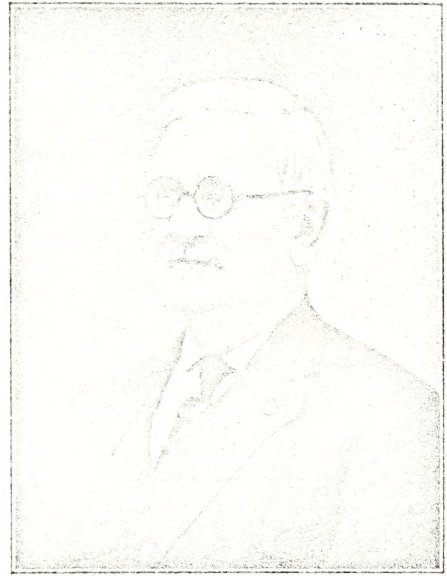
December 31, 1885, he married Emma J. Bass of Stratford. A son, George Marden, born March 27, 1891 (Shaw's Business College, Portland, Me., 1908) is now in the automobile business in Stratford, and a daughter, Lina Jannette, born September 1, 1897, is now a student of the Concord Business College.

STEPHEN A. FROST.

Stephen A. Frost, representative from Fremont, has been a "live wire" in the business and political life of Rockingham County for many years past. He is a native of Halifax, N. S., born January 15, 1862, but removed to Massachusetts in childhood, where he attended the public schools of South Natick and Shirley Village. He was employed in youth in a leather board factory at Shirley and later entered the establishment of Jonas Spaulding at Townsend Harbor, where he remained until his removal to Fremont where Mr. Spaulding had established a large cooperage plant in which he was engaged, and where he has continued except for about six years at Gloucester, Mass., where he was in charge of a similar establishment. In 1893 the Fremont plant was reorganized and incorporated as the Spaulding and Frost Co., with Mr. Frost as clerk, treasurer and manager, in which capacity he continues.

Mr. Frost has been active in politics as a Republican; is a prominent member of the Rockingham County Republican Club, was a delegate from Fremont in the

recent Constitutional Convention, serving on the Committee on Executive Department, and has served as town auditor, library trustee, trustee of town trust funds and member of the school board. He is a Universalist in religion, an Odd Fellow, Patron of Husbandry and 32nd degree Mason. He is



STEPHEN A. FROST

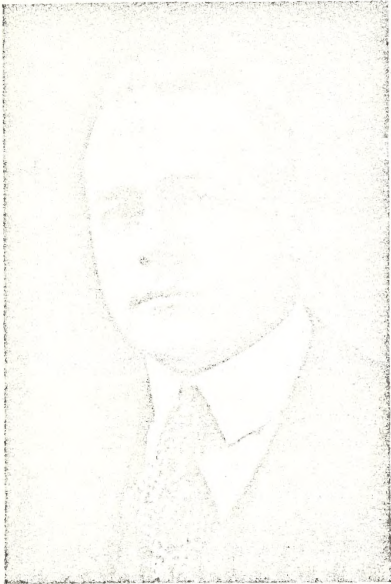
assigned in the present House to the Committees on the Judiciary and Manufactures—an unusual distinction for a new member, but entirely merited.

Mr. Frost married June 13, 1885, Catherine G. Fertig of Cleveland, Ohio. They have had four daughters, two of whom, Lillian E. and Lizzie J., survive.

WILLIAM N. ROGERS.

The readiest and most forceful speaker in the House, this year, is William N. Rogers, representative from Wakefield, the ranking Democrat on the Judiciary Com-

mittee, and his party's nominee for Speaker. Mr. Rogers is a native of Wakefield, born January 10, 1892, son of Herbert E. and Lilian A. (Sanborn) Rogers, and a grandson of the late Hon. John W. Sanborn, noted in public life and railway affairs. He was educated in the Wakefield schools, at Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, Dartmouth College and the Maine University Law School, graduating in 1916, in which year



W. N. ROGERS

he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Sanbornville. The next year he came to Concord and formed a connection with the prominent law firm of Streeter, Demond, Woodworth and Sulloway, with which he has remained, though retaining his legal residence in Wakefield.

Mr. Rogers is an Episcopalian, a Knight Templar, Mason, Knight of Pythias, a member of the Phi Kappa Psi at Dartmouth, Phi Alpha Delta of the University of Maine, and of the N. H. Bar

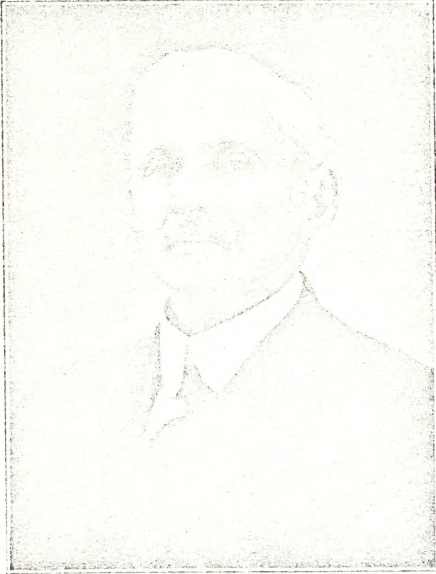
Association. He is serving his third successive term as representative from Wakefield and as a member of the Judiciary Committee, and is also a member of the Committee on Rules. In 1918 he was the Democratic candidate for Representative in Congress, but declined to run in 1920. No member of the House has ever attended more faithfully to his duty, taken a stronger interest in all measures of public concern, or been heard more effectively in support of such as he deemed conducive to the public welfare, than has Mr. Rogers.

On August 31, 1912, he was united in marriage with Winnie E. Stevens of Farmington. They have two daughters, Pauline E. and Una C., eight and six years of age, respectively.

SUMNER N. BALL.

The leading member of the House from Sullivan County, as shown by his election as chairman of the County delegation, is Sumner N. Ball, representative from Washington, who was born in that town June 3, 1854, son of Dexter and Hannah (Jefts) Ball. He was educated in the public schools and at Tubbs Union Academy, and for some years in early life was engaged in the publication of the Antrim Reporter, of which paper he was the founder. Since returning to his native town, where he has been extensively engaged in agriculture and hotel keeping, he has been active in public affairs as a Republican and a wide awake citizen. He has been moderator, member of the school board many years, for 22 years member of the board of selectmen, and re-elected; was a member of the House in 1903, serving on the Committee on

Agriculture, and of the recent Constitutional Convention. He also served for six years as a member of the board of County Com-



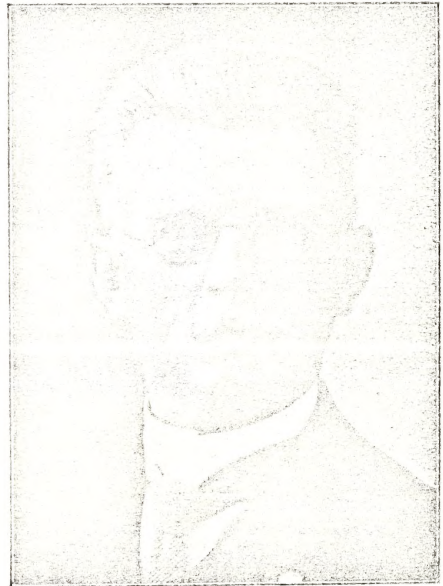
SUMNER N. BALL

missioners for Sullivan County. Mr. Ball is a Baptist in religion and a prominent member of the order of Patrons of Husbandry, having served many years as Master of Lovell Grange of Washington, and as Master of Sullivan County Pomona Grange. In the present House he serves as a member of the Committee on Public Improvements. He has been mentioned as a possible candidate for State Senator from the Eighth District in 1922.

Mr. Ball was united in marriage November 26, 1884, with Miss Carrie B. Brooks. They have three children; John S., born August 30, 1886; Nina M., born February 27, 1889, and Phillip B., October 11, 1900.

ERVIN W. HODSDON, M. D.

Dr. Ervin Wilbur Hodsdon, Representative from Ossipee, now serving his fourth successive term in that capacity, is a native of that town, born April 8, 1863, son of the late Edward P. and Emma B. (Demeritt) Hodson. He was educated at the Dover High School, to which city his parents had removed, and of which his father was at one time Mayor, at Phillips Exeter Academy and Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., from which he graduated in Medicine in 1884. He was an interne in the St. Louis Hospital two years, and was in practice for a time in Dover and Center Sandwich before locating in Ossipee where he has been for the last



DR. E. W. HODSDON

quarter of a century, and where he has gained a wide practice.

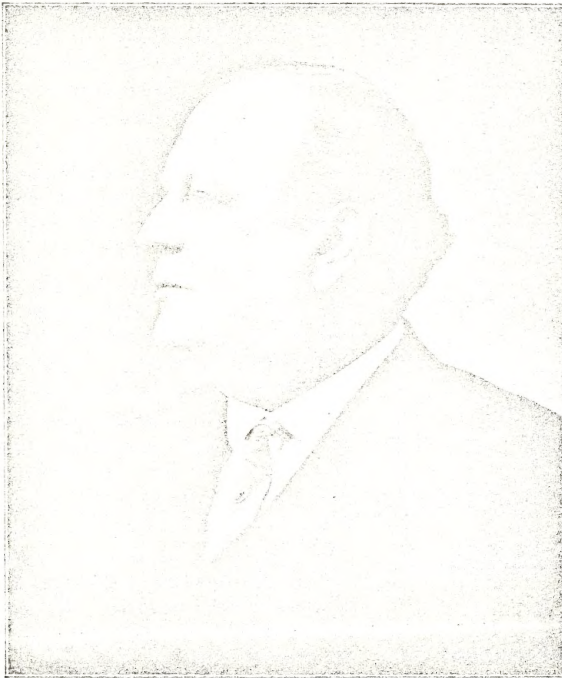
Dr. Hodsdon is a Methodist in religion and a Republican in politics, and has been in office in

various capacities most of the time since he has lived in Ossipee, having served continuously on the board of health, at times as town clerk and selectman, and for twelve years as a member of the school board. He has also served seventeen years as postmaster and many years as medical referee for Carroll County, and as physician for the Carroll County Farm. In each of the last three legislatures he

a member of the N. H. Medical and the American Medical Associations. He married, February 25, 1917, Mary L. Price.

BARTHOLOMEW F. McHUGH.

Bartholomew F. McHugh of Gorham has come to be one of the best known and most familiar figures in the New Hampshire



B. F. McHUGH

was chairman of the Committee on State Hospital. This year he is chairman of the Public Health Committee and a member of the Committees on State Hospital and Railroads.

In fraternal life Dr. Hodsdon is a member of the Improved Order of Red Men (P. S. S.), is a past Master in the Masons, Grange and A. O. U. W. and a past chancellor of the Knights of Pythias. He is

House of Representatives, to which he comes this year for the third successive session. Born in that town, educated in its public schools, and devoted to its interests, he is indeed a worthy representative of its people, and that he is so regarded, is demonstrated by his repeated elections, the last time by practically unanimous vote, his name being on both tickets, straight out Democrat though he has always been.

His occupation is that of a commercial traveler, which seems to be his natural sphere in life, which occupation he and others of like adaptability have raised to the rank of a profession. For some ten years past he has been in the employ of Martin L. Hall and Co., the oldest and most famous Coffee House in America, established in 1831, covering the most important towns in Maine and New Hampshire. Few if any men in his line have traveled as many miles, done as much business, or made as many friends for themselves and their employers, as has McHugh of Gorham, who is still "on the job" and good for many years to come.

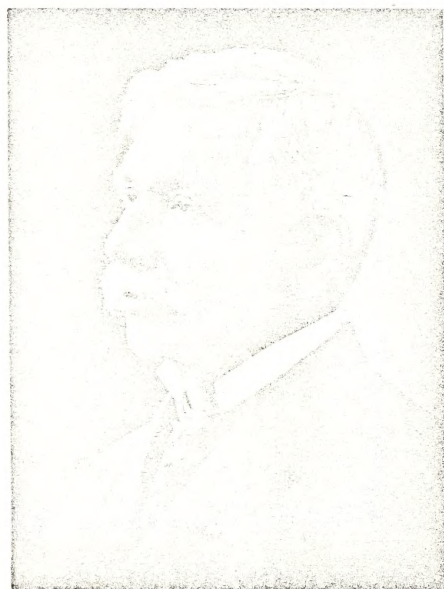
Mr. McHugh served in 1917 on the Fisheries and Game Committee, in 1919 on the Committee on Railroads, and this year is promoted to the important Committee on Appropriations, to whose work he has given close attention, but has interested himself in general legislation, and particularly in that pertaining to education. He was a strong friend of the educational bill and supported it in a short but pointed and effective speech. He is a director of the Gorham Building and Loan Association, a member of the N. E. Fat Men's Club, and was appointed by Governor Bartlett a member of the Board of State Prison trustees, which position he still holds.

GEN. JOHN H. BROWN.

Few members of the present legislature have been as prominently before the public during the last forty years, as Gen. John H. Brown, representative from Ward 6, Concord, and Chairman of the Committee on Banks as well as member of the Judiciary and State House and State House Yard Committees.

Gen. Brown is a native of Bridg-

water, born May 20, 1850, son of James and Judith B. (Harran) Brown. He was educated in the public schools and at the New Hampton Literary Institution. In early life he served as a railway mail clerk, and in later years as freight and claim agent for the Concord and Montreal Railroad. He resided for many years in Bristol where he was in trade and in



J. H. BROWN

the lumber business, and served as selectman, postmaster, deputy sheriff, and representative in the legislature in 1891. Removing to Concord, he was postmaster of the city from 1905 to 1917; was elected to the Executive Council at a special election in 1918, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Col. Edward H. Carroll, and for the regular two years term in November of that year. He was also a delegate from Ward 6, in the recent Constitutional Convention.

An active and earnest Republican, Gen. Brown was a delegate from New Hampshire in the Republican



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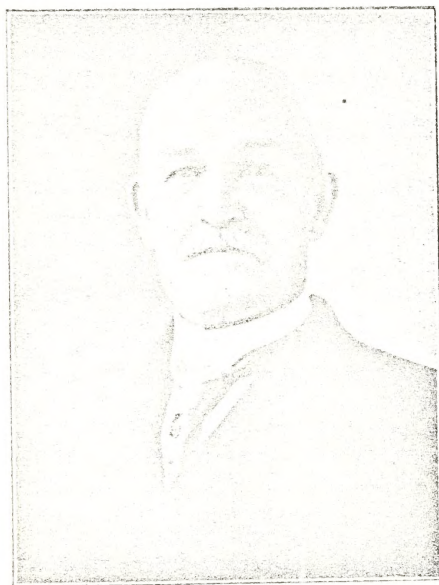
National Convention of 1896, going as an original McKinley man, and was one of the State's presidential electors in 1900. His military title comes from service as Commissary General on the staff of Gov. Charles A. Busiel in 1895-6. In Masonry, Gen. Brown is a member of Lodge, Chapter, Council, Commandry, and Shrine and of the N. H. Consistory (32nd degree). He is a member of the N. H. Historical Society and the Wonolancet Club of Concord. He married, June 10, 1872, Marietta Sanborn Lougee of Laconia. A successful business man and sagacious politician, Gen. Brown is likely to be a power in public affairs for some years to come.

JOSEPH B. MURDOCK.

Joseph B. Murdock, Rear Admiral, U. S. N. (retired), Representative from the town of Hill, was born in Hartford, Conn., February 13, 1851, son of Rev. John N. and Martha (Ballard) Murdock, was educated in the public schools of Boston and Cambridge, Mass., and at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., from which he graduated in 1870. He was in active service as an officer in the U. S. Navy for 43 years, until retired by operation of law, at the age of 62, February 13, 1913. During this time he spent some years in Coast Survey duty and as instructor at the Academy, but most of the time in active sea service. He was promoted Commander in 1901, Captain in 1906, and Rear Admiral in 1909. He was executive officer of the U. S. S. Panther during the Spanish American War, Commander of the Rhode Island in the cruise of the fleet around the world in 1907-9, and Commandant of the New York Navy Yard, 1909-10, Commander

of the 2nd division of the Atlantic fleet, 1910-11, and Commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, 1911-12. For a year, during the late war, he returned to duty as president of the general court martial at Portsmouth, from May 2, 1918 to May 1, 1919.

Admiral Murdock is a member



JOSEPH B. MURDOCK.

Rear Admiral U. S. N. (Retired).

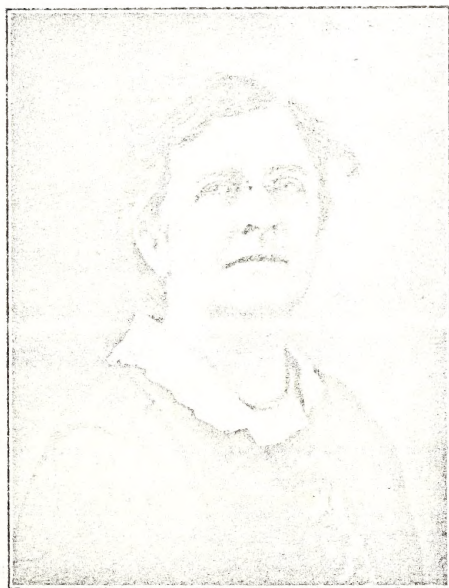
of the American Philosophical Society, the Franklin Institute, Union Club of Boston, Army and Navy Club of Washington, the Sons of the Revolution and the Society of the Colonial Wars, and is the author of various papers and monographs on naval and scientific subjects. He has had a summer home in the town of Hill, and been a legal resident there since 1884, and has resided there permanently since his retirement in 1913. He is a Republican in politics, and is now serving in his first political office. He is Chairman of the House Committee on National

Affairs, and a member of the Appropriations and Forestry Committees, making him, necessarily, a decidedly active member, while his interest extends to all questions of public importance.

He married, June 26, 1879, Anne Dillingham of Philadelphia, Pa.

MARY L. R. FARNUM, M. D.

Whether or not the adoption of the nineteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution, placing woman upon a political equality with man, gives the women of New Hampshire the right to hold office is practically settled, so far as the State Legislature is concerned, in that two women, Dr. Mary L. R. Farnum, Democrat,



DR. MARY L. R. FARNUM

from the Republican town of Boscawen, and Jessie Doe, Republican, from the Democratic town of Rollinsford, have served in the

House during the session of 1921, without question, and that to their own credit and that of their constituents.

Mary Louise Rolfe Farnum, daughter of Charles M. and Maria L. (Morrison) Rolfe, was born in Boscawen (Fisherville), February 10, 1870. She was educated in the village schools and the Concord High School, graduating from the latter in 1888, and taught for three years, subsequently, in the schools of Boscawen and Penacook. On the 15th of September, 1892, she was united in marriage with Samuel H. Farnum of Penacook, who died on the 13th of June following. Subsequently she took up the study of medicine, and graduated from the Boston University of Medicine in 1900. After six months dispensary work in Boston and six months in a Woman's Hospital in Brooklyn, she settled in practice in Hartford, Conn. Some time after, for family reasons, she relinquished her practice in Hartford, and came back to Penacook where she was in practice for some years; but finally relinquished professional work to care for her father at home.

Mrs. Farnum has served four years on the school board; is a member of the Penacook and Concord Woman's Clubs, of the Friendly and College Clubs of Concord, of the Rebekahs and the Eastern Star, was Chairman of the local branch of the Red Cross during the war, and is at the present time. She is a Congregationalist and a member of the Congregational Club. She is a member and clerk of both the Public Health and Normal School Committees of the House, and has taken a lively interest in all the work of the session. She addressed the House in support of the Factory Inspection bill and in opposition to the Manchester Normal School bill.

EARL F. NEWTON.

Earl Frank Newton, Representative from Ward 5, Concord, was born in Fairfield, Vt., August 8, 1879, son of Frank and Estella J. (Craft) Newton. He received his education in the Nashua schools, to which city his parents removed when he was eight years of age, and under private instruction by L' Abbe Marchand of Laval University, Quebec. He served on the staff of L' Impartial, French tri-weekly paper in Nashua in 1899-1900, and was teacher of French in the Milford High School in 1901.



EARL F. NEWTON

In the fall of 1901 he entered the employ of the N. E. Telephone and Telegraph Company, and has continued to the present time. He removed to Concord in 1905 where he has since resided and has been in charge of the toll lines of the state and the city plant since that time.

He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and politically a Republican. He served as Clerk of Ward Five three years,

and was chosen to the legislature at the last election, succeeding Benjamin W. Couch. He is a member of the Committees on Labor and Manufactures. He was an active promoter of the Credit Union bill, which provides for small group banking institutions; and introduced and supported the bill, now a law, providing for the naming of all highways in the state. As a member of the Committee on Labor he favored the 48-hour bill for women and children and supported the same on the floor of the House.

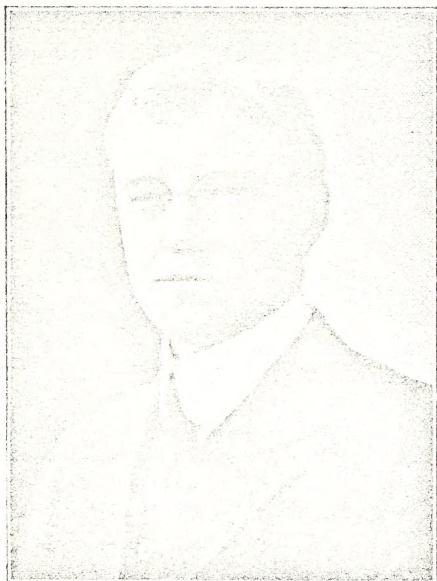
Mr. Newton is a Mason, a member of Eureka Lodge of Concord, and the Eastern Star, and also of the Concord Oratorio Society, being strongly interested in music. On June 17, 1909, he married Ethel S. Mitchell, M. D., (Tufts, 1903). They have two children, Nyleen Eleanor, born February 12, 1912, and Janice Edith, February 12, 1914.

SAMUEL B. SHACKFORD.

Samuel Burnham Shackford of Ward Three, Dover, comes back to the House, this year, for his second term, having served in 1919 on the Judiciary and Incorporations Committees. This year his committee service has been confined to the former, of which he has been one of the most active members, himself and Rogers of Wakefield being the only men who had previously seen service on this most important of the House Committees, and before which an unusual amount of business has come during the session.

Mr. Shackford was born in Conway, N. H., November 11, 1871, the son of Charles R. and Caroline (Cartland) Shackford, his father, a graduate of Bowdoin College, having been a practicing lawyer in Dover for some years, assistant

clerk of the House in 1864-5 and clerk in 1866-7. He was educated in the Dover schools, at Phillips Andover Academy, and Harvard College, graduating from the latter, A. B. in 1894, having specialized in



SAMUEL B. SHACKFORD

economics and political science, and from the Harvard Law School, L. L. B. in 1898, in which year he was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and commenced practice in Boston the following year, continuing till 1914 when he returned to Dover, where he has since been engaged, devoting his attention largely to probate practice and conveying.

Mr. Shackford is a member of the Northam Colonists, the N. E. Historic Genealogical Society, and the New Hampshire Bar Association, being a member of its Legislative Committee.

HON. GEORGE A. BLANCHARD.

Hon. George A. Blanchard of Moultonboro, who represented the

Fourth District in the Senate in 1919, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Forestry, and as a member of the Committees on Agriculture, Finance, School for Feeble Minded and Public Health, comes back this year in the place so long occupied by the late James E. French as representative from that town, in which capacity he holds the position of Chairman of the Committee on County Affairs, Clerk of the Insurance Committee, and member of Fish and Game. He is also Chairman of the Carroll County delegation, so that his legislative activities are decidedly numerous.

Mr. Blanchard was born in Sandwich, October 16, 1863, and



GEORGE A. BLANCHARD

educated in the public schools and Beede's Academy. He is a farmer, grain dealer and insurance agent by occupation, a Methodist and a Republican, and has holden about all the offices the town can confer and has served five terms as a member of the board of Commis-

sioners for the County of Carroll. He has been for many years a member of the town school board, and has just been re-elected to the board of selectmen for a three year term, as chairman, insuring a continuous service of 18 years on the board. In fraternal life he is a Red Man, a Knight of Pythias, and a Patron of Husbandry.

On March 19, 1891, Mr. Blanchard was united in marriage with Miss Adele H. Jaclard. They have two children: Victorine J. (Mrs. D. E. Ambrose) born February 24, 1893, and Paul F., born January 13, 1897.

ALBERTAS T. DUDLEY.

Albertas True Dudley, educator and author, a representative from the town of Exeter, was born in Paris, N. Y., January 19, 1866, son of Rev. Horace F. and Josephine (Lamson) Dudley. He graduated, A. B. at Harvard College in 1887, and continued study in Germany, was a teacher at Phillips Exeter Academy from 1887 to 1895, and at Noble and Greenough's School in Boston from 1896 to 1917, during which latter period of service he was also the author of numerous published volumes, including "Following the Ball," "Making the Nine," "In the Line," "With Mask and Mitt," "The Great Year," "The Yale Cup," "A Full Back Afloat," "The School Four," "At the Home Plate," "The Pecks in Camp," "The Half Miler," etc.

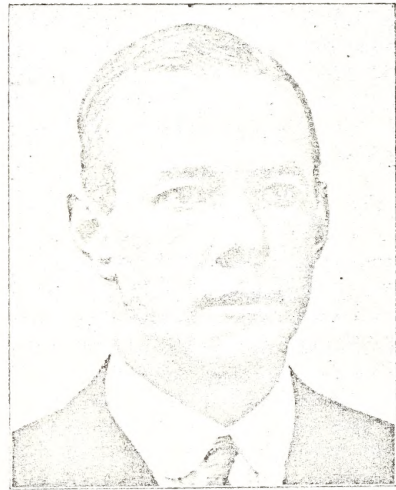
Mr. Dudley is a Republican, a member and chairman of the Exeter School Board, and a member and Secretary of the N. H. Library Commission since 1917. He served in the House in 1919 as a member of the Committees on Education, Engrossed Bills and State Library. This year he is chairman of the Committee on Education and

also on Engrossed Bills. In the former capacity he has had no easy task, the work of the committee having been arduous and protracted, and, through his tact and ability, most successfully carried out.

July 2, 1890, Mr. Dudley married Miss Francis Perry of Exeter. They have two children.

WILLIAM W. THAYER.

Among the most prominent of the younger members of the House, now serving his first term, is William Wentworth Thayer of Ward 5, Concord, who holds position on the important Committees on Banks and the Judiciary, and has been active in the work of both. During the early part of the ses-



WILLIAM W. THAYER

sion, in the absence of chairman Morse on account of illness, he was acting chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He introduced many important measures, closely followed the course of legislation and aided materially in directing the same.

Mr. Thayer is the son of the late Gen. William F. and Sarah C. (Wentworth) Thayer, born in Concord, April 15, 1884. He was educated in the Concord schools, Harvard University (B. A., 1905, L. L. B., 1910); Oxford University, England, (B. A., 1908, M. A., 1913), being the second Rhodes scholar from New Hampshire. He was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1910, and commenced the practice of law in the office of Streeter, Demond and Woodworth that year, continuing till 1913, when he opened an office for himself, wherein he has since continued, except for a period during the World war, when he served as a representative of the U. S. War Trade Board in London and Paris, and also as an attache of the Peace Conference on blockade matters. In November, 1916, he was elected Solicitor of Merrimack County, and was appointed by the Court to fill the vacancy in that office occasioned by the resignation of Robert C. Murchie, from January 17, 1917, till the beginning of his own term in April. He served as Secretary of the Concord Board of Trade two years, from September, 1915. He is a director and vice-president of the First National Bank of Concord, and a trustee and treasurer of the Union Trust Company. He is a Republican in politics, a Congregationalist, a Knight of Pythias and a Patron of Husbandry.

Mr. Thayer's mother was, before her marriage to Gen. William F. Thayer, Miss Sarah Clarke Wentworth, daughter of Joseph Wentworth, a member of the New Hampshire Legislature in 1844, 1845, 1874 and 1876. His father, Paul Wentworth, was a member in 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1839, 1840 and 1841. Paul Wentworth's father, John Wentworth Jr., was a member of the Continental Congress and a signer of the Articles of

Confederation. John Wentworth Sr. was Speaker of the Legislature 1771-1775. His father, Benjamin Wentworth, was a member in 1724, and Benjamin's father, Ezekiel Wentworth, was a member in 1711-1712. His father, Elder William Wentworth, who was the first Wentworth to come to this country, signed a Combination for Government at Exeter, N. H., July 4, 1639.

Two brothers of Mr. Thayer's mother were legislators, Paul Wentworth in New Hampshire and Moses Wentworth in Illinois. One of his great uncles, Samuel H. Wentworth, was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and another, "Long John" Wentworth, was a member of the Illinois Legislature as well as Congressman from that State and Mayor of Chicago.

On the paternal side of his ancestry, Mr. Thayer's grandfather, Calvin Thayer, was a member of the New Hampshire Legislature from Kingston.

WILLIAM J. KING.

William J. King, representative from Walpole, is a native of Ireland, born September 10, 1862, son of John and Mary (Hartnett) King. His education was secured in the public schools in Ireland and in the school of experience in this country, to which he emigrated in 1881, spending the first two years, after landing, in New York City, and then locating in Walpole, N. H., where he has continued, and has been actively engaged for most of the time in the paper and pulp manufacturing business at Bellows Falls, Vt., across the Connecticut from the town of his residence, but has of late been principally interested in Investments, Insurance and Real Estate. For the last thirty



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years or more, he has been an active member of the Republican party in his town, in which party lines were long closely drawn and sharp contests were the order of the day.

He was elected to the legislature from his town for the session of 1895, when he served as a member of the Committee on Claims; was for six years a member of the school board, has served three years

1898. They have had two sons: Chauncey A., born February 19, 1893, enlisted in the U. S. Tank service in the World War, and died in that service, and John W., born September 25, 1889, now in the wholesale paper business in New York.

WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN.

Among those who may properly be termed veterans in legislative service, is William Joseph Callahan of Ward One, Keene, who is serving his fifth consecutive term as a member of the House. He is a native of London, England, born March 26, 1861, son of Daniel and Helen (Pilkington) Callahan, and came to America with his parents in August, 1869, locating in Charlestown, Mass., where he attended the public school until 1871, when he went to work with the Boston Green Glass Bottle Co., whose factory was located on the old Medford turnpike, and in the following year went with Foster Bros., operating a glass factory in South Boston, continuing till 1874, when he removed with his parents to Winchendon, Mass., where he attended school a few months and then entered the employ of N. D. White and Sons, cotton manufactures, where he learned all branches of the business, and at the age of 17 was second foreman in the spinning department. In 1878 he engaged with the Murdock and Fairbanks Wooden Ware Co., remaining with them till they sold to the Wilder P. Clark Co., with whom he continued till April 14, 1885, when he lost the fingers of his right hand. May 7, 1887, he removed to Keene, N. H., and entered the employ of the Beaver Mills, remaining with the plant, under successive managements, for more than 30 years, until, in 1919, he was appointed by Gov. Bartlett a Fish



WILLIAM J. KING

as a selectman and was re-elected for two years at the recent town election, is moderator of the town meeting, was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1918-20, and has been an active member of the present House, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Roads, Bridges and Canals and as a member of the Public Improvements Committee.

Mr. King is a Catholic and a member of the Knights of Columbus and the Foresters of America. November 25, 1888, he was united in marriage with Annie Dower of Rochester, Minn., who died May 5,

and Game Warden, which position he now holds.

Politically Mr. Callahan has been actively identified with the Republican party. He has served as selectman in his ward and as a member of the Keene City Council for two years. In the legislature of 1913 he was a member of the Committee on Education, and in 1915, 1917 and 1919 was chairman of the Committee on Labor, and was the father of the weekly payment bill passed at the latter session. This year he serves on the



WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN

Insurance and Liquor Laws Committees. He introduced and earnestly supported the anti-divorce bill, which failed of passage. His record for attendance is surpassed by that of no man, he having been absent but a single day in the entire five sessions. He was also a delegate, and a frequent and forceful speaker in the last Constitutional Convention. He served as an Assistant Sergeant at Arms in the

last Republican National Convention at Chicago.

Mr. Callahan is a Roman Catholic in religion, has been for forty years a member of the A. O. H., is a P. G. C. R. in the Foresters of America, in which he has held office for 25 years, and a member of the Elks, Eagles, Moose, and Patrons of Husbandry. November 25, 1891, he married Nora Agnes O'Connell. They have four children living, three daughters and one son, Francis Elkington, who has been a page in the House for the last two sessions.

RALPH W. DAVIS.

One of the new members who has come prominently to the front in the House of Representatives, this year, is Ralph W. Davis of Derry, who was born in that town, June 28, 1890, son of Albert A. and Ella F. (Fellows) Davis. He received his preparatory education in the famous Pinkerton Academy in his native town, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1913. Taking up the study of law he attended the Columbia Summer Law School, and the Yale Law School in the class of 1918, and is now in practice in the office of John R. McLane of Manchester, though retaining his residence in Derry.

Mr. Davis is a Congregationalist in his religious affiliation, and a Republican in politics. He served in the U. S. Navy in the World War, enlisting as a fireman in May, 1917; was promoted to Ensign and discharged in 1919. He is active in town affairs in Derry; is a trustee of town trust funds, president of the school board of the Adams District, and Secretary of the Derry Board of Trade. Chosen to the House at the last election, he was appropriately assigned by the Speaker to service upon the Judi-

ciary Committee, to which duty he has given his best thought, though keeping in close touch with the progress of all important measures before the House. Though one of



RALPH W. DAVIS

the younger members, he has taken an active part in debate on the leading questions that have been up for consideration, and his arguments have been both vigorous and effective.

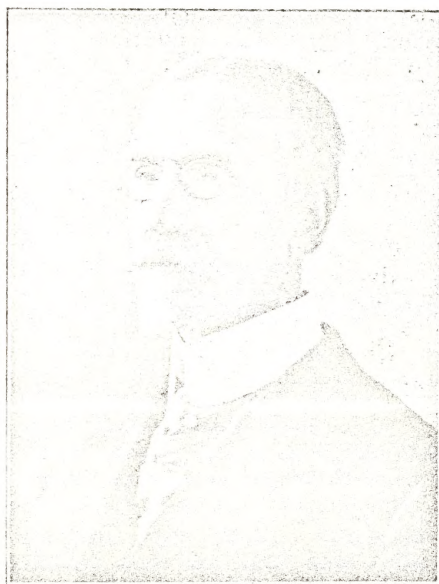
He is a member of the American Legion, the Thornton Naval Veterans, Patrons of Husbandry and the Phi Alpha Delta Fraternity. He is unmarried.

MARTIN L. SCHENCK.

The town of Tamworth is ably represented this year in the House by Martin L. Schenck who was a member in 1915 from that town, serving on the Committees on Military Affairs and Roads, Bridges and Canals. This year he has had a larger field of service, being a mem-

ber of the Soldiers' Home Committee, Roads, Bridges and Canals, and Ways and Means, the latter being one of the most important of the House Committees, and embracing some of the ablest men in its membership.

Mr. Schenck is a native of Flemington, N. J., a son of Peter Courtland Schenck, a great grandson of Major John Schenck of the New Jersey line in the Revolutionary Army, and a grandson on the maternal side of Thomas Harris of Elizabeth, N. J., a soldier in Col. Jeduthan Baldwin's regiment of Artillery, who served seven years in the Revolutionary War. He was educated in the public and private schools of Trenton, N. J., served



MARTIN L. SCHENCK:

two and one-half years in the Union Army in the Civil War, in the Army of the Potomac and in Grierson's Cavalry division of the Army of Tennessee, and saw service in three border states and all the states of the Confederacy except

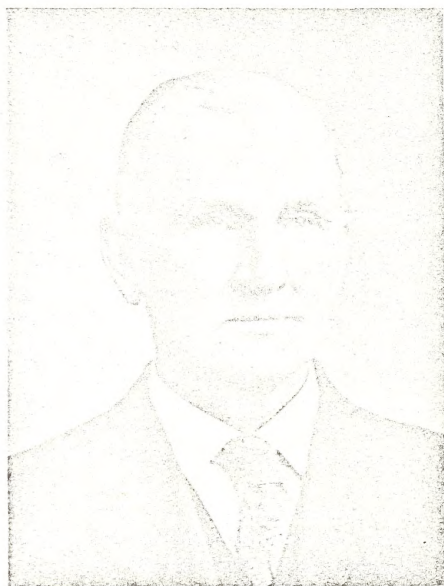
Texas and the Carolinas, under Generals Meade, Grant and Sherman. After the war he was engaged in surveying, landscape architecture, and in the silk trade in New York. In the former capacity he mapped and diagrammed many cities and towns, from New Jersey to Illinois. For the last twenty-five years he has been a farmer in Tamworth, his home being the house built by Maj. Jernail Gilman of the 2nd N. H. Continental Infantry, who led Stark's advance at the battle of Trenton, and after the battle of Princeton was presented with a horse by Thomas Jefferson. He saw Abraham Lincoln in the White House and has shaken hands with every president from Grant to Wilson. He is an Episcopalian, a Republican, a Mason, Son of the American Revolution and a member of the G. A. R. He married Sarah E. Wardwell of Salem, Mass.

STEPHEN W. CLOW.

Hon. Stephen W. Clow, representative from the town of Wolfeboro, is not new to his present position, having served in the same capacity back in 1893, when he was a member of the House Committees on Industrial School and Military Affairs. He is a native of Wolfeboro, born April 2, 1855.

He was educated in the district school and at the famous Wolfeboro and Tuftonboro Academy, and taught school for some years in early life. He has always resided in his native town and is one of its most prominent and public spirited citizens, taking a strong interest in all measures for the promotion of the public welfare. He is engaged in farming and lumbering, and owns and operates a saw mill and box factory, doing an extensive business. In religion he is an Ad-

ventist and politically a Republican. He has served the town many years as a selectman and Carroll County six years as Commissioner. He was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and a member of the Executive Council in 1919-20, under Gov. John H. Bartlett. In the present legislature he serves on the Committees on



S. W. Clow

Appropriations and State House and State House Yard.

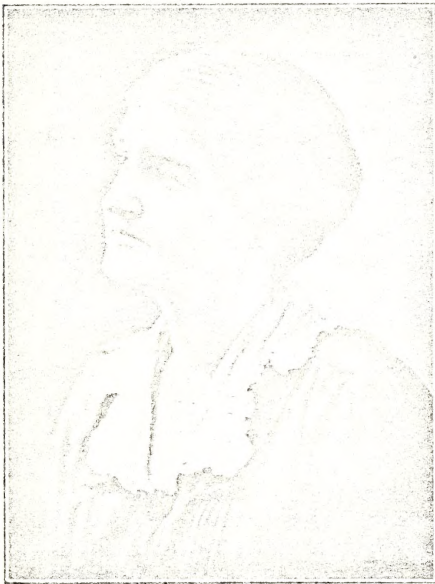
Mr. Clow is not only the largest real estate owner in Wolfeboro, and heaviest taxpayer, but is also the largest individual employer of labor, and has been especially active in the development of the summer business in that region. Fraternally he belongs to the Masonic order, being a member of Morning Star Lodge, No. 17, and of the Eastern Star. On April 17, 1881, he married Carrie W. Canney who died June 10, 1919. He has two daughters and a son, the latter being Dr. Fred E. Clow, a prominent physician of Wolfeboro.



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JESSIE DOE.

The citizens of Rollinsford, a town ordinarily Democratic by a safe majority, honored themselves and rendered the State good service in choosing Miss Jessie Doe as their representative in the House this year. Miss Doe is the daughter of the late Charles Doe, long Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and Edith (Haven) Doe, born February 21, 1887, the youngest of nine children,



MISS JESSIE DOE

six of whom are now living. She was educated at Berwick, (Me.) Academy and the Gilman School, Cambridge, Mass. Her father died in 1896, and since leaving school in 1907, she has remained with her mother on the 75 acre homestead farm in Rollinsford, to whose management, and the care of her mother, her life is primarily devoted. She is equally at home in the kitchen, parlor, the garden or the field, in reading Plutarch's Lives for her mother's diversion, or riding the

hayrake for her own. Her "career" thus far has been along the line of general usefulness, rather than special service; yet she is interested in matters that concern the public welfare as well as the home life. She is secretary of the Red Cross Public Nursing Association of Rollinsford and South Berwick, is a member of the Berwick Woman's Club, which she has served as vice president, and chairman of the Philanthropic Department, and was chairman of the local Woman's Committee of National Defense during the late war. She is an ardent nature lover, and an active member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, and has tramped with its members many a mile, both summer and winter, over the ranges of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and New York, and during the coming season hopes to explore the Katahdin region in Maine. Her camera goes with her to the top of every mountain peak, and she has a fine collection of landscape photographs.

Miss Doe is non-sectarian in religion and a Republican in politics. Her committee assignments in the House were Public Health and Forestry, and to the work of each she gave close attention. She spoke and worked for the moving picture censorship bill, as well as for the woman factory inspector bill, and against the bill to relieve women from jury duty. She was much interested in the proposed constitutional amendments, and took part in the futile campaign for their adoption.

CLARENCE B. ETSLER.

Rev. Clarence Bartlett Etsler, prominent member of the Claremont delegation in the House this year, is a native of Gowanda, N. Y., born March 17, 1877, son of Edward

and Ellen (Bartlett) Etsler. He graduated from Gowanda Academy, and subsequently taught in that institution. Taking up the study of



REV. CLARENCE B. ETSLER

law, he graduated L. L. B. from Cornell University in 1900, and practiced the profession for a time at Hornell, N. Y., but soon abandoned the same and went into educational work in the Philippines, teaching English in the island

schools for three years. Returning home, he pursued a course in Theology at St. Lawrence University, Canton, graduating in 1907, and entered the Universalist ministry, his first pastorate being with the "Church of the Good Tidings," Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1914 he was called to the pastorate of the First Universalist church of Brockton, Mass. Upon the entrance of the United States into the European war he obtained leave of absence to enter the military service of the U. S. government, where he continued till 1919, when, having been honorably discharged, he accepted a call to the First Universalist Church in Claremont, where he continues in a most successful pastorate during which the attendance and membership has been largely increased. He is a vice president of the Claremont Ministers' Union, an Odd Fellow, a Mason and Chaplain of the Claremont Post of the American Legion.

Mr. Etsler was assigned to service on the Judiciary Committee, to whose work he gave close attention, and for which his legal training well adapted him. On December 9, 1920, he was united in marriage with Alice H. Scott of Claremont.

A SONG OF SPRING

By Maude Gordon-Roby.

The Earth—a sanctuary—sweet and higher,
Doth waft her fragrant incense to her King.

The Trees—cathedrals of a feathered choir—
Are vibrant with the song "the dumb shall sing."

The Sky—God's Garden—flames with tongues of fire
As morning stars in holy anthems ring.

And Man—who goeth forth until the evening-hour—
Doth loose the sandals from his feet, and bow his head.

"The Earth, the bird, the star sing of Thy power;
O God, forgive my silent lips!" he said.

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The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp contrast to the warm blanket I had been sitting under. I looked up at the sky, which was a pale, hazy blue. The air was still, and the only sound I could hear was the distant hum of traffic. I took a deep breath, feeling the cool air fill my lungs. The world around me seemed so quiet, yet so full of life. I knew that this was the beginning of something new, and I was ready to embrace it.

NON-CHALANCE

By Margie-Lee Runbeck.

Through my white curtains
I watch you
Come swinging through the hedge,
And as you leap upon the porch
Whistling,
I run upstairs and hide.
Oh, very innocently it happens!
For you must not know
How I wait all day
To hear you calling me
Eagerly, a little frightened
For fear I am not there.
Quite carelessly I start down the stairs,
Humming calmly.
When you bound up to me
And crush me into a corner,
I look surprised at the clock
"Oh———
Are you home early?
Surely it isn't time yet!"

INSPIRATION

By Leonard Bronner, Jr.

Flaming Torch of God Divine,
Inspiration, O be mine!
As the lightning flaring fierce
Doth the storm's blackness pierce,
As the scarlet of the sun
Blazes ere chill night doth come,
As a spark from heavenly fire,
Burn an instant! Then expire.

Burn an instant! Light my mind!
Purge it of all thoughts unkind!
Temper it as steel for fight
With true courage, Holy Light!
As a fire that hath died
Leaves its ashes purified,
Cleanse my soul! Divine Fire
Burn an instant! Then expire.

THOUGHTS ON THE COLORS OF NIGHT

By Leighton Rollins.

1—A line of storks
With ridiculous legs
Are sailing lazily
Across the flame sky
Of sunset.

They are grey-blue,
As the night strokes gently
The face of the earth.
My tired eyes lose
Them in bewitching
Aster flowers, that seem
To dance like
Harlequin Elves
Before me.
My beloved,
She will tell me of the night.
My eyes are weary
Of color and form,
And I close them,
Content, if I never open them again.

(The Beloved Speaks)

2—"Master, the earth
Is large and shaggy,
Even the blue-black shadows
Cannot make it beautiful.
The tiny flowers
Last but a short time
And die,
The sunset fades,
And night like a pool
Of black pearls
Awaits us.
The storks
Are drifting to the ground,
Brown and grey,
Without promise of shelter,
Neither the shadow
Of leaves
Nor the friendship of marshes
Shall protect them."

- 3—"The dark
Sounds neither
As rustling
Nor the touch of water
Upon earth,
But as
Black velvet
Sweeping over a marble floor.
This, O, Master, is the night,
So filled with
Lisping thought,
And yet so lacking
In all—
Save a sense of space."
- 4—"The stars have
Pricked the mantle of the sky
With tiny shafts of light.
The songs of stars and birds
Are shining things
That bless the bestial world
In reflected color of the wings
Of humming bird.
Oh, Master,
Even with the steel of cruelty,
And the soft enticing flesh of evil,
The world gows
More lovely
And pulses with the sense
Of spirits
Winged and daring,
Flying rapt in radiancy,
Through the dark of night
Even to the dawn."

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Eleven of the best short stories that have come thus far from the pen of Richard Washburn Child, once of Newport, New Hampshire, have been collected by E. P. Dutton and Co., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York City, into a volume of 387 pages, recently issued. Its title, "The Velvet Black," is also that of one of the included stories, but applies equally well to the whole collection, which is one of tales of terror, of the night time, of mystery, darkness and frightfulness. One of them, "Heliotrope," probably is known to more people than is anything else which Mr. Child has written, for it has been made into one of the most popular motion pictures of the day. Its fitness for this use, however, does not discount the fact that it is an admirable piece of literary workmanship. In fact, almost all of the stories here gathered between book covers show their author at his best in the achievements of his craft. For reading one's self to sleep at night the volume is not to be recommended, but for cleverness of plot, variety of situation and sustained holding of the attention, few books of the year equal its contents.

Like most of the highly popular stories issued by the Cosmopolitan Book Company, New York, after serial publication in some one of Mr. Hearst's magazines, "Find the Woman," by Arthur Somers Roche, has been filmed with huge success. Not having seen it upon the screen, we do not know whether or no the moving picture heroine visualized successfully the charm of Clancy Dean as created by Mr. Roche's

typewriter and the brush of Dean Cornwell, the illustrator of the book; but if she did, we have missed something in not viewing the picture. It turned out that Clancy Dean did not photograph well; so her dreams of becoming a movie queen were shattered. But in quite another, and much more interesting way, she reached, in a marvelously short time, the very heart of the great cinema industry, and there plucked the flower of true success in the form of a wholly desirable husband with a million dollars, a high social position and a good stiff backbone. In the beginning Clancy was a stenographer in Zenith, Maine, near Bangor, Mr. Roche thereby paying a tribute to the Pine Tree State which we believe New Hampshire better deserves.

Very interesting in itself and as a symbol of endeavor, is Number Two of Volume One of "The Scrip, a Magazine of Undergraduate Verse, Published by the Dartmouth Poetry Society at Hanover, New Hampshire." Its editor-in-chief is Walter B. Wolfe, a frequent and welcome contributor to the Granite Monthly, and among the members of the Society New Hampshire is represented, we note, by Franklin McDuffee of Rochester and Lincoln H. Weld of Grasmere. This is said to be the first undergraduate magazine of verse printed at any college in America, thus giving a further desirable distinction to Dartmouth; which distinction is magnified in our professional publisher's eyes by the fact that The Scrip has been able to pay its bills out of its subscription receipts.



To a composite of the various and creditable publications issued by the boys at Hanover these few pages of poetry add a flavor that otherwise might be absent and

whose presence is pleasing to those who would like to see Dartmouth's college library as ample and as appreciated as is its gymnasium.

THE LIGHTS COME ON

By Arthur J. Beckhard.

Upon a hill that rose above New York,
As some great rocks leap from the seething sea,
I stood and watched the city's yellow dusk
Assume the quiet dignity of night.
Great, somber buildings loomed grey through the haze
And frowned down on me where I stood, engulfed
By the unceasing murmured roar that rolled
Across the Park toward me, like the fog.
What did it mean—that never-ending throb?
Where were those whirring motors bound, that they
Should hurry so? What force behind it all
Urges us ever on and on and on,
When sweet Oblivion holds out arms
At once so welcome and so welcoming?

And then the lights came on! You, standing there
Beside me, held your breath and clutched my arm.
To us had come the meaning of the lights.
No words. I needed none. Enough your hand
Upon my sleeve to tell me of the thoughts
And dreams shared by us both. We, silent, gazed
Upon the stabbing spangles of Night's cloak.
And then you spoke. "It's getting late," you said,
"We must be going home." The lights, your words,
The pressure of your fingers through my coat,
Answered in full all that I'd asked to know.

EDITORIALS

The many readers of this magazine who have expressed their interest in the prize offered by Mr. Brookes More for the best poem published in the Granite Monthly during 1921 will like to read, we feel sure, the piece of verse to which was awarded the prize given by him for the best contribution to Contemporary Verse in 1920. The judges of that contest were Robert Frost, our former fellow citizen of New Hampshire, Professor Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley college, who is acting in a similar capacity in the Granite Monthly competition; and Professor John L. Lowes of Harvard. Their choice for first honors was the following poem by Sara Teasdale, entitled "May:"

"A delicate fabric of bird-song
 Floats in the air,
 The smell of wet wild earth
 Is everywhere.
 Red small leaves of the maple
 Are clenched like a hand,
 Like girls at their first communion
 The pear trees stand.
 Oh, I must pass nothing by
 Without loving it much,
 The rain drop try with my lips,
 The grass with my touch;
 For how can I be sure
 I shall see again
 The world on the first of May
 Shining after the rain?"

Mr. More recently has purchased an estate at Hingham, Mass., not far distant from the land held by his first American ancestor, who came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the good ship Lion in 1632. The grant of land owned by this ancestor in Cambridge, was the site of the Harvard University of the present. Thence, he removed to Con-

necticut, to New Jersey, and finally with the wave of Westward migration, to Ohio, and to the Great Southwest, where Brookes More attained his first prominence as a poet.

Mr. More's new volume, "The Beggar's Vision," now on the press, contains seven narrative poems which are described as "remarkable and original." His previous book of verse, "The Lover's Rosary," recently was compared favorably with the work of Alfred Noyes, the English poet.

The state of New Hampshire, like its magazine; the Granite Monthly, is fortunate in its friends. That has been for a long time a truism, but we are moved to repeat it once more because of some recent events. One was a "Monadnock" meeting of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, held at the Twentieth Century Club, Boston, at which Mr. Edward W. Emerson of Concord, Mass., recited the famous poem by his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and plans were made for securing the whole mountain as a forest reservation. Another was the recent announcement from New York that some of the nation's most eminent patrons of the arts would cooperate in securing an adequate endowment for the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, an unique institution that promises much for the future of the muses in America.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to the merits of some of the legislation enacted at the recent session of the General Court and movements have been started

already to bring about the repeal in 1923 of some of the acts of 1921. However, time is a great educator and before twenty months have passed opinions may have changed as well as conditions. But discussion of questions of public importance always is in order and any honest effort to bring about general consideration of matters of probable legislation well in advance of another session is to be welcomed. It may result in affirmative or in negative action, but so long as it brings about a definite statement of the considered desire of the people it carries out the principles of our form of government and those who secure it are to be commended.

THE HILLSIDE'S CHIEF

By Percy R. Bugbee.

Where Jack-in-the-Pulpits grow,
And Maiden-hair ferns the breezes blow,
The hillside's King, the woods' Chief,
Is an old Pine, regally fine
With cerulean skies above
And purple Polygala beneath.

Violets blue, and Bluetts too,
In mossy beds, bow their heads,
Knowest flowers a higher will?
Yes, and they are optimists till
Autumn frost kill or clouds dreary
Make them faint and weary.

Forgetting for the while
Vernal spring's recurring smile,
It's Nature's way, God's will.
Clouds and frosts every life chill
For parts of life are love and strife,
And the Pine's an optimist still.

VILLANELLE

By Thomas J. Murray.

The luring sea rim calls me far
 Where trailing smoke clouds drift away;
 The slow surf whitens on the bar.

The gleaming sail and lifting spar,
 Top the horizon's heaving gray;
 The luring sea rim calls me far.

The breakers roll from strands afar,
 Urged by the winds that shoreward stray;
 The slow surf whitens on the bar.

No hum of cities drifts to mar
 This widening waste of tossing spray;
 The luring sea rim calls me far.

No thoughts of drifting wreck or scar
 Darkens this splendid seaboard day;
 The slow surf whitens on the bar.

The twilight spreads and one white star,
 Hangs taper like above the bay;
 The luring sea rim calls me far,
 The slow surf whitens on the bar.

THE BEST BELOVED

By Claribel Weeks Avery.

The kind Earth Mother walked the fields
 And whispered with a tear,
 "Beside my stately trees and winsome flowers,
 How poor my men appear!"

"Yet once I gave the world a son,
 Who showed what men should be
 As lovely as a budding rose,
 As gracious as a tree.

"And when men found no place for one
 So far above their best,
 I gave him refuge in a cave
 And shelter in my breast.

"There he was born."

"Where did he die?"

The mother's eyes grew dim.
 "They took the wood of trees that I had nursed
 To make a cross for him."

SONNET

By Harold Vinal.

I have touched hands with peace and loveliness,
 When the first breath of May crept through the trees;
 Watched lovely flowers tremble in the breeze—
 I cannot say I have been comfortless.
 Often the nights have whispered words to me;
 With wonder I have watched a new day break,
 Shaking its veils across the windy lake—
 The wind that stirred them, brought me ecstasy.

My heart can know no pain while beauty weaves
 Quaint patterns in the corridors of thought,
 Patterns of curving cloud and waving leaves;
 All the indifference that time has wrought
 Will softly pass, when I behold afar—
 The lovely beauty of an evening star.

POET AND PILGRIM

By J. E. Bowman.

A stretch of barren sand-bar, overgrown
 With dwarfish pines; some islands fringed with surf
 Where sea-birds hovered:—

Gosnold made them known.

'Twas Shakespeare made them place of Prospero's
 throne:

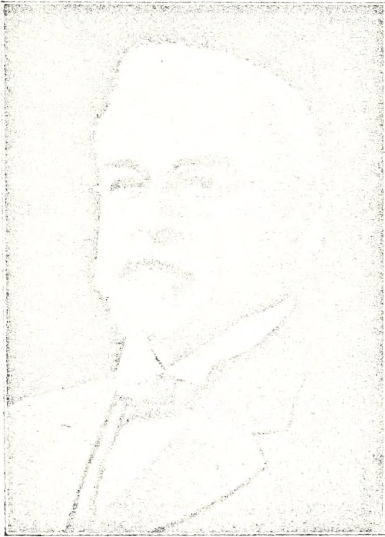
A magic region, on whose flower strewn turf
 Miranda glides. Instead of seabird's plaint
 We hear the elfin music, far and faint,
 Or tingling near at hand of Ariel.

A group of earnest men for whom no spell
 Lay in such music, whom no glamour
 From elfin land could dazzle, hither came.
 Poet and Pilgrim each a conquest claim
 One, changing all the scene in Fancy's flame
 One, building here in Faith the Plymouth Colony.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

VINCENT J. BRENNAN, SR.

Vincent John Brennan, Senior, was born in Manchester, September 25, 1848, the son of William and Mary Brennan, and died in Newport, March 22. At an early age he went to work in the mills and rose to the positions of superintendent and agent, being connected with factories in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and



V. T. BRENNAN

Delaware. In 1906 he established at Newport the Brampton Woolen Company and was its successful manager to the time of his death. At the time of his death he was a trustee of the town library and was deeply interested in all civic affairs. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Edith Reed of Newport, a daughter, Maud, and two sons, Vincent J. Jr., and Ralph A.

REV. WILLIAM A. RAND.

Rev. William A. Rand died at South Scabrook, January 27, on the 55th anniversary of his becoming pastor of the Congregational church there. He was born in Portsmouth in 1842 and served in the Civil War in Company K of the 48th New Hampshire Regiment. He was a member of the G. A. R. and chaplain of

the Masonic lodge at Newburyport, Mass., for 33 years. His wife and one daughter, Mrs. Edward F. Dempsey, survive him.

MATTHEW S. McCURDY.

Matthew Scoby McCurdy, the oldest member of the faculty of Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., died there February 16 as the result of injuries sustained in an automobile accident. He was born in Dunbarton May 21, 1849, and graduated from Dartmouth in 1873, becoming an instructor at Andover in the same year. He was in charge of the department of mathematics there and had written an algebra. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. He is survived by his wife, Lydia M., and three sons, Robert, Sydney and Allan.

ALBION BURBANK.

Albion Burbank, from 1872 until 1906 principal of the high school at Exeter, died there February 6. He was born in Limerick, Me., December 25, 1839, the second of five children of Abner and Eliza A. (Harmon) Burbank. He prepared for college at the academy in Limington, Me., and graduated from Bowdoin in 1862. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but did not find the practice of that profession to his liking and was principal of the high school at Kennebunk, Me., before going to Exeter. Mr. Burbank was a member of the public library committee at Exeter from 1893 to 1916; served as the Democratic member of the police commission for eight years; and was a zealous member of the Unitarian church. He is survived by one son, Harry T. Burbank.

DR. DAVID M. CURRIER.

Dr. David Morrison Currier, born in Grafton, September 15, 1840, the son of David and Rhoda (Morse) Currier, died March 1 in Newport, where he had practiced medicine for almost half a century. He was educated at Tilton Seminary and the Dartmouth Medical College, with post graduate courses at Harvard and in New York. Doctor Currier served his town on the boards of health and of education and as water commissioner and was for many years United States examining surgeon.

For 17 years he was treasurer of the state medical society. Doctor Currier was a member of the Methodist church, of the Masons and the Grange. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Annie M. Converse, and by two daughters.

REV. JOSEPH KIMBALL.

Rev. Joseph Kimball was born at Plaistow, March 13, 1832, the son of True and Betsey (Chase) Kimball, and died at Haverhill, Mass., March 2. He prepared at Phillips Andover Academy for Amherst College, where he graduated in the class of 1857. He was for some years a teacher in Massachusetts, Ohio and Alabama, and also practiced the profession of civil engineer; but was a Congregational minister from 1883 to 1911, when he retired. He was also well known as a lecturer and as a benefactor, giving a library building to the town of Atkinson, which he represented in the New Hampshire legislature of 1909; \$10,000 to the Riverside Memorial church at Haverhill, and pipe organs to half a dozen churches.

DR. HENRY L. SWEENEY.

Dr. Henry L. Sweeney, born in Bridgewater, Mass., April 3, 1858, the son of Edward M. and Lucy (Thaxter) Sweeney, died March 11 at Kingston where he had practiced most of the time since his graduation from the Harvard Medical School in 1882. He was a member of county, state and national medical societies and had been county physician and member of the town board of health. A Republican in politics he represented Kingston in the recent constitutional convention, and had been town clerk and member of the school board and of the board of library trustees. He was a Mason, Odd Fellow and Congregationalist. His wife, who was Ellen J. Towle of Kingston, died in 1900.

DR. ANDREW J. STEVENS.

Dr. Andrew Jackson Stevens, who died at Malden, Mass., February 22, was born in Warren, April 24, 1846, the son of Robert Burns and Charity (Slye) Stevens. He graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1869 and practiced at Lawrence, Mass., and Malden, where he was prominent and successful in his profession and inaugurated the movement for establishing the Malden hospital. He was a Re-

publican and a Congregationalist. His survivors are his wife, who was Catherine C. Frost of Malden, and three sons, Edward, Andrew and Jackson.

FRANK O. CHELLIS.

Frank Otis Chellis, born in Meriden, August 7, 1858, the son of Otis Hutchins and Betsey (Morrell) Chellis, died in Newport, March 3. He prepared at the Newport High school and Kimball Union academy for Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1885, being captain of the varsity baseball team, class poet and a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. While principal of the Newport high school for nine years he studied law with the late Albert S. Wait and had been for many years a leading member of the bar. He was a Democrat in politics, a Unitarian in religious belief and a member of the Masonic lodge, chapter and commandery, and the Eastern Star. He had served as town moderator, member of the board of education and county solicitor; trustee of the Carrie F. Wright hospital and Sugar River savings bank; president of the high school alumni association; assistant engineer of the town fire department; and clerk of the county exemption board during the World War. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Emma G. Wilmarth, and by a daughter, Bernice, and son, Robert.

GEN. GEORGE M. L. LANE.

George M. L. Lane, at one time commander of the New Hampshire National Guard brigade, died in Manchester, February 2. He was born in Deerfield, August 21, 1844, and as a young man was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Manchester. In 1882 he entered the postal service and for most of his life was head clerk in the Manchester office. In 1864 he enlisted with a Haverhill, Mass., company and went with it to the Civil War front, later joining the 18th New Hampshire regiment. In 1874 he joined the Head Guards of the state militia as a private and rose through all the ranks of the service. He belonged to a drum corps organized in Manchester in the early seventies which was famous all over New England. General Lane was a member of the various Masonic and I. O. O. F. bodies. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Sarah E. Lane, and a son, Frank D. of Fall River, Mass.

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GEORGE H. SAWYER.

George Henry Sawyer, born in Dunbarton, N. H., October 16, 1859, died in Concord, May 8, 1920.

Mr. Sawyer was the son of James S. and Ellen M. (Lufkin) Sawyer. He was educated in the public schools and Dunbarton High School, and removed to Concord in early life where he learned the carriage-blacksmith's trade, and was engaged for several years with the Abbot-Downing Co., and was afterward in the employ of Davis and Co.; but for over twenty years preceding his death was connected with the blacksmithing department of the B. and M. railroad shops in Concord. He was an early worker in the Labor Union field, and long a prominent member of the International Brotherhood

of Blacksmiths, Drop Forgers and Helpers, and had been for more than twelve years president of District Council No. 20, and in that capacity had attended the National Conventions of the Brotherhood, among whom he had come to be known as the "Grand Old Man of the B. and M." He was a member of Eureka Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and Rumford Lodge, I. O. O. F., and was for over thirty years a member of the Good Will Hose Company of the Concord Fire Department. He was a Democrat in politics, a loyal citizen, a kind husband, a broad-minded, true-hearted man, respected by all who knew him. He was united in marriage, November 23, 1887, with Sarah J. Nelson of Concord, who survives him with one brother, William Sawyer of Short Falls, several nephews and one niece.

CAESURA

By Walter B. Wolfe.

Now let us gaze in one another's eyes
And with that look our parting celebrate
Bravely and strong—nor let us longer wait
Before we turn aside. To purple skies
And starlit night you go; and I arise
To pass into the east where glows the late
The rosy-fingered dawn; to meet a fate
That dimly veiled beyond the mountain lies.

Here at the parting paths I understand
The melancholy cloud that threw its pall
Upon our lives; and as we sadly part
And sadly grasp the other by the hand—
While evening's somber shadows silent fall
I can not close you, dear one, from my heart.

The
Granite Monthly

Newberry Library
Jan 22

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ORPHANS' HOME

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

CONCORD, N. H.

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DANIEL WEBSTER AT "ELMS FARM."

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. LIII.

JUNE, 1921.

No. 6.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ORPHANS' HOME

By Rev. Walter J. Malvern, Superintendent

Any "Home" where orphan and needy children—just as bright and full of fun as any children—are cared for is a center of interest, but this "Home" is made doubly interesting because it is situated on the "Elms Farm," the home of Daniel Webster from 1800, when it was purchased by his father, Captain Ebenezer Webster, until his death in 1852. It was here Webster spent his boyhood days; it was from here he started out for Dartmouth College; it was here he composed one of his distinguished orations and wrote the "Hulseman" letter, and looking out of the eastern window in the summer of 1848 he wrote to his son "this is the most beautiful place on this earth."

It was on this farm that the tree grew where Daniel hung his scythe, which act was a deciding factor in his being sent to Dartmouth College; here is the famous rock known as Pulpit Rock from whose eminence Webster is said to have practised some of his great orations. Surely the home of New Hampshire's most illustrious son—a home so rich in historic associations—could not be used to better advantage than for the training orphan and needy children to become worthy citizens of the old Granite State.

And can we find more fitting place,
On which the Orphans' Home to raise,
Than where in youth's bright halcyon day,
Our mightiest statesman used to play,

And work as well with plow and spade,
Or find repose beneath the shade
Of yonder oak where once when young,
His heavy scythe so nicely hung.*

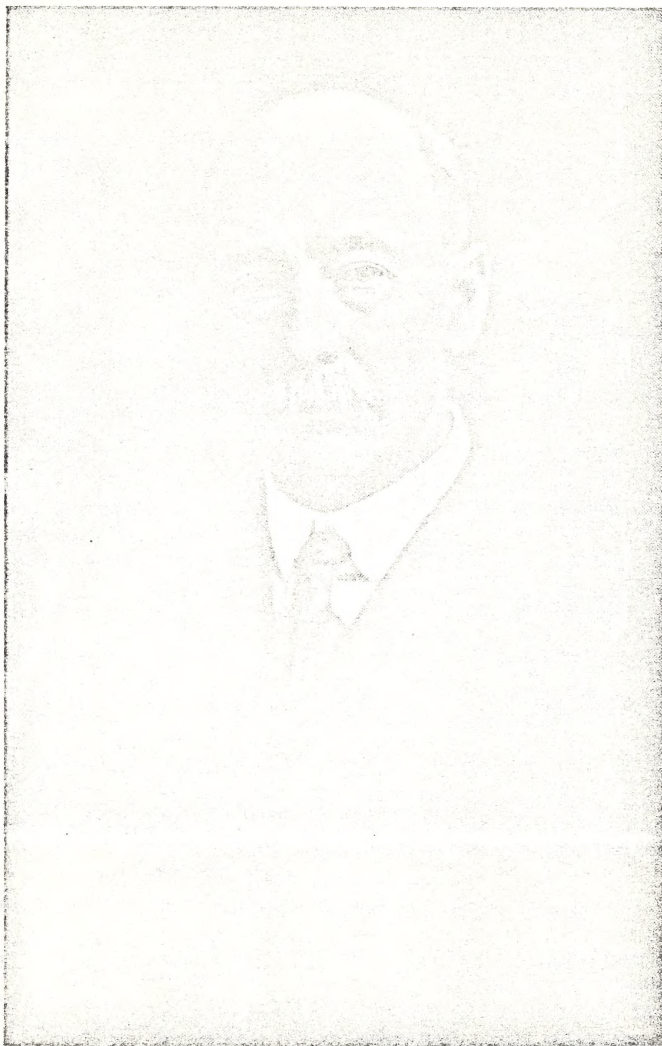
The New Hampshire Orphans' Home owes its birth to the Rev. Daniel Augustus Mack. He himself was left an orphan when seven years of age. From that time he was dependent upon his own resources. No orphans' home opened its doors to receive him. It was largely through his own experience, knowing as he did the need of such a home, that he labored so assiduously to establish this Home. Then, too, as a Chaplain in the Civil War many dying soldiers appealed to him to look after their children. It is not surprising then that Chaplain Mack turned his attention to the orphan children of the soldiers and broadened his work till it took in all that he could possibly befriend. He conceived the idea that the country is far better than the city for such a place. That whatever advantages the city might have, the country with its bracing air, pure water, delightful scenery and broad outlook outweighed them; and so the Home was located in this beautiful spot, so admirably suited to the needs and requirements of an orphans' home.

At the June session of the Legislature, 1871, an Act of Incorporation was obtained. A meeting was called in July and at a subsequent

*From an original poem by Rev. S. P. Heath, read at the dedication of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, 1871.

meeting the organization was perfected. At a meeting of the Board of Directors in August, 1871, it was voted to establish the Home upon

As soon believe our granite hills,
Our fertile vales and sparkling rills
Will traitors turn, and no supplies
Reward the toiler's sacrifice.



HON. FRANK L. GERRISH
President of the N. H. Orphans' Home.

the Webster farm in Franklin. The purchase was made and on the 19th day of October, 1871, the Home was opened with appropriate exercises. And shall we cherish one dark fear,
That our dear "Home" established here,
Will fail, 'mid beauties rich and grand,
So freely strown by God's own hand?

Mr. Mack inaugurated his movement and made his first public address in behalf of such a home in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Newport. At that meeting the Hon. George W. Nesmith, the presiding Judge of the Supreme Court which was then in session, was pres-

ent; was convinced, as he listened to Chaplain Mack, of the need of such a home; from that hour allied himself with the movement, giving money and time to its support; and when the Home was established was elected its first president and held that office till his death in 1890. For nineteen years he was

Mr. Mack made his first public address in the Methodist Episcopal church at Newport he spoke in the Congregational Church and there enlisted the interest and support of Dexter Richards, provided the Home was located in New Hampshire. It was through his first gift of \$500 that the Orphans' Home



THE WEBSTER MANSION
Home of the Superintendent, N. H. Orphans' Home.

President of the Board of Trustees. "The grand old man, the venerable Judge, the honored citizen" through these years had been a father to the Home, assuming in large part the responsibility for its success, spending time and money unstintedly in the cause so dear to him. One cannot speak too highly of his service of love, and what the Home owes to him.

On the evening of the day that

became a New Hampshire institution. Mr. Richards' enthusiasm for this worthy cause led him to double his donation. He was one of the incorporators mentioned in its Charter and one of three to call the first meeting. His interest, like his generous gifts, continued up to the time of his death in 1898, when he was vice president of the board of trustees.

Perhaps there is no one who shar-

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

On the evening of the day that
the king was at the table
with his queen and his
children, he was informed
that a great number of
his subjects were gathered
in the hall, and that they
were all in a great hurry
and confusion. He went
out to see what was the
matter, and found that
they were all waiting for
him to give them some
order. He then said to
them, "I am very sorry
that I cannot give you
any order at present, but
I will do my best to
serve you as soon as I
can."

ed a larger part of his time and means with the Home than the Hon. John Kimball. From the founding of the Home in 1871 till his death in 1913 he was its treasurer. Among his many achievements it is said that what he accomplished for the Home "is the brightest jewel in the diadem of his grand achievements, and his most enduring monument lies in the hearts of the many children, who during the last three or four decades have gone forth from the Home, and those who, in years to come, knowing him only by name, will call him blessed."

For several years the only building which the Home had was the Webster Home. It is difficult to understand how this building could accommodate some thirty or thirty-five children and find room for all the activities incident to an orphans' home. But so successful was the work that it was endorsed by President Hayes and by him Chaplain Mack was personally commended.

The children are now housed in three commodious buildings, while the older boys have a cottage to themselves and the older girls will soon have a similar home.

The buildings of the Home are the "Webster Mansion," which contains the Superintendent's home, the office and reception rooms. Two of the rooms in the upper part of the ell are used for a hospital; under these is the store room. The Mack Building: In 1875 Chaplain Mack built a wooden structure faced with brick which was used until 1913 when it was rebuilt with brick, and named in honor of the founder of the Home. In this building fifty boys, ranging in ages from eight to thirteen years, have their home. The Nursery Building: This building was opened in 1895. It has the kindergarten department of thirty-six

boys and girls from five to eight years of age; the first nursery of twelve little ones from ten months to three years, and the second nursery of twelve little ones from three to five years. Creighton Hall. This building was erected in 1900 and was named for the donor, Mrs. Susan Creighton of Newmarket. Thirty-six of the older girls have their home here. The John Taylor Cottage: This cottage was made over and enlarged out of the farmhouse which was the home of John Taylor who was Daniel Webster's farmer. It was opened in 1915, is well equipped and makes an excellent home for fourteen of the older boys. The Bartlett Cottage: This is a cottage for older girls, and we expect to receive from generous friends sufficient money to complete the work and furnishing, and then have a modern and well equipped home for sixteen of our older girls. In addition to these buildings where the children are housed, we have a primary school building, in the basement of which is the sewing room, on the first floor is the primary school room, and on the second floor the teachers' flat. The Home has a steam laundry and all the buildings are heated by steam from one plant. And last but not least we have our Chapel, named The John Kimball Chapel. Here the officers and children meet every morning, except Saturdays, for a brief service. And on Sunday we also have our Sunday School at 2:45 and a service at six o'clock. At this service the Superintendent gives an address to the children, and he has a model congregation, as no one comes in late, and no one leaves till the service is over, and there is "no collection."

The two big days in the year for the children are Thanksgiving and Christmas. Friends from far and near send us money and gifts for

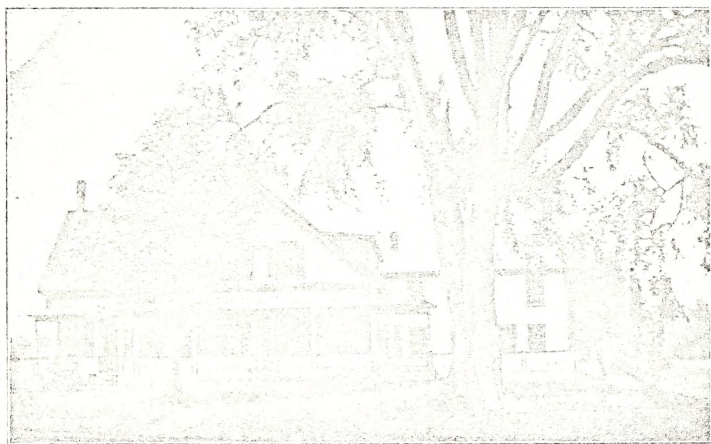


CREIGHTON HALL

these occasions, and there is no happier bunch of children than ours on these festive occasions.

We have our own school which is under the direction of the State Board of Education. Our school is graded from the kindergarten through the grammar school grades in conformity with the state requirements. We have a staff of five efficient teachers and the entire expense of running the school is paid out of our income. Our income is derived from our invested funds and the charge we make per capita for the children in the Home.

An average day in the life of the Home is as follows: Rising bell at 6:30. The officers have breakfast at seven o'clock; the children at 7:20. After breakfast the children file into the chapel for a brief service of responsive reading in the Gospels, prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, and singing. Upon leaving the chapel most of children have some work to do before school begins at nine o'clock. They make the beds—in their own departments—sweep the dormitories and halls, work in the kitchen, dining rooms and the store



BARTLETT COTTAGE

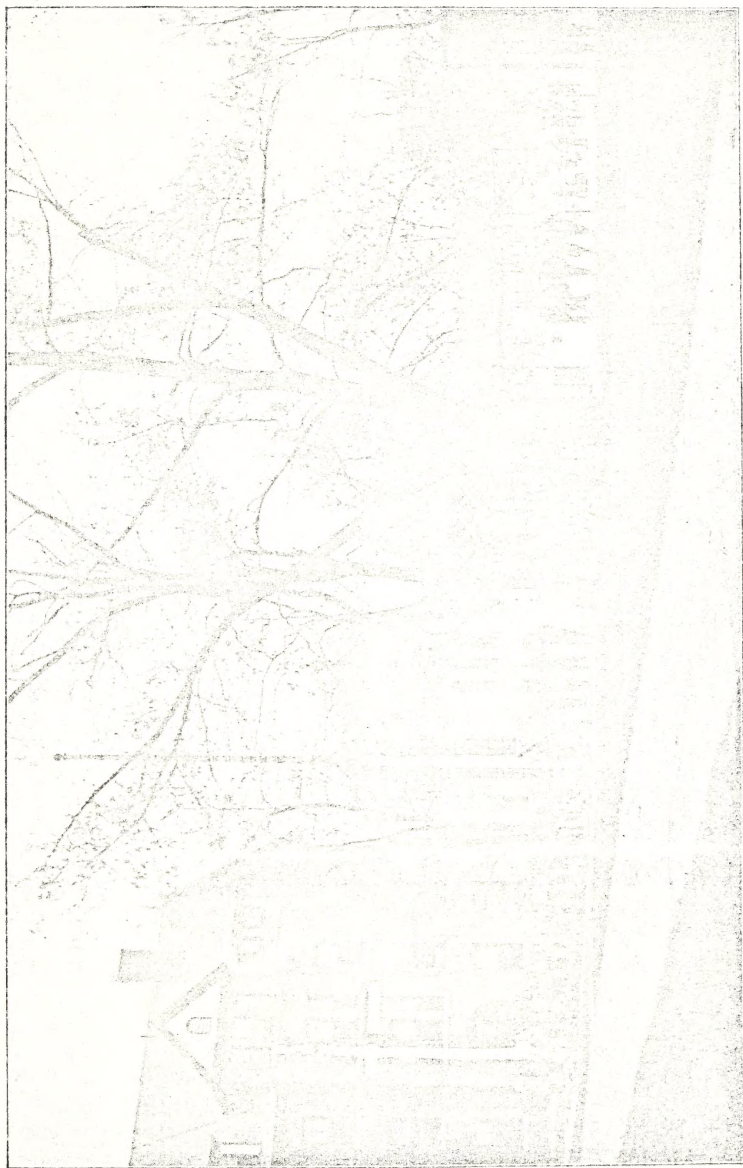
but this with the high cost of living is not sufficient to pay all our bills and so we are dependent on the generosity of friends.

Those who visit the Home cannot fail to be impressed with its ideal location and the bright happy children living here. Most of the children have some duties outside of their school work that help to teach them to be industrious, orderly and neat. They do their work heartily and well and are pleased when asked to do something which gives them an opportunity to do you a favor.

room, and the boys who live in the John Taylor Cottage take care of the horses, cows, pigs and hens. The school sessions are from 9 to 11:50 and 1:30 to 3:40. The children have considerable time for recreation and due regard is had to their health. We have very little sickness and our children are well nourished and healthy. As in all institutions of this kind some of the older boys and girls do considerable work and we could not run the Home without their assistance. Our older boys do most of the farm work and our older girls

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It is a very common mistake to suppose that the
only way to get the most out of a book is to read it
from cover to cover. This is not the case. The best
way to get the most out of a book is to read it
in a way that suits your own needs. For example,
if you are interested in a particular subject, you
may want to read the chapters on that subject first.
If you are interested in the author's life, you may
want to read the biography first. The point is that
you should read the book in a way that suits your
own needs. This will help you to get the most out
of the book.



THE NURSERY, CHAPEL AND PLAYGROUND

work in the steam laundry, the children's dining room and kitchen, and assist the matrons in the first and second nurseries. The children have supper at 5:20, and with the exception of the boys in the John Taylor Cottage are all in bed by eight o'clock. It is sometimes thought best to keep a boy or girl in the Home when they are really old enough to go out and make their own living. We then make them self-supporting and give them a small salary.

Great care is taken in providing the children with good wholesome food, which consists of, for breakfast, cooked or prepared cereals, bread or corn cake, butter, milk and mocho (cereal coffee); dinners, baked beans, potato and meat, beef stew, salmon and rice, fish chowder, macaroni and tomato, vegetables from the garden and various kinds of puddings; suppers, bread and butter, syrup, apple sauce, peanut butter, cake or gingerbread, cocoa and milk.

It is no small job to provide for all the needs of 160 boys, girls and little children, but with a loyal staff of officers the life of the Home moves along harmoniously and no pains are spared to promote the best welfare of the Home.

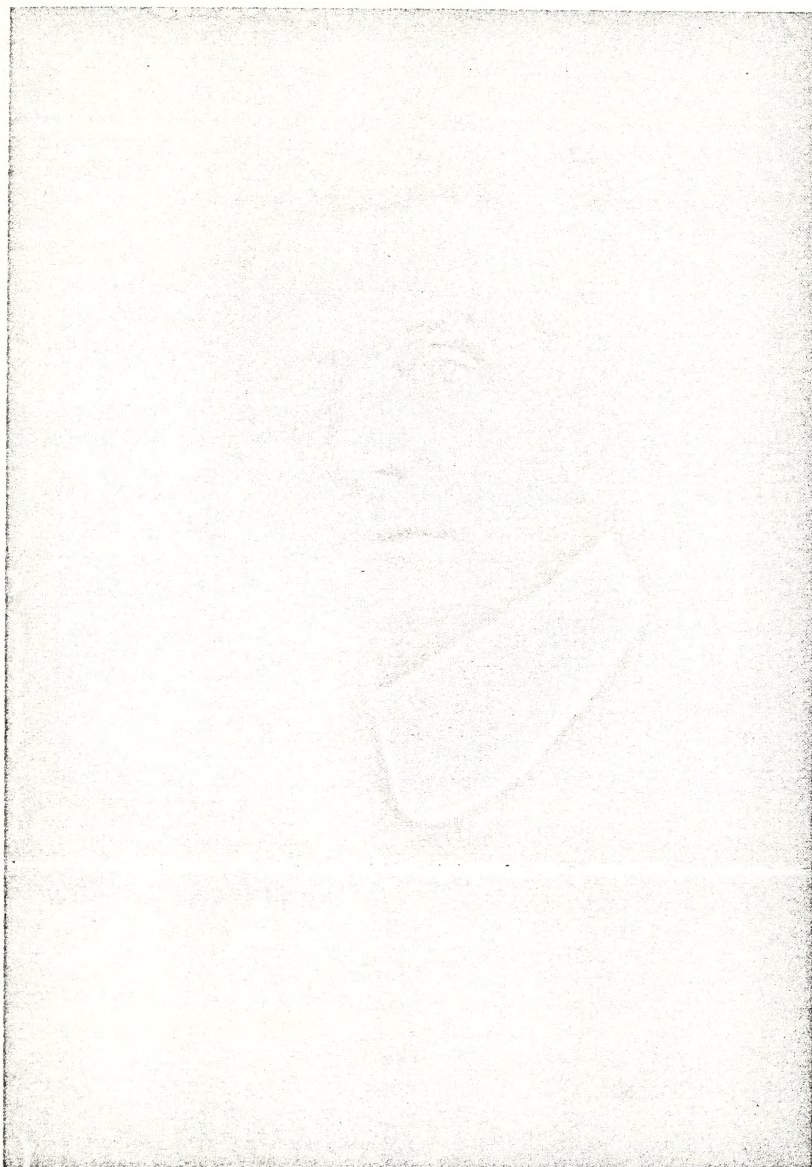
Ex-Governor Smyth in his last message as President of the Board of Trustees said, "We have, gathered here, the fragments of many families, every one of which started out in life with fair prospects and high hopes of success. Some uncontrolled influence, some hidden rock, some storm of passion, or sickness ending in death, shattered the home, and these little children, innocent of all, have been gathered up by these servants of the Lord and sheltered from the storm." And well does our late President, Dr. Douglas, say: "One of the great needs of this institution is a deeper personal interest of people in its

grand work." We solicit the fullest investigation into the working of the Home and visitors are welcome any day but Saturday, Sunday and holidays. This is a good place to visit if you are interested in children.

For almost fifty years this Home has been caring for orphan and needy children, caring for their social, educational, moral, and religious needs, rendering a service to the State beyond any money value. Over two thousand children have found a home here, and when we think of what many of them have been saved from and what the Home has done for all these boys and girls we cannot but be profoundly thankful to Him who put a new value on childhood when He took a little child and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Interest in the Webster Oak is enhanced by the fact that it has recently been given a place in the Hall of Fame for trees with a history.

Daniel Webster, like many another growing boy, when about fourteen years of age, had little love for farm work. He would much rather lie under the shade of a leafy tree, or roam the hills in search of berries, than buckle down to hard work. And so it came about on a hot day in July, when the men were cutting the grass with scythe, and raking it by hand, that Ebenezer Webster fitted scythe to snath and handing them to Daniel, sent him into the field with the mowers. They were working between the Home buildings and the cemetery. In those days the grass grew tall and heavy. The land had not been deprived of its virgin fertility. The sun came down hot, and the scythe and snath were heavy. After "going around" for a few times, the young lad hung his scythe in the branches of an oak tree that grew beside the highway,



REV. WALTER J. MALVERN, SUPERINTENDENT.

and stretched himself upon the newmown hay. Noon came and he went up to the house with a boy's appetite for food. His father had been away during the forenoon, and in course of time asked, "Well, Daniel, how does your scythe hang?" Mindful of where the scythe was, Daniel answered quickly, "It hangs just right to suit me." The haymakers, who were with the family at dinner, heard the reply and told the story. Later when

the tree on which Daniel Webster hung his scythe."

From the remainder of the trunk, and the large branches, Mr. Mack had a quantity of pen holders manufactured. These he took to Boston consigning them to a leading stationer. They were marked to show from whence the wood came, and sold readily at a good price and Mr. Mack used the money obtained for the benefit of the Home. When the stock was



THE WEBSTER OAK

Daniel became a public idol the oak became a tree of interest.

The tree was blown down in a storm several years ago. The next day Mrs. Mack had the children gather up all the available parts of the tree. From the trunk Mr. Mack had a few canes made. Only one of these canes can now be accounted for. Mr. Mack had occasion to go to Washington, and called upon the President. It was while Rutherford B. Hayes was in office, and Mr. Mack presented him with a cane, marked, "Made of part of

sold out the stationer sent up for more. Mr. Mack told him there were no more, all the wood from the tree had been used. "Are there no more oaks in New Hampshire?" asked the stationer. Very indignantly Mr. Mack replied, "There are plenty of oaks in New Hampshire, but there was only one on which Daniel Webster hung his scythe, and from no other will pen holders be made and marked with the name of the great statesman, if I know, or can prevent it."

ALL ALONE IN THE COUNTRY

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By Henry Bailey Stevens

Dramatis Personae:

Susan Reynolds
Aunt Polly Walker
Dick Van Deuten

(*Scene:* The living room of a New Hampshire farm house. The furnishings are simple but of a modern type. At the center rear is a long, comfortable and well-upholstered sofa. A dress-form, or "Betty," as it is popularly called (made of gummed paper at a 'home demonstration' meeting) sits on a stand at its left. At the left front are a wicker lounge-chair and table, on which is an electric lamp with art-glass panels. There are papers and magazines on the table. In a corner is a victrola. A door at the left front opens to the front hall and one at the left rear to cupboard; on the opposite side a door at the rear opens to the side porch and at the front to the kitchen. There is a telephone between the two doors at the right. At the rear a window looks out toward the mountains. Into the room from the front hall at left comes Susan carrying a traveling bag, followed by Aunt Polly, who is veiled, gloved and arrayed in a traveling costume.)

Susan (putting down the bag): Oh, I say, Aunt Polly, it's just great that you've come. Mother will be delighted. It's too good to be true.

Aunt Polly: So this is little Susan, is it? It's too bad for them to call you Susie.

Susan: Why, but they don't, Aunt Polly! Nobody does.

Aunt Polly: It must be they do

behind your back. (Sitting down) Well, the old place looks awfully natural. I thought I'd never get here—changing at the Junction and stopping, the way the trains do in this part of the country, at every pair of bars. (She struggles with her veil.)

Susan: Let me help you, Aunt Polly. (She helps her with her veil.) I'll take your veil, and I'll take your gloves—and your hat. Now are you comfortable? Oh, but mother'll be so sorry she's been away. She and Dad have just gone over to the Field Day at the four-corners.

Aunt Polly: Well, the poor soul, I'm glad she's got away for one day. Up in the morning at four o'clock to get breakfast, feed the chickens, carry in water from the well, wash the milk pail, bake and stew all morning over a hot kitchen fire—

Susan: Why, Aunt Polly, you ought to see our pressure cooker!

Aunt Polly: I'm sure I don't know what that is, but I know what it is living on a farm, Susan. I was brought up here, and when I left twenty-six years ago, I vowed I'd never come back. And I don't know as I would, Susan, if it hadn't been as I said to John, "There's that girl up there that's still young. There may be no hopes for Nell, but there is some hopes for her. I'll bet they call her Susie, and that she ain't been anywheres except to Rockingham Academy, and can't go to no movies, nor meet any likely young men, and ain't been fitted to move in cultivated society. She can't

Handwritten scribbles at the top left of the page.

[Faint, mostly illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs.]

have the advantages. John, that we could give her. And it's my duty, as I see it, to go up there and offer her a chance to make a change now while she's still young." Of course I know it would be awfully hard on your mother; but as I says to John, anybody's a fool to waste themselves. If there's one thing I've always been thankful for, it's that I didn't waste myself.

Susan: Aren't you funny, Aunt Polly!

Aunt Polly: Well, as I say, everything looks natural. The same old house fifty miles from nowhere, and the same old room. I declare, it smells natural too. (She sniffs) I always did hate the smell of a kerosene lamp.

Susan: But Aunt Polly—

Aunt Polly: Oh, I guess you can't tell me. It's very serious, Susan, very serious. Of course you don't realize, as I do, all the hardships of living like this, and the disadvantages. Just for one thin, for instance, take anybody's pernunciation.

Susan: Their what?

Aunt Polly: Their pernunciation, their language. Of course it ain't your fault, Susan, but I could tell, the minute I heard you speak that you didn't talk the way other people do.

Susan: (blushing) Oh, you noticed that, did you?

Aunt Polly: Yes, you know people in the country always say "caf" when they ought to say "carf"—

Susan: Why, I don't do that, Aunt Polly. You see, I've been practising pronunciation and all that sort of thing. I thought that was what you meant.

Aunt Polly: You have, have you? (somewhat taken aback) Who's been teaching you?

Susan: There's a young man staying up at the Jefferson's who's

quite an artist. He's lived abroad, you know, and—

Aunt Polly: You be careful about these artists and young men like that, Susan.

Susan: Why, do you know any of them?

Aunt Polly: No, but I've read about 'em in the papers. A girl lots of times in the country don't understand about some things and don't realize what a terrible lot of immorality there is in the city, Susan.

Susan: Why, Aunt Polly, I thought you wanted me to go to the city.

Aunt Polly: (gasping for a minute) I want you to be brought up right, Susan, and to be a comfort to your parents.

Susan: Oh, you're just an dear, Aunt Polly. (She goes up and kisses her, and then stands off and looks at her) but you are funny! (She laughs roguishly.) Now please excuse me for a minute while I look at the dinner. (She goes out at front right.)

(Aunt Polly picks up a newspaper and sighs. Suddenly the telephone bell rings.)

Aunt Polly: (calling) Susan! Susan, there's somebody at the front door. (The bell rings again)

Susan: (coming in laughing, her hands covered with flour) It's the telephone, Aunt Polly. Would you mind answering it? My hands are full of dough. (goes out)

Aunt Polly: Mercy, I didn't realize you had a telephone. (At telephone) Hello! Yes, well no, this isn't Mrs. Reynolds. This is Mrs. Walker speaking. I'm visiting Mrs. Reynolds. Yes, you say a man has escaped—has escaped—you don't mean it! Last night? You don't say? And you say he's been traced in this direction? Wait a minute. Let me get it all straight now. You say he wears a striped

shirt and trousers—without a hat—yes, I got that. And what did you say? Shoes with nails in 'em. Most shoes do, don't they? Nails, yes, I got it. Well, what can we do Central? (blankly.) Yes, yes, we'll call you. (hangs up) Susan! Susan!

(Susan appears in doorway.)

Aunt Polly: Susan, have you got any gun in the house besides that old flintlock?

Susan: Why, we haven't even got that, Aunt Polly.

Aunt Polly: (triumphantly) I knew it! Imagine living in the country fifty miles from nowhere without a gun. But I knew it. (She opens up her traveling bag.) I was just going to leave when I says to John, "I'm goin' into a lonesome country, and there's no tellin' what'll happen. And I'll bet they haven't got a gun in the house." So I come forearmed. I guess I know the country. You can't tell me. (After diving about in the bag she produces a small revolver.)

Susan: Look out, Aunt Polly! Please don't point it this way.

Aunt Polly: Oh, you needn't be afraid. I know how to handle a gun. I was just lookin' to see if it was loaded right.

Susan: But what are you going to do with it?

Aunt Polly: I'm just going to put it right here on this window-sill in case of any emergency. Susan (dramatically) we have just been informed by the operator that at half past ten o'clock last night a man escaped from the state insane asylum.

Susan: They always are escaping. I wouldn't have thought there'd be any left by now to escape.

Aunt Polly: And when last seen he was headed in this direction!

Susan: Did the operator say he was on this road?

Aunt Polly: He was headed, she said, in the general direction of Salisbury.

Susan: Oh, that's quite different.

Aunt Polly: We can't take any chances, Susan. She said he was wearing a striped costume without a hat, and his shoes had nails that show in the bottom. Hog-nails, the operator called them; but there's so many kinds of nails—ten penny and shingle and clapboard and wire and everything—I never did pay much attention to 'em. I guess it would be clear what they were all right.

Susan: (mischievously) I do hope you'll earn a reward, Aunt Polly.

Aunt Polly: It's no joking matter, I can tell you. The man is criminally insane, and they say a desperate character. They say he killed a man once.

Susan: Supposing he should come in now, Aunt Polly, through that door there (pointing to the hall door opposite) do you know what I would do? I would take this biscuit—(she moulds up a lump of dough that is in her hands and holds it up)—and throw it at him just like this! (To the horror of Aunt Polly she throws the lump with considerable dexterity plump against the hall door. Then hastily picking up the bulk of it she runs laughing back into the kitchen.)

Aunt Polly: (aghast). And to think I've just invited her to my house!

Susan: (reappearing) Never fear, Aunt Polly! (She brings in a damp cloth and wipes the remains of the dough from the door and floor. I didn't put it in the oven! There! It's all clean again. I'm sorry, Aunt Polly (she runs up

and kisses her impulsively), but you know we all have to waste more or less on practice shots. I'll wager you've wasted several boxes of cartridges on your revolver.

Aunt Polly: I'm afraid the lonesomeness of the country isn't good for your nerves, my dear.

Susan (soberly, beginning to play a part): That's quite true, I suppose. Do you know, Aunt Polly, I often sit here in the twilight, looking out at the mountains, as they grow shaggy with the darkening purple of the descending night upon their forests, and cry out my bitter heart at the loneliness of it all. And then, as if in answer to me, I hear the call of a whip-poor-will or the hoot of an owl. And I sit there inconsolable, until suddenly a little star pops out above the mountain. Oh, life is often cruel in the country, Aunt Polly. I am sure it isn't in the city.

Aunt Polly: (very much affected): Poor child!

Susan: And then there are the long winter evenings with (stuttering for time) - with - as you say - with the smelly kerosene lamps. And the cold raw mornings when one shivers at the pump in the yard. Ugh! (Shivering) but it's cold! I'll wager you haven't washed at the pump since you left here, Aunt Polly!

Aunt Polly: Why, I never did such a thing in my life, Susan. We always lugged the water into the house.

Susan: (Gasping for time): Well, of course, you can do that if you want to; but as for me, I - I - I always preferred the pump!

Aunt Polly: Susan Reynolds, you don't mean to tell me that you wash at the pump in that yard? In that yard, in the plain sight of everybody!

Susan: Well, as you say, Aunt Polly, there's hardly ever anybody going by!

Aunt Polly: Well, if that isn't the countryfiedest thing ever heard of! I'm going right out there now and look.

Susan (Hurriedly and confusedly): Oh, no - no - o! Er - you see, the pump has - er - the pump is out of order just now. We had to take it up. We - we - I'll get you some water, Aunt Polly. I'll take you right up to the ba - the - the - spare room with it. You can wash and wash there to your heart's content. I should have given you the water before. You must be quite dusty. Sit right down, Aunt Polly. I'll be right back. Please sit still. (She fairly forces her into her chair, runs out to the kitchen, and in a minute comes back with a pitcher of water.) It was quite unforgivable of me. (With the pitcher in one hand and the traveling bag in the other she goes into the front hall, following Aunt Polly). There now, let's go right up-stairs. The trains are very dirty, I know. They must be. This is the way up, you remember. I do hope everything seems quite natural. (The quickened tones of her voice die away, and in an instant are heard again.) There now, I hope you will be comfortable. (She appears in doorway, calling back) Aunt Polly! If there's anything more you want, let me know. (She closes the hall door and stands for a moment pondering.) I wonder what they will do to me when they find out. But I simply couldn't have shown her to the bathroom. Some way it didn't seem fair. And the poor kerosene lamps! (She laughs and skips suddenly across the room to the switch.) The poor long winter evenings with the smell of kerosene! (She switches on and off the electric light.) It must have been the oil-stove that bothered her. That makes me think—(She goes out at right to kitchen.)

(In a moment the door from the side porch opens, and Van Deuten enters. He is a young man, bare-headed, and is wearing an athletic costume—a coat sweater that reveals underneath a jersey with broad blue and white bands, short running pants that have a black stripe on the side, and running shoes with half-inch spikes on the soles. The shoes force him to walk on his heels indoors.)

Van Deuten: Susan! O Susan-girl! (He hobbles across the floor and looks out toward kitchen. Sees nobody and closes door.) Wonder if they've gone to the Field Day. Confound these shoes. They're not the thing for cross-country. (Kicks them off in middle of floor and stands in socks. Hesitates, then starts victrola, and as the music catches his fancy, begins to dance. Suddenly notices "Betty" and going up to it, kneels in mock-heroics, then picks it up and dances with it. Suddenly Aunt Polly appears in doorway and sees him, darts back with muffled exclamation without being seen. Van Deuten finishes dance, returns "Betty" to its position, stops victrola, and sits down with sigh to read the paper. His back is to the hall door, and Aunt Polly reappears cautiously and surveys him.)

Aunt Polly (to herself): Striped costume! Bareheaded! And shoes with nails in 'em! (She hesitates for a moment and then slips across to window, seizes the revolver and levels it at Van Deuten's head. Her coolness and self-mastery are evident as she stands waiting. Aware of something unusual in the room, Van Deuten looks around and sees her. He overturns chair in his excitement and falls to floor.)

Van Deuten: My God!

Aunt Polly: Sit right where you are, young man, without swearing! I know all about you. (Van Deuten attempts to speak.) Not a

word! Put your hands above your head. (Van Deuten obeys quickly.) Have you a hat?

Van Deuten (amazed): No, but my dear woman—

Aunt Polly (threatening with the revolver): Not a word! I thought not! You have no hat! You admit that. You wear a striped costume; anybody can see it's a crazy costume. You cannot deny that. Your shoes have nails in them. Crazy sort of nails. And you have the face of a criminally insane person if I ever saw one in my life!

Van Deuten: There is some mis—

Aunt Polly: (Towering and threatening with the revolver) Not another word. I won't stand for it. I will shoot at the slightest provocation. I will shoot unless you obey me instantly. Do you understand that, young man? Answer me, yes or no. Do you understand that?

Van Deuten (aghast): Yes, I understand.

Aunt Polly: You will—(She hesitates, then moves around room with revolver kept pointed at Van Deuten's head until she reaches the door of the cupboard at left rear. Opens door dramatically) You will please to go in there at once. Hurry. (Van Deuten obeys hobbling.) Now if I hear a yip from you, young man, or the slightest noise, I will shoot through the door. Do you understand? (Van Deuten is silent.) Answer me, yes or no. Do you understand that I will shoot?

Van Deuten (Hopelessly): Yes. (She closes the door with a bang and locks it.)

Aunt Polly: I must telephone to the authorities. (Accent on the it) (She hurries to the telephone, takes down the receiver and waits expecting the operator to answer.) Hello! Hello! I never saw such a place. I suppose the Central is out feeding the chickens! Hello, I

say! (She jigs the receiver-hook up and down.) Hello!

Van Deuten. (From the cupboard): You'd better ring the bell, madam.

Aunt Polly: Don't let me hear another word from you, do you hear? (Sees bells on box and tries to hit them together.) I never heard of such an arrangement. How do you ring this bell anyway? Imagine having a telephone like this! (Addressing the cupboard) How do you ring the bell? (No answer) (Louder) I say, how do you ring the bell? Are you deaf?

Van Deuten: You requested me to be silent, madam, and I shall steadfastly refrain from answering.

Aunt Polly: Answer me at once, or I will shoot. Do you hear?

Van Deuten: You will have to shoot then. This is a principle, and I may as well die for it.

Aunt Polly (In despair finds knob and rings): Operator! This is Mrs. Walker talking. I want Emergency! Emergency! Don't you understand? E-mer-gen-cy! What kind of a place is this? Oh, you're emergency too. Yes, I said this is Mrs. Walker talking. Mrs. Walker, yes, at the Reynolds farm. I want you to inform the proper authorities that I have captured the man they are hunting for single-handed. And that he is at present in my persession. Yes, that's what I said, in my persession. I want them to come and get him at once. At once! Rightaway, do you understand? Thank you! Oh, it was nothing at all. It was very simple!

Van Deuten: (Echoing): Yes, quite simple!

Aunt Polly (Hanging up the receiver): Susan! O Susan! (She opens the door to the kitchen and calls loudly.) Well, where have you been? (Susan appears) Susan, I've caught him, do you understand?

Susan (Eyeing the revolver): Caught whom?

Aunt Polly (Waving the revolver): The man who escaped! And I've got him locked up right over there in that cupboard!

Susan: You don't say, Aunt Polly! How jolly!

Van Deuten: Yes, very jolly!

(Susan starts at the sound of the voice.)

Aunt Polly: Don't you let me hear a yip from you again, young man! Do you understand? (She waves the revolver) Or I will shoot! The idea of his mocking us!

Susan (Running up to her and whispering): Oh, do be careful, Aunt Polly! It might go off. Tell me, what does he look like?

Aunt Polly: Oh, you'd know the instant you saw him that he's an escaped lunatic. (Groans from the closet) Striped shirt and trousers and no hat, and great nails as long as that in his shoes. And his face—you ought to see his face! He looks like a criminally insane person if I ever saw one. (Moans from the cupboard) Imagine!—When I came down the stairs, he was dancing around with that immodest thing in his arms! (Points to Betty)

Susan: Say, you're a brick, Aunt Polly! You're a heroine! Did he struggle at all?

Aunt Polly: How could he? In an instant I had the revolver at his head. "If you move a muscle," I says, "your brains'll never give the world any more trouble!" And he wasn't so crazy but what he understood that!

Susan: Oh dear! I'm so sorry! Oh, what a vexatious thing!

Aunt Polly: What do you mean, child? What is there to be sorry about? I'd like to know. I guess you'd have been sorry if it hadn't been for me!

Susan: Oh, what a vexatious thing! If I had only been here—Just think!—I could have thrown

the dough-ball right at him in earnest! Wouldn't it have been jolly?

Aunt Polly: I hope it will be a lesson to the entire family never to stay another night in this house without a loaded revolver.

Susan: I really think hereafter we'll make father carry one when he goes out to milk the cows.

Aunt Polly (Pacing up and down the floor): I telephoned the authorities and I expect they'll be here for him most anytime now. I hope so!

Susan: Now, Aunt Polly, you ought to know the country authorities better than that.

Aunt Polly (In a low tone): I shall want to change my dress before they come, Susan. I should hate to have them find me like this. So I want you to take this revolver, Susan, and stand here on guard. (She hands her the revolver which Susan takes gingerly.) The door is securely locked, and he has strict orders not to move in the slightest degree. If he does, call me at once. Be very careful of the revolver. I always hate to see anybody use one who ain't used to it.

Susan: Oh, I quite understand. You needn't have the slightest fear.

(Aunt Polly goes out at left front. Susan follows her to the door and listens until she is sure Aunt Polly is on the stairs. Then she struggles with the revolver until she has opened the barrel, when she picks out the cartridges one by one and hides them under a pillow on the sofa.)

Susan: There! That's much safer. (She then strides up toward the cupboard door and levels the weapon at it.) Hello, the cupboard!

Van Deuten: Susan, open up, will you? That's a good girl! I've played 'coop' here about long enough.

Susan: So it was Dick! (Addressing him) I understand, sir, that you are a very desperate character.

Van Deuten: Susan!

Susan: That you are a criminal, and that (snorting with glee) one has only to see your face to know at once—

Van Deuten: Wait till I catch you!

Susan: To know at once that you are an escaped lunatic!

Van Deuten: I'll make you sorry for this!

Susan: Not a word in there! Not a yip from you, young man, or your brains will spatter the cupboard! Do you understand that you are a prisoner? (Chortling) A prisoner? Answer me!

Van Deuten: I've done nothing for the last half hour but answer bullying women like a school-boy!

Susan: It was high time that somebody took you in hand, young man. I have known that for months.

Van Deuten: Oh, I say, Susan, I want some air and sunlight in my cell.

Susan: You are absolutely and indisputably in my power, and you have no recourse. (She taps on the door with the revolver.) I know from past observations of you that you won't even start a hunger-strike.

Van Deuten: If you don't let me out, I shall make it known publicly that this utter fool of a woman is a relative of yours.

Susan: Oh, I should love to hear you when you make it known publicly. I can just hear you at the postoffice of an evening. (Mocking) "Here, was I, Dick Van Deuten, the artist, out for 'me daily trot' after a morning's hard work with the brush. I was wearing my running costume—nothing crazy about the costume, gentlemen, I submit—when all of

a sudden a perfect fool of a woman holds me up with a revolver and assures me that I am an escaped lunatic. What utter rot, gentlemen! She is from the city, a relative of the Reynolds family, which of course tells you what an ass she must be. And this woman, after insulting me and repeatedly declaring that my features belong to the criminal type, this woman locks me up, gentlemen, at the point of a revolver. Locks me up in the cupboard, gentlemen! Of course it is obvious that the whole affair is preposterous and that the Reynolds' and all their relatives are perfect asses." What sympathy will be aroused among the people waiting for their mail! I fairly weep!

Van Deuten: You hyena-woman! (Pounds on the door)

Susan: Oh, but vengeance is sweet! And now shall we have a look at the prisoner, or shall we keep him in confinement until the authorities arrive? (She rattles the lock as if unlocking it, while Van Deuten thumps on the other side of the door.) Not just yet, young man. The opportunity is too glorious not to prolong it. Do you forswear all vengeance?

Van Deuten: I'll be hanged if I do.

Susan: Half an hour longer then! Do you confess your crimes?

Van Deuten: No, but I confess my criminal intentions.

Susan: Two hours longer then. Do you admit your lunacy?

Van Deuten: Yes, willingly.

Susan: Then, as is the custom in this country, we will give you freedom. (She unlocks the door and Van Deuten hobbles out. Susan is convulsed with laughter. Van Deuten blinks at the light and holds aloft a jar of jam he has taken from the cupboard.)

Van Deuten: Who said hunger-strike?

Susan: Oh, what an obvious

criminal! Notice the striped costume with its murderous shoes. Mark closely: the hard lines on the face, the meager brain capacity, and the low slanting forehead!

Van Deuten: Susan, I'm nearly famished! All this has come on top of a five-mile run. I went over to Rumney and back across the pastures in 55 minutes today.

Susan: Poor man! We'll get him some tea right away! (She goes out to kitchen.)

Van Deuten: (Opening up the jam and sniffing) Now a feller might enjoy himself, I should say, provided that she-loon stays upstairs. And provided we're not visited by the authorities! So she's from the city! The most fragrant Reubs I've ever seen hailed from some side-street in Boston or New York! (Seeing the revolver which Susan has laid down.) By the way, why shouldn't I make her stay upstairs? (He thinks for a minute while the idea grows and then steps with determination to the hall door, opens it and growls loudly) Er-err-r! woman, you move a step at your peril! Prepare to di-ie. I have cut the jugular veins of three black calves, and now I shall seek the old cow herself! Er-er-rr-r!

(Loud screams are heard from upstairs. Susan rushes in from kitchen.)

Susan: Dick! You'll give her hysterics! (She pushes him aside and calls) It's all right, Aunt Polly! I have him completely in control. It's perfectly safe. (To Van Deuten dubiously) I think she's coming down.

Van Deuten: I've a good mind to take the gun and drive her into the cupboard just to show her what its like!

Susan: You'll do no such thing!

(He beats her to the table, snatches up the revolver and covers Aunt Polly as she enters.)

Van Deuten: Er-r-r! Not a

word there! Into the cupboard with you!

(There are wild shrieks. Susan chases Van Deuten about the room, crying, "It isn't loaded, Aunt Polly! Don't be afraid!" Van Deuten keeps up a mock growling which quiets as he finally allows Susan to take the revolver away from him.)

Susan: There's really nothing to fear. You see I let him out!

Aunt Polly: You let him out!

Susan (thinking hard): Yes, you see I—I had to get the tea things. We have to serve tea at four o'clock, you know, every afternoon!

Aunt Polly (Her attention distracted from Van Deuten by this remark): Serve tea! You don't mean you serve tea out here in the country!

Susan (Opening the door to kitchen and pulling out the tea wagon): Yes, we have to relieve the country life, you know, as much as we can, so we always have a cup just before we do the milking.

Aunt Polly: Well, I never!

Van Deuten: You've no idea how much easier it makes the milking!

Aunt Polly: And you have a real tea-wagon!

Susan: I made it myself. Not bad, is it? (She pours the tea.)

Aunt Polly: I feel awfully kind of funny!

Susan: You mustn't mind him (nodding at Van Deuten.) As soon as I saw him, you know, I recognized him.

Aunt Polly: You don't mean it!

Susan: Yes, he used to live up this way. I'll introduce him to you. Let me make you better acquainted with Mr. Van Deuten, Mrs. Walker.

Van Deuten (bowing): I hope we're quite.

Aunt Polly (Acknowledging the introduction wide-eyed, but unable to address him): But what did he mean when he shouted like that?

Susan: Oh, he just has fits of talking in that way. It doesn't mean anything, but it gave him an awfully bad reputation.

Aunt Polly: I should think it would.

Susan: Sit down now, Mr. Van Deuten, and enjoy your tea. (Van Deuten glares at her, but the temptation to obey is too great, and he sits down in the lounge-chair where he devours the sandwiches and cakes hungrily.) (To Aunt Polly) Yes, it's a sad story. I'll tell it to you. (Whispers) You know he is the descendant of a very famous Dutch family.

Aunt Polly: You don't mean it.

Susan: Yes, one of the original patroons.

Aunt Polly: I thought he looked kind of dark-complected!

Susan: He used to live over here in the valley on the Kearsarge road; but it got him in the end.

Aunt Polly: What do you mean? What got him?

Susan: Oh, the loneliness of New Hampshire life! The bleak, deserted hills! And the utter and bewildering loneliness!

Aunt Polly: Poor fellow!

Susan: He used to shell beans for instance until eleven o'clock at night just for the sociability of it. And at three o'clock in the morning he used to tell me, it was such a relief to meet the cows again! All day long he used to hoe the weary rows of corn without meeting even the postman. And in the winter the unending stretches of dazzling white snow maddened him so that when he met a man one day, he didn't know how to behave and so he killed him. (Van Deuten's face is a study during this recital.)

Aunt Polly: How little we realize tragedies like that in the city!

Van Deuten: I was in the city once, but I shall never be able to go again.

Aunt Polly: Isn't it pathetic? Really, my dear, when I think of his sufferings, I can hardly make up my mind to turn him over to the police. Perhaps if he only had a few months of real living in the city, he would recover.

Susan: That's what the doctor said.

Aunt Polly: You don't mean it? The doctor said that? (The honk of an automobile is heard in the yard. Aunt Polly starts up.) Here they are now after him. Quick, young man! There is only a minute! (She fairly raises him by the sweater collar.) Take that door and run for your life. (He slips his shoes on some way as she hurries him toward the front door.) Hide in the woods; and if you can only get to the city, inquire for the Y. M. C. A. They will give you a bed and take care of you. Per-

haps you can still be a useful citizen. Run!

Van Deuten (Going): Madam, I shall always remember you in my prayers. (Exit)

Aunt Polly (Closing the door behind him): Tell them he got away from us, Susan. Tell them he took the other road, down through the pasture.

Susan (Looking out of the window): Why, it wasn't the police, Aunt Polly! It's Mother and Dad back from the Field Day!

Aunt Polly: Your mother and father! You don't mean that you own a motor?

Susan: Why yes, Aunt Polly. Nearly every farmer has one nowadays. You see, we have to have to have something to relieve the terrible loneliness of country life!

(Curtain)

PIPES OF PAN

By Elizabeth Hope Gordon

"Come into the woods," call the pipes of Pan,

"Come into the fields and play."

Shrill and sweet on the wind float the notes to me,

"Come into the woods," they say.

"Afar by the brook lies your childhood, lost

With the coming of care and of pain;

If you pass through green cresses and over the moss,

You may be as a child again.

"For the new baby leaves are unfolding their hands,

With wee wrinkled palms outspread;

The arbutus breath is astir on the breeze;

In the swamp maple torches flame red.

"So come to the woods with the soul of a child,

Come into the woods away.

See, the soft grasses bow to Pan's twinkling feet—"

Ah, the lure of the pipes that play!



The first of the papers that I have
 seen, the one which is now in my
 hands, is a very old one, and it
 is very interesting to me. It is
 a paper which was written by a
 man who lived in the time of the
 great wars, and it is a paper which
 is very valuable to me. It is a
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 wars, and it is a paper which is
 very valuable to me. It is a paper
 which is very old, and it is very
 interesting to me. It is a paper
 which was written by a man who
 lived in the time of the great wars,

GUY RICHARDSON

By Fanny Rummells Poole

In East Haverhill, New Hampshire, is a thrifty white farmhouse within view of the picturesque Moosilauke where Guy Richardson was born about forty-five years ago. After a few years, his father, George W. Richardson, who had served four years in the Civil War, moved to the village, keeping the general store thirty years, the post office sixteen years, and twice representing Haverhill in the State Legislature.

His mother, Ellen Ruddick Richardson, a native of St. John, N. B., was twenty years president of the W. C. T. U. of New Hampshire, also a member of many charitable, patriotic and religious societies, much sought as a public speaker, greatly valued as a friend. It is an ideal childhood that Mr. Richardson recalls, when his love of literature and natural history was encouraged by helpful parents. Mrs. Richardson died in March, 1919. The father, active in the G. A. R., lives at Concord, N. H. "No one could have chosen his parents with greater discretion," as Miss Betham-Edwards loves to quote in her "Mid-Victorian Memories."

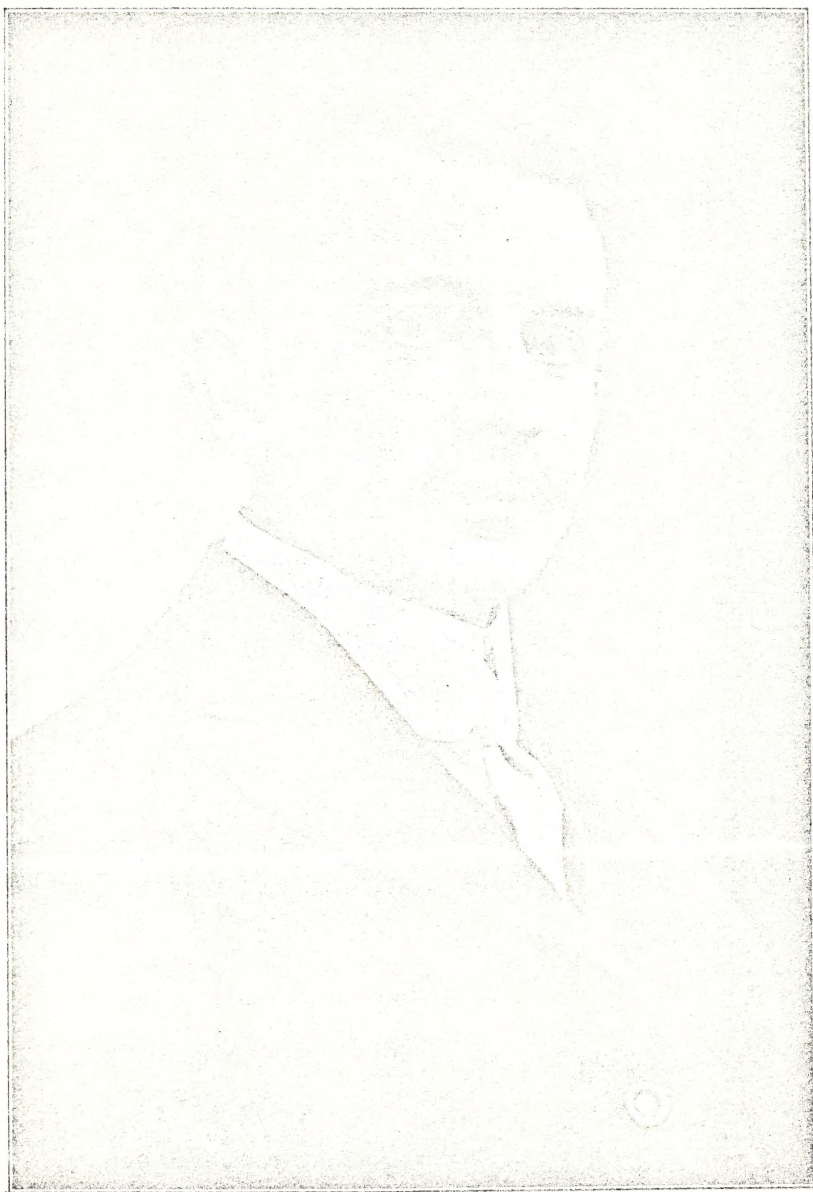
When Guy was a little boy he had a unique library, a printing press from which issued a family paper replete with vivid observation and imagination.

I thought of those early years when I listened, last January 16th, to his lecture, "The Love of Animals," in the crowded hall of the Boston Public Library. I followed the student, eager to improve his time, completing the college preparatory course at Tilton Seminary in 1892, gaining his A. B. at the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University, in 1897. After experience on the staff of several New

England newspapers, it was the natural outcome that George T. Angell should choose him his associate in editing *Our Dumb Animals*, also secretary both of The American Humane Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. After the death of Pres. Angell in March, 1909, he became chief editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, the first and largest-circulated periodical of its kind in the world. Mr. Richardson has studied the treatment of animals in European countries; has appeared before Chautauquan assemblies and many humane societies here and in England. Ever seeking new channels for his tireless researches, he is concerned with forces that construct and uplift, as shown in his editorials. His pet hobby is the success of the Jack London Club which now numbers 176,093 members.

In 1915, Mr. Richardson was appointed Division Commander of the Sons of Veterans, U. S. A. of Massachusetts, in 1917 chosen National Patriotic Instructor of the Order, being much in request for Grand Army addresses. This year he was Memorial Day speaker in Leominster, Mass. He is editing many books for the Humane Society; is one of the promoters of the national BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK, observed this year, April 11-16, and HUMANE SUNDAY, observed April 17th for the seventh time. In a recent week he gave five lectures in Massachusetts schools. A thorough worker, Mr. Richardson is a worthy kinsman of his uncle, William Ruddick, M. D., late of South Boston, whose liberal sympathies and active charities are so well remembered.

In reading *Our Dumb Animals* one is glad to note an underlying



GUY RICHARDSON

22

Gov. R. H. ...

fondness for the best in literature. One finds few editors, emerging from the incoming tide of verse, who have the courage to confess a real love for poetry; but just the other day our editor introduced me to these delightful lines from "Enchanted" by John Masefield, one of his favorite modern masters of verse:

O beautiful is love and to be free
Is beautiful, and beautiful are friends.
Love, freedom, comrades, surely make
amends
For all those thorns through which we
walk to death.
God let us breathe your beauty with our
breath!

All early in the Maytime when daylight
comes at four,
We blessed the hawthorn blossom that
welcomed us ashore.

O beautiful in this living that passes like
the foam

It is to go with sorrow yet come with
beauty home.

This love for nature and poetic values is entered into by Mrs. Richardson, formerly Miss Nina L. Jaynes of Everett, whom he first met in the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. offices, and who is an enthusiastic companion in her husband's travels and studies. Their home is in Robinwood avenue, Jamaica Plain.

MY BABY

By George A. Foster

I've had a gift, a precious boon,
From Heaven it came to me,
As fragrant as the breath of June
Beside the Summer sea.

She brings me peace and vast content
This little baby girl,
Before she came, my steps were bent
Upon a giddy whirl.

Now I'll not ask for greater gifts
Than her soft hands in mine;
And when her gaze to me she lifts
'Tis like a look divine.

My baby! Ah, what magic lies
Within those words concealed,
'Tis like a bit of Paradise
That's just to me revealed.

I've had a gift, a precious boon,
From Heaven it came to me,
As fragrant as the breath of June
Beside the Summer sea.

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"LOOKING THE FIRST ONE OVER"

By T. Wise Chaplin.

We were on our way to the World's Series. I was located then in the East, where the people literally lived on baseball:—morning, noon and night, it was the food for conversation at every meal. Any of the Big League stars could have been elected mayor of the city for life if one decided to live there.

In the Sunset League series that year, the race was nip and tuck. Winter hung on and made the opening late, but after they once got going, every afternoon found on the average a thousand fans gathered at the playground. They were great family gatherings with bankers brushing against stone-cutters, and lawyers, ministers, doctors, merchants and shop-workers all mingling together, shouting as with one voice, and holding their breath when old Bill Sullivan slid into second. There's nothing like it on this planet. It is democracy at its best.

There were six teams in the race that year:—the Green-Legs, the Crescents; the Independents, the All Stars; the Walkovers; the Wanderers. At the middle of the season, they were fighting it out with only four games separating the Green-Legs who were in the lead and the Wanderers who occupied the cellar position. Then suddenly things began to stir. Under the guidance of a new comer among us the Wanderers climbed up the ladder and fought like Trojans to go into the lead. This new leader was a lame, but well-built fellow who gave his services to the Wanderers as coach. His name was Bill Randall. The team fielded like lightning; the members played like lads who were born on a diamond. Then came the day when after a hard twelve inning game with the

Green Legs, the Wanderers came through and won the pennant.

Early in the season, I offered to take as my guest to the World's Series, the captain of the winning team. The Wanderers insisted that Randall go, so that's how it came about that we were bowling over the roads to the Middle West on what I believe will remain forever the trip of my life.

We planned our journey so that we would pass through Randall's home town up in the shadows of the Adirondack Mountains. He told me that he wished to see his mother. But—I did most of the visiting with her while he went walking in a woody place with a girl he adored. His mother was a white-haired woman who loved to tell of the time when the woods were filled with deer, and the bear and her cubs came often into the raspberry patch; of the time when Bill's father tramped four days and three nights on snowshoes over the crusted snows lost in the big woods on the other side of the mountain. She told me of the great-grandfather of Bill, a pioneer who, with his young bride, plodded over the trail from Concord, New Hampshire to Fort Dummer now called Brattleboro, Vermont. The trail was a mere bridle path then, and every now and then the pioneer was compelled to stop and blaze the trail anew. As she told me the story I could see that ever-increasing procession as it came over the snows of Winter and under the blue skies of Summer forever journeying on toward the Land of the Sunset. She told me how when they reached the winding Connecticut River, they learned of the going North of Eleazer Wheelock with his two companions and laborers,

who were pushing their way up into the hills to lay the foundations of Dartmouth College. When the young bride of sixteen summers heard the wives of the settlers tell how Madame Wheelock had followed her husband a few weeks later and had gone on toward the North, the flame of the pioneer spirit was kindled anew within her and she was ready to cross over with her husband to the shore of Lake Champlain.

"Do you know," Bill's mother said, "William gets something besides his red hair from his great-grandmother. From her he inherits that persevering spirit that helped the college win last spring."

Perseverance—why, that must have been his middle name. "Never say die" was his motto. But this mention of winning a college game was news to me, so I asked for the explanation.

The little white-haired lady poked the logs together on the andirons and then sat with hands folded on her little lace apron while her mind went back over the old worn trail of memory, living again in the days that had gone. At length, she turned and asked, "Are you tired?" And then, after I replied in the negative, her face shone as she said, "I love to let my mind go wandering in the green pastures of memory." Her heart was overflowing with a great joy, and I—well, I just couldn't wait for her to go on! The fire sent up a shower of sparks, while the cat arose, arched its back, climbed up on the sofa and resumed its nap that it had begun on the braided rug in front of the fireplace. Then out of the past, Bill's mother told me this story—.

* * * *

It was in the Fall of 1918, about the middle of November, when the lads were beginning to come back

from France, and America was celebrating the signing of the Armistice. Up at the college on the hill, Professor Moore entered the office of Dr. Rice, the genial President of the Grasse University. The white haired President, whose troubles were legion, glanced up and asked, "What is it now, Professor? No more pacifists on the faculty—?"

"Worse than that, doctor. Here is a letter from the State College expressing their desire not to arrange any more baseball games with us. Their reason is that of late our teams have failed to come up to the standard."

"But our boys have left college to go to France! How can we have patriotic students and athletic teams at the same time? I know there has been an ebb in our activities. Let me see. This makes the fourth college to drop us, does it not?" The president sighed as he thought of the time when the college was well represented on the athletic field; of the time when the college of the North Country sent its basket ball team on a trip to the big cities and came back with a clean slate and a record of nine games won and none lost; of the time when the football team went down to the larger colleges and by their lightning aerial game together with pluck and fight swept the heavier opponents off their feet. This ebb in the athletic reputation of the college came as a heavy blow, but nevertheless, he met it with courage and hope.

"You still have that game scheduled with Franklin?"

"Yes, but we'll never beat that team. Why they were the best in the East last year. They are playing us only for practice."

"I hope they get it," replied the president, as he stepped one side while the other passed out.



Those were hard lean years at the smaller colleges—those years during the World War. Pro-Germanism and Bolshevism stretched forth their poisonous fangs. Faculty members were bitten and immediately they forgot their forefathers and the ideals of America. The students listened to the call of their country and straightway left the class-rooms for the training camps and then France and then—Well, some have come back, but many of them will never return to tell of their ventures over there. It was of the lads who had gone over that Dr. Rice was thinking as he walked down University Avenue one day in the early Spring of 1919. There was a touch of summer in the air; the sap had rushed to the tip of every living thing; buds were bursting and birds were singing, for it was Spring. And what is so rare as a spring day in the North Country? Yonder is the winding river, up which you may paddle ten miles in a canoe to the Falls, and then a short "carry"—and then—trout!—great, leaping, beautiful rainbow trout! Beyond are the mountains now purple in the morning sun and then gray before the coming rain, with patches of snow still glistening here and there.

As he turned the corner on to Middle Street, the president came face to face with William Randall, who hobbled along with the aid of a cane. Dr. Rice stopped, put his arm around the veteran's shoulder as he said, "Bless you, coach, I am glad to welcome you back. When did you arrive? We didn't know you were on the way home or we would have been at the station to give you the royal welcome that you deserve." The venerable university president was not ashamed of the tears that welled up in his eyes.

Randall, six feet two in his stockings, in the olive-drab uniform of the twenty-sixth division with the

immortal YD on the shoulder, replied, "I came just as soon as I could. I had enough of LaBelle France. Thought I was coming on the Mount Vernon which is booked to sail from Brest today, but I met Dr. Slocum there and he fixed it so that I came back on the President Grant and landed in Boston three days ago. I then went to Ayer, got rid of the cooties and then came here just as fast as that train would bring me."

A moment's silence. Each had his own thoughts. It was Dr. Rice who spoke first.

"Tell me have you seen any of our boys over there?"

"I saw Miller and Joyce at Brest, ran into Cousins at St. Mihiel. Was with Brigham after Chateau Thierry. He went over with the first bunch as a private. When they found out he was a theologian, they gave him a commission and made him a chaplain. And, believe me, he was in there all the time. No S. O. S. for him, I'll tell the world! He buried men all day long after that fight there in the woods."

"Ah, we're proud of you, proud of you all. You have lived up to all of the finest traditions of the college and that is more than all the athletic victories in the world. Even though we have been dropped from the schedules of every college but Franklin, we have the great satisfaction of knowing that our boys have been loyal to the flag."

"What's that—? Been dropped—? You don't mean they've cut us off?"

"Yes. Our former rivals refuse to play us because our teams have fallen below the standard these last two years. But now that you shall be back to coach us, I know that our teams will improve."

The two walked along together in silence. When they arrived at the Administration Building Dr.

Rice stopped. "I have a conference in a few moments. If I can be of any service to you do not hesitate to call upon me. Good luck to you and God bless you. I am glad that you are home again. Your coming has taken a heavy load off my shoulders."

Hilda Newcombe sat idly dreaming in her dormitory window when the coach hobbled past her line of vision. She jumped up and ran out into the hall shouting. "The coach's come! the coach's come!"—The result of which was that a few minutes later, five hundred boys and girls stood shouting outside the door of the gymnasium demanding a sight of the returned veteran.

"Altogether, now, the long cheer for the coach! Let'er go—one, two, three——!" shouted Curtis, the cheer leader. The response was beyond description.

"Speech, speech!"

Randall knew that he must respond. So he ran his fingers nervously through his red hair and said in his characteristic style, "What do you mean, speech? I'm glad to get back to this man's town. Glad to get back to this gym. Prexy just told me that we're up against it for athletes. Now, I want every mother's son to get the spirit of this college into them and report at the field this afternoon for baseball. We have only one game on our schedule and we must win it. You girls see that they get here. Will you? That's all for now! Glad I'm back!"

Curtis held up his hand for silence and then said, "That's what we want—the old spirit, that go-get-em spirit. We're glad you are back, coach, to give it to us." Then turning, he said, "All together now, let's sing—'Oh Rah for the Scarlet, Rah for the Brown!'" They did. And as the old refrain echoed

and re-echoed across the campus, the old spirit was born anew. Then and there was a resurrection of the life that had been passing away. It was the dawning of a new morning for the college on the hill. But it was not until the fifth day of June that the sun broke through the clouds and the day stretched into noon.

April and May came and went. All the while Coach Randall was endeavoring to hammer into shape a team that would win that one game on the schedule, the game with Franklin on June fifth. It was to be one of the events of Commencement Week. The one desire of the coach was to bring joy into the life of the President of the University by winning that game. Chances for victory looked very slim at first. After the first few days of practice, Turnbull, who, unheralded and unsung, had come over from New Hampshire, showed promise of developing into a good pitcher. Under the skilful tutelage of Randall, "Turn," as the fellows called him, developed into a phenomenal twirler, so much so that even the coach found difficulty in getting a hit off his delivery. His curve was a beauty, with a hook on it that fooled the coach nearly every time; his fast ball came down the groove like a marble; while his slow ball was the most tantalizing of all things. Around this pitcher Randall had developed a team with a stonewall defense—but on the offense—well, the team wasn't there—that's all.

On the night before the game, after the fellows had retired to their rooms after the smoke talk at which Prexy and the coach and the captain had endeavored to instill courage and confidence into the students, Dick Baird and George Griffin, both of whom played on the star nine of '12 and who had come back to help out in the last



[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to fading. It appears to be a continuous narrative or a series of paragraphs.]

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week of practice, were sitting in their room discussing the prospects.

"I hate to say it, Dick, but it looks to me like a ten to one shot that we lose tomorrow. We won't get beaten by a large score for I don't believe Franklin'll be able to hit Turnbull but we've got no hitters on our team and you can't win baseball games without hitters. Not a fellow on that team can hit anything but a straight ball. Oh, if we only had Jewell and Stone and Calder we'd win in a walk. As it is I can't see any light."

Baird had risen during Griffin's little outburst and stood gazing at the picture of Steve Jewell that hung on the wall over the fireplace. But Jewell could not come back, only in memory. His was the star that had turned to gold on the service flag. Turning he said, "Cheer up, old fellow, something may happen yet. You never can tell. Remember that time we almost won that game from Franklin, when Larry Joyce dropped a fly in the field and then Bugbee busted that outshoot of mine and sent it clear over the wall?"

"Do I? Well I'll say I do! Never'll forget it! Coach kept saying 'keep 'em close.' Then in the seventh Bugbee hit one of those close ones, so when he came up with Joyce on second, I called for an out and you pitched it but the ball never reached me. I don't believe anyone ever found it. The last I saw of it, it was going south west and climbing all the time! Ever since then I've been keen for obeying orders."

Baird walked over to the window and looked out on the campus. Some kind-hearted fellow had arranged things so that Dick could have his old room again. There was the Phi Sig house just across the way. He listened and he heard the old familiar, "Carry Me Back to

Old Virginia," as some impulsive under-grads went rollicking by beneath his window; he heard the old calls and yells and cries from the lads who were making the old campus ring with their laughter on this last night before vacation; he heard the co-eds away off in the distance at the Delta House singing that rousing, stimulating song that recalled pleasant memories—

"Oh rah for the scarlet, rah for the brown,
Rah for old Grasse College, rah!

We'll pour forth our praise for dear
Alma Mater,
Rah for old Grasse College, Rah, Rah,
Rah!"

It was the old, familiar night before, when every alumnus and every undergraduate could think of but one thing and that—victory over Franklin. What though, the prospects were not bright for victory, the students were all loyal to the last degree.

"Gee, Dick, the old spirit's alive again—listen." And they sat there in the moonlight far into the night thinking of the days of long ago. They both travelled that night over the trail of memory and drank deep at the bubbling springs on the way. At length they tumbled into bed.

June fifth dawned bright and fair. A cloudless sky and a large number of returned alumni served to hearten the men.

At one thirty, the Franklin team trotted on to the field and limbered up for the game. In a joking, carefree manner they expressed by their every act the confidence which they felt.

At one forty-five, the college team ran on to the field and at once began to warm up for the contest. Randall was everywhere, speaking words of encouragement to his nervous men. "Steady there, steady, Blake—all set now, get this one—man on first—double it up—quick!" And then he drove the ball down toward third base. Blake

scooped it up and threw to Jones at second, who, turning as he caught the ball, threw with the same motion to Badger at first—"All right, enough." A wave of applause swept over the field. Randall called his men around him and spoke words of encouragement. "Play like that and we win! They can't score on us and we'll find a way to score on them. Tire that pitcher out. He can't last. Make him work. Remember now every one of you—let the first ball go by every time. Then wait 'em out. Go to it and the best of luck. Over the top!"

The grandstand was crowded full. There were fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts and alumni and sweethearts—oh yes, there were sweethearts, who had been lazily canoeing all morning; they were all there, massed together beneath the huge scarlet banner on which the name of the college was written in letters of brown. The college paper reporting the events later referred to the stands as being a riot of color. It was—a riot of scarlet and brown.

As the players trotted out to their positions and Turnbull threw the ball a couple times over the plate to Curran, whose catching had a resemblance to that of Bill Carri-gan, there was a silence in the stands. Then Curtis, Fields and Miller, the cheerleaders, in their scarlet sweaters and white trousers, flourished their brown megaphones and shouted—"All together now the long yell for the team—" and then with arms held aloft, they waited until all had filled their lungs:—"What's the matter with Grasse?" Back came the answer rolling like thunder, "She's all right!"—"Who's all right?" "Grasse-she is, she is, she is all right!"

President Rice leaned over and remarked to Major Conlon "I haven't

seen anything like it for three years. Do you know, I feel that we are going to win. I feel as though it were our game now."

The umpire adjusted his mask and protector and then from his position behind Curran called out—"Play ball!"

And the game was on. The one game of the year, on which the future of the college rested. With victory the president knew that he would be able to go to the alumni for the funds to build what the war had torn down. Defeat meant waiting and struggling against heavy odds—perhaps disaster! Victory meant life. It meant increased revenue. It meant a well-paid and contented faculty. Defeat meant death. It meant decreased revenue. It meant an underpaid and disgruntled faculty.

Mathews, the big left fielder for the Franklins, swung two bats back and forth, and then, after tossing one of them aside, he walked up to the plate. All was silence. He gave his cap a nervous pull down over his left eye and then waited. Three times he swung at the ball and missed every time.

"Batter out," said the umpire.

The Grasse rooters cheered. Coldini stepped up to the plate and knocked the first ball sizzling down the third base line. Just before it reached Blake, the ball hit a stone and caromed off to the outfield. McGinnis could not reach it and before Curtis could get in from left field and throw it to Jones, Coldini had reached second base. The Franklin rooters roared. "Nothing to it, nothing to it!" That cheer swept across the field and instead of disconcerting had rather the effect of steadying young Turnbull who gave Coldini the privilege of watching the next two batters strike out.

"Nice work, Turn," said the coach as the team came running in while the Grasse rooters went wild. The

coach continued to talk, "Take off your hat to the ladies. Turn, now then Short, stand up therer and wait them out. Don't swing at any of them and remember all of you everytime—look the first one over—see what that pitcher's got—tire him out—go to it!"

Short obeyed orders and was rewarded by a base on balls.

"Wild as a hawk," shouted an enthusiastic Grasse supporter.

"Nothing to it," said the coach to Curran as though he really believed it. But MacMahon, the Franklin pitcher, was apparently due for a good game and showed that he deserved all of the fine things that the press had written about him. For after Jones got to first on an error, Curran popped up a little fly, Blake struck out, and Jones was caught off first base.

Neither team scored in the second nor again in the third. In the fourth, Franklin got a man around to third, with only one man out. Dr. Rice, sitting on the edge of his seat, expressed by his rigid posture the tension of the whole stand of rooters. Curran ran out to Turnbull, whispered a word of encouragement and then went back to his position and signalled for a wide ball. Turnbull threw it and Curran snapped it in time to third to catch Humphries who had taken too big a lead. A drop, an out and a fast ball caused Nicol to fan the air three times and the side was out and the suspension was over. The weight was lifted from the shoulders of President Rice. Under the direction of the cheer-leaders the old song swept across the diamond, while Major Conlon poked Dr. Rice with his cane and said, "If they win this game I'll build a new gym in memory of Jewell."

The coach in a surprisingly gentle tone gathered the players around him and said, "Boys, I want to win this game more than any game I

ever played in myself, not for my sake but for the sake of Prexy up there. Look at him. He's been through a lot and he deserves a winning team. We've got to give it to him. Badger up. Remember let the first ball go by."

Up in the stands, Dick Baird and George Griffin sat about as easily as a schoolboy just before recess or a bridegroom just before the crucial moment. Dick looked at Griffin, whose face was white and still; with him it had ceased to be a game between eighteen men on the diamond but a struggle for a new gym. He had overheard the Major's promise.

"I say, Griff, what's the idea in Randall's making them let the first ball go by? That pitcher's wise to the fact that they aren't hitting his first one and he's just sending straight ones down the groove. See! Strike one. Same old story."

Something inside of him made Griffin think of that disastrous game when he disobeyed the coach's instructions. He replied, "I don't know. But orders are orders. And those kids will follow him through to the end."

Five, six, seven, eight innings came and went without any scoring by either team. In the first half of the ninth inning, the Franklin team made a desperate effort but the scarlet team pulled off the cleverest double play ever seen on the field and stopped the rally just as it began.

As the players came in to the bench, Turnbull pulled his sweater over his pitching arm, took another chew of slippery elm bark and said, "Looks like extra innings, coach."

"Extra innings nothing! Here's where we win the old ball game. Head of the order's up. Short, Jones, Curran come here. The players named bent low and the coach whispered something to each

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This game more than any other I
have known of. It is a game of
skill and strategy. It is a game
of chance and luck. It is a game
of the mind. It is a game of the
heart. It is a game of the soul.
It is a game of the universe.

one of them and then said aloud, "Now go to it. We've got them just where we want them. You've got to win!" and then in a voice that choked a bit he asked quietly, "Can you do it?" The three men answered with one voice,—“We'll do our best.”

Short stepped up to the plate. The first ball hit him in the side. He crumpled up in a heap as he fell on the plate. As they helped him to the bench he muttered something about, "Fooled me—I'm all right—got to win—ouch," as he doubled up in pain.

"Beaman, run for Short," called out Randall as he helped the fastest runner in the college take off his sweater. Twice that spring, Beaman had trotted down the century in ten flat and once in nine and four-fifths.

The cheerers had forgotten to yell for a minute or two but suddenly the spell was broken, the tension was released and a cheer went up for Short and then another for Beaman; and then one for Jones rang out on the June air.

White fleecy clouds were floating lazily in the sky. Jones did not see them. The whole college section arose as one man and waved scarlet and brown pennants aloft. Jones did not see them. All he saw was the pitcher standing before him. He saw him raise his arm and then throw the ball. For one brief instant, he saw that ball coming down the groove. Then he swung his bat to meet it. Crack! The sound rang out like a pistol shot. On, on the ball sped. As it went over second base it was about ten feet high in the air, but as it went over the center fielder's head it was rising higher and still higher. It was the longest hit ever made on that field. As the ball left the pitcher's hand, Beaman was off, flashing toward second and then third and then across the

plate he sped and then—pandemonium!

What's the use of trying to describe that riot of hilarious joy. It would take one of those mob-psychology fellows to do it.

That evening, between dances at the Prom in the gym, Griffin and Baird went down stairs to the coach's room and found him there. "Some strenuous day I'll say. Some game. Some little head-work, too," laughed Baird as he slapped the coach on the shoulder.

Randall looked up and asked, "Were you wise?"

"No, it never dawned on us until after it happened."

The coach arose as he said, "All spring long, I've trained those fellows to hit a straight ball. When they started they couldn't hit anything. All they could do was to field. You fellows did a whole lot towards polishing up that end of it. Never saw anything like that exhibition this afternoon for fast fielding. But they couldn't hit. So I took them one by one and trained them. Just like you trained that youngster of yours to walk, Dick. First I lobbed slow ones, and then as they learned how to take that horizontal swing, and then as they got so they could see the ball, I kept increasing the speed until I got them so they could spank it right on the nose. Well, they improved. Not a curve-ball did I throw to them, not a hook, not a drop—just straight right over the middle of the plate. Guess you fellows thought I was crazy. But I knew that MacMahon's strength lay in his curve ball. I also knew that he usually weakened and would take every opportunity to rest his arm by throwing straight ones whenever he dared. So we gave him just what he wanted. When he discovered that the men were passing up the first one every time, he began throwing straight

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and then third and last action was
made on that night. The ball
fell the first time. The second
was not. The third was not.
and then third and last action was
made on that night. The ball
fell the first time. The second
was not. The third was not.

ones to every man as he stepped up to bat. The rest was simple. Short's misfortune gave us Beaman on first, and then Jones smashed that first ball that MacMahon hurled at him. And then—well you know the rest." He rose and stood by the desk. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning he saw Dr. Rice.

"I thought that perhaps you might be alone, and I want so to thank you for the victory."

"If you are pleased then I have my reward."

"Will you please draw up any plans you might have in mind for a new gymnasium, Mr. Randall, and present them to me as soon as possible?" The president smiled. The coach stared as he exclaimed, "What!"

"Yes, Major Conlon is going to give us one in memory of Jewell.

This has been a great day for Grasse College. It seems as though it were the dawn of a new and better day."

"Oh boy, just watch us next year. We're going after curved balls then."

* * *

The fire had burned low in the fireplace. Mrs. Randall arose and said—"That's William now. Did you hear him? Why! It's half past twelve. I hope that I haven't bored you."

Well I wish that we had more mothers in the world like Bill's. It was not necessary for Randall to inform me that he did not intend to return home with me. And when I did return after that wonderful World's Series, it did not surprise me to learn that the two leading hitters in the Sunset League had enrolled as students at Grasse College.

GUIDES

By Robert Hallam

When, weary with long miles, alone I stand
 At unknown cross roads at the fall of night,
 Perhaps the gude-post that doth meet my sight
 With metalled letters and directing hand
 Precise, impartial, plain to understand,
 Cold, pedagogic, shows which path is right.
 Mechanical I plod in fading light
 Yearning, naught else, to reach the goal I planned.
 Or, maybe, slumb'ring in the mould's caress
 Some ancient milestone's moss-filmed line I trace:
 Or under drooping elm the white, kind face
 Of time-dim signboard does the way confess.
 Informed and cheered, I, as from warm embrace
 And parent's counsel, singing, forward press!

A FEW PAGES OF POETRY

Through the kindness of Mr. Brokes More a prize of \$50 is offered for the best poem published in the Granite Monthly during the year 1921. The judges are Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, Mr. W. S. Braithwaite and former Governor John H. Bartlett.

OPPORTUNITY

By Althine Scholes Lear

The angel Opportunity
 Knocked at my door one day
 But I knew not that it was he,
 So let him go away.

And when too late I learned his name,
 My grief was deep and sore,
 For it was said when thus he came,
 That he would come no more.

I sought him in the busy street,
 And quiet country lane,
 And then one day we chanced to meet
 When all my quest seemed vain.

He kindly looked on me and smiled,
 And this he told me then:—
 "Fret not thyself nor grieve, dear child,
 For lo, I come again!"

"Each morning when the golden gate
 Of day swings open wide,
 I stand beside thy door and wait
 To be thy help and guide.

"Thy future is at thy command,
 To fate thou need'st not bow,
 I offer thee in outstretched hand
 The best of here and now.

"Put failures and mistakes away,
 To thine own self be true,
 And with the dawn of each new day
 Begin thy life anew."

He spake, and now no more forlorn
 I sigh for what might be,
 But grateful find with each glad morn
 My opportunity.



My dear friend,
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this
finds you the same. I am not at home at present
but will write again soon.
Yours truly,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

THE IMMORTAL SPARK

By M. R. Cole

The Express swung on at desperate speed,
Winged by our fancied modern need;
Past hills, fresh-tinted by the hand of Spring,
Through radiant vales in joy out-blossoming,
Where to the bending willows little brooks
Sang of the deep ravines and forest nooks.
But not on these are passengers intent;
Each eye is on the morning paper bent;
Each hat displays a ticket in the band,
Planted and culled by deft conductor's hand,
Lest, through a side-long glance, or friendly sign,
Readers should cheat themselves of half a line.

Sudden a whistle, then a sickening grind;
A jerk, as from some furious pull behind;
Back, back the panting steed of steel is thrown
Upon his haunches. Instant every one
Starts up from grisly war-news,—mimic war
Of Stocks. "What's that?" rings through the quivering
car.

"No danger!" "Steady!" "Something's on the track!"

What was it? Brakeman Jack,
Riding the freight, could tell;
And Fireman Bill as well,—
He blew that whistle. Dumb with fright,
He watched the little girl, (a sickening sight,
Start back,
And, stumbling, fall upon the outer track,
Across the rails, vibrant with coming death
As the Express dashed forward.

Bill found breath:

"Brakes on!"

He leaped, and struck a foot away
From where the child, screaming in terror, lay.
Bruised and half-dazed, he still could stretch an arm,
And drag the little creature safe from harm.
Then the loud thunder dulled upon his ear.
He sank inert, too faint to know or care
Whether the grim steel monster grazed a limb,
Or ripped his coat off, or quite finished him.

"He's dead?" "No, only stunned-like!" "And the child?"
"Not a blame scratch, thank God!" The Agent smiled:
"So long, old man! a plucky chap, I say!"
"O, right you are! So long!"

No more delay;
The mad Express tears on its headlong way.

22-57

1. The first part of the report is a general description of the project and its objectives. It includes a brief history of the project and a statement of the problem to be solved.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the methods used in the study. It includes a description of the experimental design, the data collection methods, and the statistical analysis used to interpret the results.

O not to light thine altar sacrifice,
 Deucalion, or kindle Pyrra's hearth,
 Did the great Titan bring the fire to earth.
 He shrined the immortal spark
 Within the dark
 Recesses of our hearts, removed from mortal eyes.
 It burns forever there; yet banked so deep
 In greed, and selfishness and slothful sleep,
 That oft
 We deem the light extinct. Yet will it leap,
 Sometimes, with dazzling flame aloft
 In simple, kindly soul, like Bill.
 Then doubt is shamed, and cavil's tongue is still.

DAY-TIME

By Mary E. Hough

Last night the storm-god gloated in his power,
 And emptied out the vials of his wrath.
 The sulphurous blast smote every tree and flower
 That came within the vortex of his path.
 But now at last the great war-host has gone
 And weary hearts rejoice,—for it is dawn.

Yet doubtfully we ask the cloud-banks yonder
 What dim, anaemic light shines in the East,
 Can this be morning?—and we vaguely wonder
 If the great tempest of the night has ceased.
 No sunbeam strikes across the ashen gray,
 And yet the dawn has past, and it is day.

What though a presence saturnine and drear,
 Still lowers? The daylight warns us to be waking
 What though the day itself suggest the fear
 That it but hides another night in making?
 A lurking evil always fears the light,
 The day-time makes us ready for the night.

And if there comes another night of weeping,
 Because the storm-god gloated in his power;
 And all his horrid brood, their venom keeping
 For a black night, an unexpected hour,
 Rush forth to harass and to foully slay—
 For this we were prepared, while it was day.

Through all the years since ages first began,
 The clouds have always kept their silver lining;
 Past loss has been retrieved by work of man,
 Somewhere the sun has faithfully kept shining.
 New days will come as they have come before—
 New light will break upon a storm-wrecked shore.

20

through all the years when you first began
the clouds have always been there when I was
first born and have been followed by you of me
Somehow the sun has shining, light shining
New days will come as they have come before
New light will break upon a stormy sea

THE SECOND PERMANENT NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT

By Ida Charlotte Roberts.

We are all reviewing our history during this three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers and while reading the numberless volumes of the Plymouth colony, we should not forget that three years later the second permanent settlement in New England was made in New Hampshire on Dover Neck, of which there is scant record. One historian has said that "the early history of New Hampshire is beset with difficulties. Happily its importance is not equal to its intricacies." Most people will differ with him and agree that beginnings are always significant, especially such an one as that of Dover Neck for from it evolved many a thriving settlement. From the pioneers of this first New Hampshire colony have descended thousands of people. From one emigrant and his wife a Boston man has collected the names of twenty thousand descendants and he claims to have only an incomplete list.

For the wisdom of the Hilton brothers—William and Edward, and their associates, Thomas Roberts, David Thompson and perhaps others, who chose Dover Neck for the first plantation in what is now New Hampshire, one has only admiration.

A narrow strip of land projecting into the Piscataqua river, washed on its sides by the Cocheco and Bellamy rivers (called in early days the Fore and Back rivers) in which were valuable foods, quantities of fish, oysters, clams and lobsters at their very back doors. Wild game for the shooting or trapping, choke cherries, trailing blackberries, raspberries, and other wild

fruits for the gathering, a fertile soil itching to be tilled, a climate whose rigor is modified by the salt water, wood and fresh water in abundance, all provided a welcome to the hardy band of fishermen who came from London in the spring of 1623 and took up their dwelling place on what is now Dover Point. Doubtless the lure of the fishing about the Isles of Shoals which began to be regularly visited nine years before, drew this little company to the wilds of America. Not for religious reasons did they leave England, though they were men of religion, but that they might the more advantageously ply their trade of fishing.

Of the early struggles of these emigrants we have but scraps of information. Evidently in their humility those men did not realize that they were making history and that, in justice to their posterity, the school children in particular, they should have left a full and painstaking account of their every act. Some of them, to be sure, made wills by which their property might be disposed, documents of more than ordinary interest for they give us an insight into the makers of them. These wills were vastly different from the brief legal sounding instruments of today, when by a simple hundred words one may bequeath millions of dollars, if he happen to have the millions. Knowing little of the early settlers, posterity can only weave in fancy a halo about the heads of the Piscataqua pioneers whose blood after this lapse of years has become a deep rich blue after the manner of distant mountains.

Reinforced in 1633 by a larger

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band of emigrants made up of "a company of persons of good estate and some account for religion" and by still another in 1639 the community developed from a fishing station into a center where business of many needful kinds was carried on, with homes as comfortable as might be.

With the addition of the Captain Wiggins company in 1633, a church was organized, the First Parish Church of Dover, with the Reverend William Leverich, Puritan, as minister. Whether because of hardships, or because he lacked sympathy with the members who believed that all whose creeds differed from their own should be excluded, is not positively known, but for some reason the first minister did not long remain with his charge. In 1639 a rude church was built of logs, plastered both inside and out. The church had two ruling elders, Edward Starbuck and Hatevil Nutter, each of whom was styled "elder" in every day life. The latter remained in office until his death in 1675. His Christian name was corrupted into Hatville and Hatwell by some of his descendants. Others of his descendants have borne the Christian name Love, to prove perhaps that the world is progressing.

To the early settlers the Indians were most friendly, giving the white people a warm welcome. The two races were favorable to each other until 1675 when trouble arose resulting in several massacres, in one of which twenty-three persons were killed and twenty-nine taken captive. It is a fact worth noting that in all the Indian massacres in that region members of the Friends Meeting were never molested, probably because the red men every where were aware of the friendship of William Penn for the people of their race.

This brings us to the noteworthy advent of three Quaker women, Anne Coleman, Alice Ambrose, and Mary Tompkins, who appeared in the Dover country in December, 1662, for the purpose of propagating their doctrines. Tolerance for the beliefs of others had not yet become either an individual or a civic virtue, and for that reason we should not stand aghast because Major Waldron issued the following edict:

"To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.

You, and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Coleman, Mary Tompkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town; and so to convey them from constable to constable till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril; and this shall be your warrant.

Dated at Dover, December 22, 1662. Richard Waldron."

The marshal of the province was John Roberts and the constable was his brother, Thomas, both being sons of Thomas Roberts, emigrant, who had been associated with the Hilton brothers in making the settlement on Dover Neck. This emigrant was one of the few men in the region entitled to be called "Mr."; he was a former president of the court or governor of the colony and was a member in good standing of the First Parish Church. The two officers were truly zealous in their love of duty, not to say office, and abetted by Elder Hatevil

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Extremely faint, illegible text located in the bottom third of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

Nutter they carried out Major Waldron's order to the letter, whipping the unfortunate women on their bare backs, driving them in the bitter cold of December to the next village, Salisbury, where officers humanely ahead of their times greeted the women and refused to obey the order.

The father of the Dover officers is said to have risen in his place in the First Parish church on the next Lord's Day and asked the forgiveness of his fellow members "for being the father of two such wicked sons." That he should adopt the faith of the Friends is not strange, perhaps, but for his sons to become Quakers must have taken more courage than they showed when they executed Major Waldron's edict. For several generations the descendants of these men adhered to the Quaker belief and there are some who are Friends even at the present time.

It is said that Hatevil Nutter believed that the Quakers were wrong, that the doctrines they taught were pernicious and he reasoned that they (the Quakers) might go elsewhere to introduce their teachings. He thought the Dover people need not have such beliefs thrust upon them. Strange to say the poet Whittier who wrote "How the Women Went From Dover" a poem founded on this bit of history, did not know that he descended from Thomas Roberts, the emigrant, and his son John, as well as from Elder Hatevil Nutter.

That many of the Dover people became Friends showed again the usual result of a religious persecution. At one time one-third of the population of Dover held to that faith, such names as Varney, Pinkham, Sawyer, Ham, Carney, Tuttle, Meader, Cartland, Hussey and Hanson (the last two ancestors of Whittier) being well known in the annals of the Friends.

Major Waldron, the author of the cruel order for dealing with the Quakeresses, was horribly tortured and put to a long drawn out death by the Indians, who made it plain to him that they had not forgotten their friendship for the Quakers. During their torture of their victim the Indians are said to have quoted to him parts of his warrant.

The descendants of the Dover pioneers intermarried from generation to generation so that for many years there was perhaps no more strictly American blood in our country than that of the progeny of the Piscataqua settlers. Latterly, many of the descendants have left the haunts of their ancestors and have sought homes in newer parts of the land and have grafted themselves on the stock of other genealogical trees. Wherever they go they carry along the sturdy virtues of New England.

Almost every family, whether of New England stock or no, has at least one member who is interested in his ancestors for eugenic, or social reasons, or more often just because he is curious and wants to know. Old family Bibles, town records, and the "oldest inhabitant" are much in demand these days. The incompleteness of records is exasperating and the fact that many a set of records has been carelessly allowed to burn does not make for peace and joy in the minds of the delver into family history.

Outside of Plymouth, Massachusetts, there was probably no better nursery for family trees in the beginnings of United States life than old Dover of the Granite State. The fact that the Friends kept records, fairly accurate ones, has enabled many a family to trace its history. That a large part of the families of Dover became Quakers after 1660 many a genealogist or would-be genealogist has

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given thanks, whatever his own religious leanings may be.

The Piscataqua descendants taken as a whole whether of Quaker blood or not, are marked by a plainness of speech and dress and by virtues that make for quiet happiness rather than public approbation. They are usually able to keep afloat financially and a few have attained great wealth. They are intelligent and some have even achieved uncommon learning and position. Were one content to come from a sturdy, virtuous people rather than from one which scintillated brilliancy without underlying homely virtues he may rejoice to trace his ancestry from any one of the Piscataqua pioneers.

A drive or stroll along the smooth state road that runs the length of Dover Neck—from Dover to Portsmouth—fills one with delight. On every side are entrancing views of land and water in fascinating combinations and all about are the scenes looked upon by generations of true Americans ever since the first sparse settlement in 1623. There is the old "Roberts burying ground," the oldest in New Hampshire, with but one or two older in New England. There is the site of the old First Parish Church enclosed with a stone wall and iron fence which follow the line of the ancient fortifications, placed there by the Margery Sullivan Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution of Dover. There is the point on which the Hilton brothers and their companions made their first home on Dover Point now occupied by Hilton Hall. There is the white oak tree called the "bound" or Pilgrim boundary tree which marked the line of division between two Roberts estates in bygone days. Storm, stress, and age have left their marks until now the oak gives but a suggestion of its

former grandeur. By tree experts it is thought to be near nine hundred years old, a white oak requiring three hundred years in which to make its growth, three hundred more in which to enjoy itself, and three hundred more to be spent in dignified decay. This is one of the few white oaks permitted to run so nearly this gamut.

There is an elm tree of no mean size and beauty under which a tavern thrived in the eighteenth century, a tavern that stood near the long since abandoned ferry between Kittery and Dover Neck. In spite of our modern way of shifting homes there remains still in the possession of his descendants, Howard and Fred Roberts, land which was granted to Emigrant Thomas Roberts soon after 1623, or perhaps in that very year. These descendants own the land on which stand the boundary oak and the ancient elm, both within a stone's throw of their house. That the present owners have not allowed their land to deteriorate is shown by their bearing orchard of three hundred apple trees, three hundred plum, and as many pear trees, besides large hay and corn fields. One can readily believe the statement made on the Neck that the descendants of Emigrant Roberts have ever been pioneers in agricultural ventures.

On Dover Neck it is easier to visualize the homes of the settlers than it is to do so at Plymouth where vast stretches of the imagination are necessary because of the thickly settled town with all modern equipments. On Dover Neck one may gaze on scenes little changed since early days and in fancy, people the stretch of country with the rugged pioneers of old. Then, too, one may take a boat at the Neck and without touching the ocean, visit by river four-

teen towns and forget that there is such a thing as a railway.

The Dover, New Hampshire, of the present day worked its way-in-land to give more room for its inhabitants who number now nearly fifteen thousand. It is a place of culture and fine living to say nothing of its wealth of factories and other money making undertakings. Many handsome old mansions built, some of them, more than two hundred years ago, are still occupied and give a colonial air to

the busy modern town. An ancient garrison filled with relics of the past tells the youth of the early history of the region, and the Friends' meeting house and the First Parish church, both outgrowths of the early ones on the Neck, make one think both backward and forward. A Society of Piscataqua Pioneers made up of descendants of those worthy people meets each year and attempts to keep green the memory of their ancestors.

ON READING THE FIRST CHAPTER OF MR. WELLS' OUTLINE OF HISTORY

By K. C. Balderston

I read about the vasty emptiness
In which this little world of ours has spun
And cooled itself since time was first begun,
And all my mind could do was grope, and guess,
And lose itself, smitten with blank distress,
In the cold, lifeless void. The very sun,
The stars, and time, were ghastly thoughts to shun,
And space a horror with a cloud fringed dress.
Then, to escape the unsearchable mystery,
I walked abroad beneath the winter moon,
And all the stars were shining in the sky,—
Benign and beautiful and calm they were;
And the great depths of space became a boon
To make the stars mysterious and fair.

EDITORIAL

Much satisfaction is felt throughout the state with the way in which Governor Albert O. Brown and his executive council have filled the places on the state board of education made vacant by the resignation of the chairman and three of his associates. The new chairman is Huntley N. Spaulding of Rochester, brother and business associate of former Governor Rolland H. Spaulding; a graduate of Phillips Andover Academy; prominent in public service during recent years, especially as state food administrator during the World War under Herbert Hoover. For the first time the women of the state are given recognition on the board under this new dispensation, their worthy representative being Mrs. Alice S. Harriman of Laconia, past president of the state Federation of Woman's Clubs and the state association of Parent-Teacher clubs; a graduate of the state normal school at Plymouth; and the choice for this position of practically all the women's organizations of the state. With Mrs. Harriman on the state board and Miss Harriet L. Huntress continuing as deputy commissioner of education, the women of the state will have the share which is their due in the management of the public schools which educate their children. The representative of the North Country upon the new board is one of that section's best known and most successful men, Orton B. Brown, Berlin manufacturer. Mr. Brown is a graduate of Williams College, well posted upon and sincerely interested in the educational problems of the day, in particular those which especially concern the cosmopolitan communities of which his own city of Berlin is a type. On the other hand, the small towns and the agricultural interests of

the state have a good man to represent them on the new board in the person of Merrill Mason of Marlborough, educated in the town schools and at a business college; farmer, legislator and delegate to the constitutional convention; member of the advisory board of the state department of agriculture. No appointment by Governor Brown for the fifth place on the board was necessary, because Wilfred J. Lessard, superintendent of the parochial schools of the Roman Catholic diocese of Manchester, named on the original board by Governor John H. Bartlett, stayed on the job for which he had proved himself so well fitted and did not hand in his resignation with those of his four colleagues. The new board, like its predecessor, is bipartisan, three of its members being Republicans and two Democrats. It represents all sections of the state, both sexes, the professions, business, agriculture and the home. It is intelligent, interested and impartial. In its hands, with the present efficient make-up of the active staff of the department of education, the future of the schools of the state is, we feel, secure.

The "school law of 1919" now has entered upon the third year of its control over our state educational system. The legislature of 1921, the first one to have an opportunity to revise the law, took advantage of that opportunity to some extent, but not in such a way, it seems to us, as to alter the fundamental principles of the statute. The majority opinion in the legislature seemed to be that the idea of the law is a good one, but that the scope of its execution should be contracted somewhat in order to place it upon a basis of fair relation to the resources of the state and state expenditures for other purposes.

This belief was put into action in the way of reduced appropriations for the educational department. If too deep a cut was made or if other changes in the law have decreased its efficiency, the fact will be apparent before 1923 and the legislature of that year can consider a remedy. One thing is certain; the state board of education as now constituted will not waste any of the state's money and will maintain amicable relations with the governor and council on one hand and the city and town school authorities on the other. Good

laws alone will not make good schools. Centralized authority at Concord, however able, intelligent, skilful and devoted, cannot alone keep the state's educational level where we wish it to be. Co-operation all along the line is the one great necessity; and Chairman Spaulding's record as state food administrator seems to indicate that no man in the state is better fitted than he to secure that one prime requisite of success for the endeavor he now is chosen to head.

HOME BUILDERS

By Barbara Hollis

Oh, build! Build little house here and there;
The sky will seem more blue—the grass more green
From little homes that shelter those who care:
Place candles in the windows to be seen.

Then plant! Plant tiny seeds and watch them grow;
And let there be a plenty and to share
With those who were not wise enough to sow—
To give will make the garden bloom more fair.

Yes, build! Build little homes to shelter dreams;
To light the little gardens far and near.
Let hope and faith shine thru each candle's beams
And plant the tiny seeds of love and cheer;

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Charles R. Lingley, professor of history in Dartmouth College, is the author of "Since the Civil War," the third volume in the series "The United States," which Professor Farrand of Yale is editing for the Century Company. Professor Lingley's contribution does not suffer by comparison with its predecessors in the series, "Colonial Beginnings," by Professor Root of the University of Wisconsin, and "Growth of a Nation," by Professor Farrand himself. Dealing with the past half century, so recent a period that both its problems and the personality of its leaders are still clouded with prejudice and partisanship, the task of the author is more difficult than that of him who writes of eras so far past that their events and opinion in regard to them have had time to shape themselves and crystallize in the public mind.

Professor Lingley has met well the especial demands of the situation. Thorough and careful investigation has made him sure of his facts; and he has reasoned from them wisely and impartially. He has accomplished to a remarkable extent, it seems to us, the not easy feat of carrying along side by side and with many connecting links the political and economic progress of events. With the social history of the period he has not attempted to concern himself except in so far as it reveals itself in connection with government and industry or in the portraits of great leaders, which Professor Lingley has painted vividly, yet, to our mind, justly. The fifty years from 1870 to 1920 are not those in the history of the United States of which the nation has most reason to be proud; but they are full of interest in a well told nar-

rative and teem with lessons for the student of world progress. Both the reader and the student will find Professor Lingley's volume suited to their desires and needs; concise, yet clear; illuminative, yet impartial.

"Sister Sue" (Houghton Mifflin Company) would in any event attract much attention as the last published work of the late Mrs. Eleanor Hodgman Porter, native of Littleton; but apart from that sad distinction the story would have attained wide circulation because it contains in generous measure all those essentials of popularity which have given the author's books the title of the best sellers ever written by a New Hampshire author. "Sister Sue" is "Pollyanna" over again, under different conditions and in another setting, but displaying the same splendid qualities of cheerful courage and quiet optimism. The captious critic complains of a lack of reality, that we meet no Sister Sues on Main Street. But we are not so sure of that. Perhaps if we knew the life story of our fellow worker, our new neighbor, our chance acquaintance, we should find in it some of those qualities of every day heroism which the genius of Mrs. Porter transferred to the printed page with a charm and a pleasure and an influence for good for the average readers which rarely has been excelled.

It would be hard to imagine two books of fiction having less in common than "Sister Sue," just mentioned, and the volume which stands next to it in the reviewer's line, "The Kingdom Round the Corner,"



The first of these is the fact that the
British Empire is not a homogeneous
entity. It is a collection of many
different peoples and cultures, each
with its own history and traditions.
This diversity is one of the strengths
of the Empire, but it also presents
challenges. How can we manage a
vast and varied collection of peoples
under a single flag?

One of the main challenges is the
question of governance. How can we
manage a vast and varied collection
of peoples under a single flag? One
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under a single flag? One of the main
challenges is the question of governance.
How can we manage a vast and varied
collection of peoples under a single
flag?

by Coningsby Dawson. Each, however is a "good story," in easy parlance, and thus the possessor of popularity in measure almost unbounded. Mr. Dawson is an abundant writer, but the level of his output is high, whatever the channel of its distribution. "The Kingdom Round the Corner" is a just after the war story, based upon the topsy turviness of social conditions, the spiritual shell shock of whole peoples, which immediately followed the world conflict. Tabs, who was Lord Taborley; his valet, who was his general; the three women who wound themselves so tangle-wise about their lives; are characters vividly imagined and skilfully depicted. It is a tale well told. Another generation, perhaps, will find in it a chapter worth studying of the world's social history after the war.

BUTTERCUPS

By Claribel Weeks Avery

I have slipped away from my house of pain,
 From my life of frets and jars,
 To a field as full of golden flowers
 As the Milky Way of stars.
 My cluttered rooms may lie unswept,
 My fire turn dead and cold—
 I am setting my feet on yellow gems
 And filling my hands with gold!

THE PACIFIC

By Caroline Fisher

Like a peacock, proud, the sea
 Is purple, green, and blue
 And the kelp-weed, in the lea
 Gives a brown line, passing through.

He spreads his tail on the beach
 And the waves are dancing light,
 With a sandy goal to reach
 And pebbles sparkling bright.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

ARTHUR L. FOOTE

Arthur Lowell Foote was born in Lewiston, Me., Dec. 25, 1863, the son of William Lowell and Elizabeth Ann (Meserve) Foote, and died at the hospital in Wolfeboro April 27, after a year's illness. He attended the high school at Great Falls (now Somersworth) studied law there with George E. Beacham and was admitted to the bar in 1887. Since that time he had practiced law continuously at Sabornville and had served as county solicitor, member of the school board, library trustee, and delegate to the constitutional convention of 1918-1921. He was an Episcopalian, Republican, Mason, Red Man and Elk, and was county chairman for various forms of war work. He is survived by one son, Lowell Sanborn Foote, of Denver, Col.

are represented by many poems in Chapin's "Poets of New Hampshire." Mrs. Carr has also published a volume of poems in 1891, under the title "Memories and Fancies."

Mrs. Wheeler was a member of the American Microscopical Society and a contributor to its publications and also supplied many translations to the Trans-Atlantic Magazine. Mrs. Wheeler united with the Congregational church at Barnstead Parade in 1868, and though so long a resident of Pittsfield and active for many years in its local church and other societies, she retained her membership in the Barnstead church, being prior to her death its oldest member.

The funeral services at Pittsfield on April 28 were followed by burial in the old Hillside cemetery at Barnstead.

MARY H. WHEELER

In the death of Mary H. Wheeler at Pittsfield on April 26, at the age of 83 years and 9 months, the Granite Monthly loses one of its early and frequent contributors and her community one of its best known and thoroughly esteemed residents.

Mrs. Wheeler was born in North Barnstead, July 15, 1837, the daughter of William and Mary Hall Garland. In her younger days she taught the district school where she became acquainted with Dr. John Wheeler, then the "school committee man" and later married him in 1856. After a few years residence there they removed to Pittsfield and except for a time during the Civil War which she spent near Washington, D. C., where the Doctor was stationed, she has since resided in the Suncook Valley town, a period of more than half a century.

The Doctor, who was one of the best known physicians in this part of the State, and one time president of the State Medical Society, passed away in 1900.

Mrs. Wheeler was a woman of remarkably bright intellect and lovable personality, a lover and student of the bird and flower—in fact of all nature—and an extensive and broad reader, maintaining to the last a keen interest in literature and events and topics of the day.

Besides the many contributions of verse from her pen in the Granite Monthly, she frequently contributed to the Boston Transcript and other publications and both she and her sister, Laura Garland Carr, who at the age of nearly 86 survives her,

CHARLES S. PRATT

Charles Stuart Pratt, author and editor, died at his home in Warner, April 3, after years of invalidism. He was born in South Weymouth, Mass., Feb. 10, 1854, the son of Lorin and Laura (Vining) Pratt. Nov. 11, 1877, he married Ella Farman, also an author, who died in 1907. Together they edited "Wide Awake" from 1865 to 1892, "Little Men and Women" from 1892 to 1897, and "Little Folks" from 1897 to 1909. Mr. Pratt published several books for young people and once won a \$1,000 prize for a short story. A poem contributed to The Granite Monthly in 1920 was his last work. He served as a trustee of the public library at Warner and was much interested in the town, where he had lived for 30 years. One son, Ralph, survives him.

JULIAN F. TRASK

Julian F. Trask, one of the most delightful characters in New Hampshire public life, died at Haverhill, Mass., March 31. He was born at Beverly, Mass., Oct. 1, 1849, but had been a citizen of Laconia since 1873. Well known as a newspaper man, he drifted into politics, was secretary to Governor Charles A. Busiel and in 1896 was appointed state labor commissioner. For a number of years he was in the federal government service at Manila, P. I. Upon his return to Laconia he was made city clerk and subsequently was postmaster for four years from 1910. He is survived by his widow, one son and two daughters.

GEN. JASON E. TOLLES

Brigadier General Jason E. Tolles, who, for 15 years, commanded the New Hampshire National Guard, died in Nashua, March 19. He was born in that city Jan. 5, 1852, one of seven brothers, all of whom were successful and prominent. He was 14 years in the clothing business and for the past 21 years treasurer of the Citizens Guaranty Savings Bank. He had been a member of both branches of the Legislature, mayor, city treasurer, 20 years a member of the board of education, member of the state forestry commission, etc. He enlisted as a private in the New Hampshire National Guard in 1877 and advanced through every grade until he retired in 1909 after 10 years' service as brigadier general. He was a Democrat in politics; attended the Congregational church; and was prominent in the Odd Fellows and other secret orders. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. E. Ray Shaw and Mrs. Alice M. Kimball.

MAJOR SAMUEL F. MURRY

Major Samuel Francis Murry, born in Chester, Sept. 6, 1841, died at Manchester, March 20. A student at Dartmouth college when the war began, he enlisted in Berdan's Sharpshooters and served from November, 1861, until March, 1865, when he was honorably discharged with the brevet of major, for gallant and meritorious services. After the war he was one of the charter members of Louis Bell post, G. A. R., at Manchester. He was for many years a railroad conductor with residence at Wilton and served in both branches of the legislature. A niece, Mrs. George H. Phinney of Manchester, with whom he spent his last years, was his nearest surviving relative.

DR. J. M. DUTTON

Julius M. Dutton, M. D., son of Rev. and Mrs. John M. Dutton, was born in Lebanon, Sept. 14, 1877, and died at Westfield, Mass., January 29. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1900 and from its medical college in 1904, and after a year's hospital work settled at Westfield where he practiced his profession with

great success until his death. He took an active interest in the churches, schools, hospitals and Y. M. C. A. of his city. He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Charlotte Coye of Livonia, N. Y.

PROF. S. C. DERBY

Samuel Carroll Derby, son of Dexter and Julia (Piper) Derby, was born in Dublin, March 3, 1842, and died March 28, at Columbus, Ohio, where he had been a member of the faculty of Ohio State University for 40 years. He graduated from Harvard in 1866 and did post-graduate work there, at Johns Hopkins and in Rome. Before going to Ohio State, he was for six years professor of Latin, and for four years president of Antioch College. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa and of various learned societies.

LESTER G. FRENCH

Lester G. French, born in Keene in 1869, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Olin L. French, died in New York City, April 18. He graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1891 and was the author of the earliest American treatise on the steam turbine. He was the editor of the Mechanical Engineer and the author of a number of works on that line. For 13 years he was assistant secretary of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

WILLIAM F. LOW

Commander William F. Low, U. S. N., died at Washington, D. C., March 12. He was born in Concord, son of the late Franklin Low and grandson of General Joseph A. Low, and attended St. Paul's School before being appointed to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1865. He was graduated in the class of 1869 and in his active career had varied assignments in the North Atlantic and Pacific squadrons. He was one of the officers of the Constellation of the Irish relief expedition. For many years he was in charge of the Massachusetts State Nautical Schoolship Enterprise and later the Ranger and the Nantucket.

library

Jan 22



Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

"SEWARD'S VILLAGE"

CONCORD POST, AMERICAN LEGION

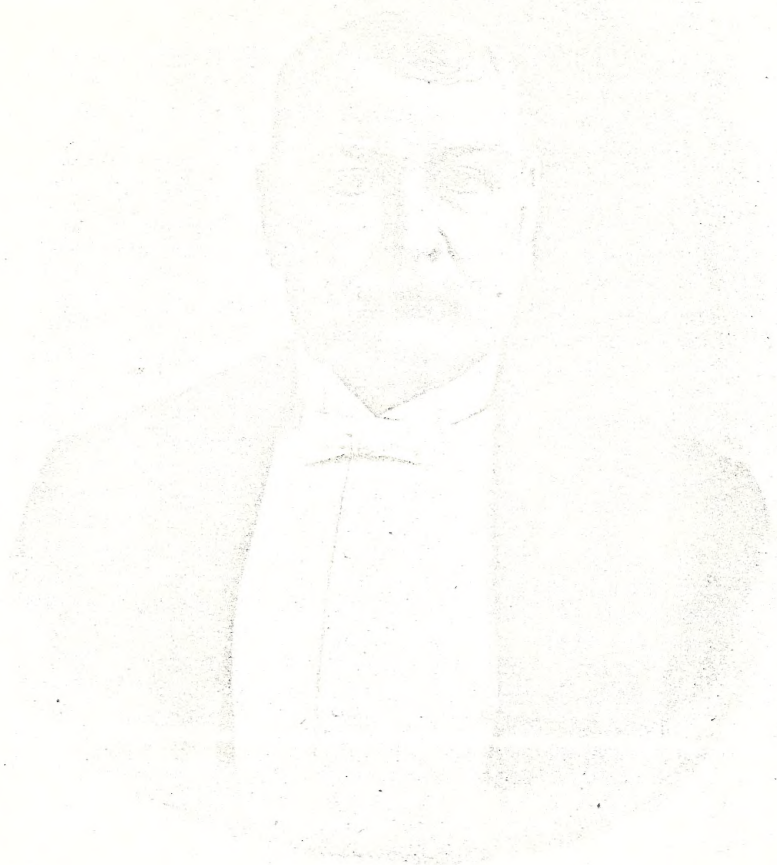
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CONCORD, N. H.

This Number, 20 Cents

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J. L. Seward.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. LIII.

JULY, 1921.

No. 7.

JOSIAH L. SEWARD

APRIL 17, 1845

JULY 14, 1917

By Rev. Sullivan H. McCoilester, D. D.

Sixty-three years ago I tarried for a night in a real New England home, in the town of Sullivan, in which resided a brainy farmer and a noble wife and two promising sons. It was an ideal dwelling-place, where snow drifted deep in winter and the clover blossomed sweet in summer.

Here I saw for the first time the son, Josiah Lafayette Seward, a robust boy of twelve years old. I was there as a school commissioner of New Hampshire to visit on the morrow their district school, in the little red school house.

As the morning came I went into the school of some twenty pupils and here I really saw Josiah. The next fall he came to Westmoreland to attend the Valley Seminary, which was under my charge, taking up higher English branches and ranking well in them all.

He was born in Sullivan, N. H., April 17, 1845, of David and Arvilla (Matthews) Seward, of English stock, and worthy members of the sturdy and brave yeomanry of New England. The emigrant ancestor, Thomas Seward, came to Pepperell, Mass., about twenty years before the Revolutionary War.

In the paternal line, Josiah L. was a lineal descendant of Thomas Morse, the first permanent settler of Dublin, N. H., who had a captain's commission sent him to keep him loyal. The doughty Morse in-

dignantly spurned this, and trained his three sons to volunteer at the first call, and he himself did all he could to aid the patriot's cause.

Another kinsman of Josiah Seward was the well known General James Wilson of Keene. There were at least five ancestors who served in the Revolutionary War, a record of which, as a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, Josiah was justifiably proud.

The mother of Josiah was a descendant of Robert Matthews, the ancestor of the Hancock, N. H. families of that name.

As a lad, Josiah remained under my tutelage several terms, and was highly esteemed by both teachers and scholars. Then he went to Exeter Academy, where he ranked among the best in scholarship and deportment and graduated with honors. In 1871 he graduated from Harvard Divinity School with the degree of S. T. D., and the professors spoke of him as a learned preacher and a wise man.

For a year after leaving the Divinity School he preached most acceptably to a church in Springfield, Mass., when he was called to settle over the First Unitarian church of Lowell, Mass., where he remained fourteen years, making himself known and felt as an eloquent preacher, a good pastor and an enterprising citizen.

From Lowell he was called to



settle in the college town of Waterville, Me. Here he remained ten years, became popular as a religious teacher, and, as he mingled with the students of Colby University, was often asked to address them, in the different departments, on various subjects. While he remained there he was loved and honored.

From November 26, 1893, till October 8, 1899, he was pastor of Unity Church, Allston, Mass., doing successful work in and out of the pulpit.

But his hair was becoming somewhat silvered, his heart waxed warm for his native state, his beloved New Hampshire, and this induced him, against the wishes of his church, to break off his connection with them as pastor and to the Granite State turn his steps for his last settlement.

Really New Hampshire had become somewhat of a Holy Land to him. Keene seemed his New Jerusalem; Ashuelot River his Jordan; Sullivan his Nazareth; Dublin his Mount Zion, and Monadnock his Mount Sinai.

He had scarcely got settled in his home at Keene before he was urgently requested to supply the Unitarian pulpit in Dublin, which he did to the great delight of the people there, and faithfully served them up to the time of his illness—some fourteen years—preaching to them many an able sermon and giving them an abundance of large hearted sympathy in their sorrows.

As a writer and contributor to the press there are many good things that might well and truly be said of him. Suffice it to say that the one great Memorial to his

credit is a most glorious one, and that is the Sullivan Town History. From boyhood, as he was doing chores, picking flowers, planting potatoes, husking corn, mastering history in school, solving in his head the hardest problems in Colburn's Arithmetic, he was all the while storing up facts, to write out the history of his native town.

No other person could have done the immense undertaking so well and attractively as he, for he was especially fitted by inheritance, education and inclination for such work. The town of Sullivan has cause to feel greatly honored and most devoutly grateful that it has produced such an eminent historian. His name will long be remembered there, and will abide as a distinguished man and a famous scholar.

He was a broad-minded, consecrated Christian, wishing to help everybody. He built upon the solid rock, while on earth, a monument to himself out of kind and noble deeds, which remain intact when bronze has corroded into dust and granite dissolved to ashes. His character must be beautiful in the mansions above.

He believed intensely in the Fatherhood of God, the Sonship of Christ and the Holy Spirit. As he dropped his sickle, 72 years old, he was still an intense almoner in blessing others religiously, educationally, and socially. He was a remarkably wise and cultured man, wishing to help all souls, believing most devoutly that one is to reap *just what he sows*.

So, friends, let him not be lifeless,
But more alive and active henceforth
Than ever while in mortal mold
Doing works of very high worth.



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SEWARD'S VILLAGE

By Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury.

"A fair, sunny valley rests, the
placid hills among."

*Afar, Monadnock, fair and grand,
Of all our hearts the pride,
Lifts toward the sky his sun-kissed crest,
While vale and lake, in beauty drest,
Lie slumbering at his side."

Here the actual characters of Seward's Village lived and died; about this little village cluster memories and tales that will always delight the hearts of home loving people in any day or generation. It has been portrayed in poetry; the verse quoted above was by one of the villagers. Another has said in eloquent every day prose, "We shall always carry some of Sullivan with us. Wherever we go, we shall have Sullivan blood in our veins; we shall have Sullivan counsels and Sullivan precepts and Sullivan virtues in our memories; we shall dream of our old Sullivan homes in the night and we shall speak of her to our friends by day. We cannot forget our homes."

No town historian has more faithfully, lovingly and interestingly depicted the growth of a town from its earliest settlement than has been done in the Sullivan town history; no author has put more eloquent feeling and real heart interest into his writing. We rightly think of this little New England town as Seward's Village, and yet he has only described in wonderful language what all Sullivan sons and daughters have *felt*, but could not so expressively put into words.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

"Through summer's heat and winter's snow
They toiled these hills among;
They laid the towering forest low,
They watched the grain and grasses grow,
As rolled the years along.

*By Mrs. Ellen S. (Keith) Edwards.

Humble their homes, but strong and brave
Each heart and toil-worn hand;
Cheery their songs that rose and fell
And echoed through the mossy dell--
Songs of their native land."

From Massachusetts and Connecticut came these earliest settlers. The cart wheel that brought the goods of the first White family is still kept. This family came from Uxbridge, Mass., and the American emigrant ancestor was none other than the Peregrine White of Mayflower fame.

The Adams family had the same emigrant ancestor as Presidents John and John Quincy Adams. The Bradford family had William Bradford, the Mayflower passenger, and second Governor of Plymouth Colony, for an ancestor.

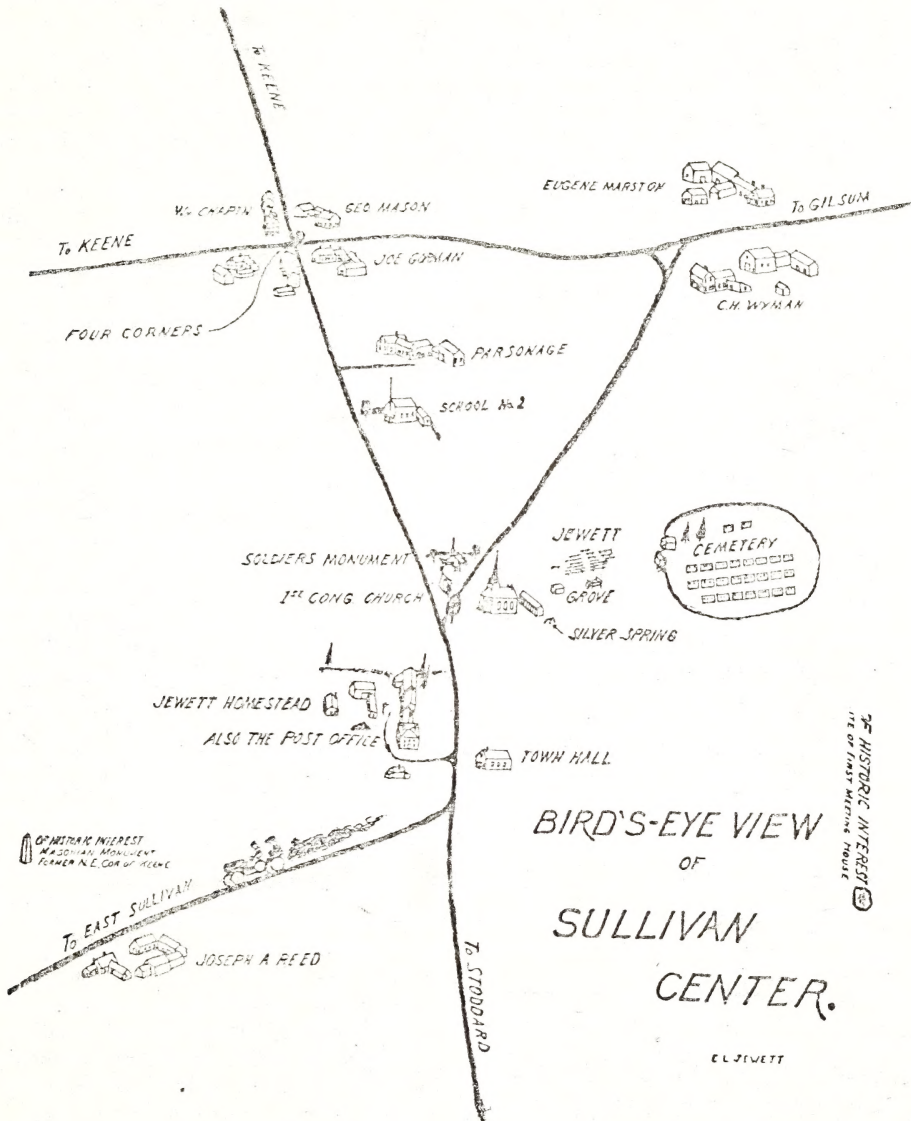
Abraham Browne, from Hawkeston, England, was one of the first settlers of Watertown, Mass., and the first recorded birth in Watertown was of his daughter, Lydia; the Brown family of Sullivan are his descendants.

The Buckminster ancestral line goes back to a Wales family. Rev. Thomas Carter, born in England in 1610, came to America in 1635, and was ordained in Woburn, Mass., in 1642; his descendants were among the early settlers in Sullivan.

Hon. Charles Carter Comstock, a native of Seward's Village, was elected to Congress from Michigan. He was also mayor of Grand Rapids, Mich., in 1863 and 1864. He began his business life as a farmer on the old homestead, removed to Grand Rapids, grew up with the city and inaugurated the first wholesale furniture establishment in that city which has since been famous for the large number of such establishments. He was an eminently suc-

cessful business man, and one who never lost interest in his native town. The ancestors of the Comstock family came to Sullivan from Lyme, Conn.; farther back the line has not been discovered.

Germany, he learned the secret of making illuminating gas from coal. He introduced that process of lighting into the city of New York, the first successful plant of that character which was ever established on



The Deweys were a remarkably fine family. Timothy Dewey became one of America's greatest mechanics. While studying in

the American Continent, his own house on Grand street, being the first building successfully equipped for permanent illumination by gas,

Dewey's gas works, or those started under his initiative, were the first ever devised for strictly mechanical uses. This distinguished honor is hardly second to that of his distinguished kinsman of later times, who won the great naval victory in the harbor of Manila. The Dewey family came from noble stock, and their line is authentically traced to the Emperor Charlemagne, and includes other sovereigns besides. The Dewey family of Sullivan came there from Connecticut.

The Ellis family also developed mechanical tastes. Austin A. Ellis, who has been a mayor of Keene, early displayed taste in the use of lathes and delicate machinery. This family was from Dedham, Mass., originally, and the descendants removed to Keene and then to Sullivan.

Joseph Felt, a Revolutionary soldier, was father of the Deacon Joseph Felt who was the first of the name in Sullivan; George Felt, the emigrant ancestor, is said to have come to America with Endicott.

John Field was a famous astronomer in England; Dr. John Field, the able and distinguished physician of Sullivan, was a descendant.

John Foster came from New England with Roger Conant. Joseph Foster, who lived in Sullivan, deserves to rank among the great inventors of the world. He made a telephone, which connected his shop at Keene with the court house and the town hall, long before the famous invention was announced by those who are credited with the discovery. He invented a machine to spin wool from the mass, without carding, by drawing out the fibre in a continuous thread. The machine was in his shop when he died, but no one else could ever put it together. He was experimenting with electricity at the same time as Morse, and along similar

lines. In the old Hemenway shop in Sullivan he built, in 1829, the first cabinet organ ever made in the world. The instrument received the various names of melodeon, aeolian, seraphine, and cabinet organ, according to the form and fashion of the case. This invention has now become one of the most important in the country. He left in his house, at his death, an instrument combining pipe organ, reed organ, and piano, but no one else could ever repair it.

Elder Edmund Frost came from New Ipswich, England; a descendant, Deacon Benjamin Frost of Sullivan, was the father of three sons who graduated from Dartmouth College, and of a daughter who married the Rev. Arthur Little, D. D., of Boston. Carlton P. Frost studied medicine; was in the service of the U. S. Government during the Civil War, and later was at Hanover, where he was connected with Dartmouth College. He was the Dean of the Dartmouth Medical Department over twenty years; was president of both Vermont and New Hampshire Medical Societies. In 1894 Dartmouth conferred on him the honorary degree of LL. D. His two sons have both been instructors at Dartmouth. A brother, who also studied medicine, was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, Va., in 1864.

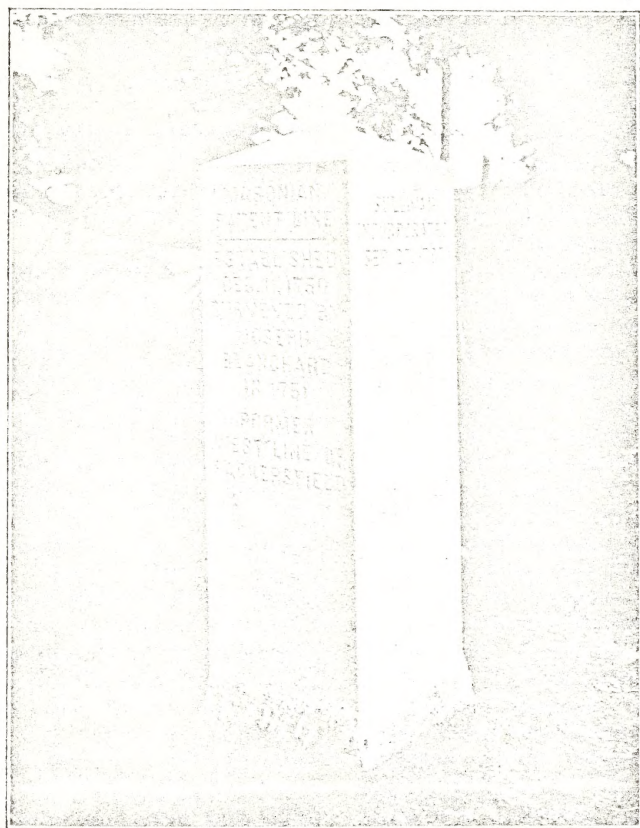
Benjamin and Lydia Kemp had four sons, all of whom followed some profession. Two were physicians, one a dentist, one a clergyman. The birthplace and ancestral line of Benjamin Kemp have not been learned.

Edmund Goodnow came from England and settled in Sudbury, Mass., in 1638. His descendants who have lived in Sullivan have been noted for rare mechanical skill, as well as for exceptional musical ability. Daniel Goodnow, the first of the family to settle at East Sulli-

van, was a skilful carpenter. His son, Caleb, built the best grist mill and the only bolting mill ever used in his native town. There was machinery in this mill which required much skill and ingenuity to keep it in repair. Mr. Caleb Good-

tion of being the first settler on what is now Sullivan soil; his ancestral line cannot be traced.

Ralph Hemenway came from England about 1632, and settled in Roxbury, Mass.; Rev. Luther, a descendant, invented an awl handle



MASONIAN MONUMENT.

Unveiled Aug. 27, 1907. This point was the northeast corner of the original Keene and the southeast corner of original Gilsum.

now was a very particular man. He would never operate a machine, any more than he would play a musical instrument, unless it were in perfect order. It was his good fortune that he could adjust his machinery, even as he could perfectly tune an instrument. His children inherited his mechanical tastes.

Stephen Griswold has the dis-

in his little shop in Sullivan. A patent was procured for the invention, and the principle involved is still in use. Pauline Hemenway, a granddaughter of Rev. Luther, married Domenico Altrocchi, and her daughter became the wife of the famous painter, Giacomo Martinetti, of Florence, Italy.

The Holbrook and Holt families

both came from England and settled in Massachusetts, and their descendants found their way to Sullivan.

The ancestors of the Hubbard family were first in Weathersfield, Conn., and later in Massachusetts. Roswell Hubbard, Esq., son of Rev. John of Northfield, Mass., was an uncle of Hon. Henry Hubbard, Governor of New Hampshire in 1842 and 1843.

Rev. James Keith preached his first sermon in America on a rock in "Mill Pasture," Bridgewater, Mass., at the age of 18; Ichabod Keith was in Sullivan, and Ellen S. (Keith) Edwards has endeared herself to all Sullivan people by her poems for the Old Home Day celebrations of her native town.

The Kendalls came from Lancaster, Mass., and the Kingsburys from Dedham. The Locke family was from England; James Locke, born Hopkinton, Mass., Dec. 5, 1728, had fourteen children. He was a prominent man of affairs; was in the Revolutionary War; was also in the Massachusetts legislature. He was a farmer and land surveyor; he moved to Sullivan and many of his descendants have lived here. One of them, Dr. John Locke, was an eminent scientist, and was the inventor of the celebrated "electro chronograph" clock, for which Congress voted him \$10,000 in 1849 for the use of the instrument in the Naval Observatory.

Hugh Mason, a tanner, and one of the first settlers of Watertown, Mass., at the age of 28, with his wife Esther, aged 22, emigrated from England in 1634. The descendants of the first Mason family in Sullivan would form a small township all by itself. Charles Mason lived many years upon the homestead in Sullivan; he was one of the most influential men of the town; was a justice of the peace

and quorum throughout the state, and represented the town in the legislature. His brother, Orlando, was one of the most brilliant business men who have left Sullivan. He and his wife visited Europe in 1883. He was active in forming the Winchendon Savings Bank, of which he was the president for twenty-five years. He was also a director of the First National Bank of Winchendon; a trustee of Cushing Academy, and a director of the Fitchburg Mutual Fire Insurance Company. He was a prominent member of the North Congregational church of Winchendon, and for twenty-two years the superintendent of its Sunday school.

James Matthews belonged to a Scotch Presbyterian family, and was one of the celebrated Scotch-Irish immigrants who came from the north of Ireland. John Maynard came from England and was in Sudbury, Mass., in 1638.

The ancestral emigrant of the Miller family is unknown.

Samuel Morse of Dedham, Mass., was born in England in 1585, emigrated to New England 1635. A descendant, Thomas Jr., was one of the earliest settlers in Sullivan.

William Munroe, born in Scotland, came to America in 1652. William, of the fourth generation, was a proprietor of the famous Munroe's Tavern in Lexington, where the British stopped and ordered their drinks, when marching into that town on the memorable nineteenth of April, 1775. His little daughter, Anna, sat on the counter and passed the drinks, which Mr. Munroe, predicting that they would call for that purpose, had requested his wife to mix, when he left the house to join his townsmen, to assist in defending the town. The daughter Anna afterwards became the wife of Rev. William Muzzy, the first settled

minister of the gospel in Sullivan.

William M. Muzzy, son of Rev. William and Anna, was one of the three or four richest men who were natives of Sullivan. He went to Philadelphia at nineteen years of age and learned the business connected with the importation of fine glass, and soon began business for himself. He had an accurate memory of faces and names, which served him well in business. He was a gentleman of the old school and a man greatly honored and respected. At his death, he left an estate of nearly or quite a million dollars.

Benjamin Olcott, the second settler in Sullivan, came from East Haddam, Conn.; his ancestral line is not known. John Osgood, born in England, July 23, 1595, was one of the founders of the town of Andover, Mass.; Joshua of the sixth generation, came to Sullivan. Fred Wheeler Osgood, a native of Sullivan, was a graduate of Dartmouth College.

Deacon Thomas Parker came to America in 1635. George Parkhurst emigrated from England in the same year, and was an early settler of Watertown, Mass. Both families had descendants in Sullivan.

The ancestor of James Phillips came from Ireland, and Jonathan Powell was the son of an Englishman who came to America before the Revolution.

James Nash was an early settler in Weymouth, Mass.; his descendants in Sullivan have been many in number.

Godfrey Nims, the first known of the name in this country, first appears as a lad (Sept. 4, 1667) in Northampton, Mass., where he was punished for some slight youthful misdemeanor. He was of French origin, and is understood to have been of a Huguenot family. He married twice; two of the first

wife's children and three of the second were captured and slain by the Indians, February 29, 1704. Mrs. Nims was taken at the same time, and slain on the way to Canada. Ebenezer, another child, was carried to Canada where he was adopted by a squaw. He married Sarah Hoyt, who was also a captive of the Indians, and their first child was born in Canada. They were redeemed in 1714, and returned to Deerfield, Mass., where they had born a son, David, March 30, 1716. This son came to Keene in 1740, and was the first town clerk and town treasurer of Keene. He had ten children, and it would require several pages to merely list the names of their descendants connected with the town of Sullivan.

The Proctor family of Sullivan is descended from Robert of Concord, Mass. Edward Rawson, who was state secretary of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, was the ancestor of the Sullivan family of that name; his mother was Margaret, sister of Rev. John Wilson, the first preacher in Boston.

The Spaulding family have been justly noted for mechanical ingenuity. Thomas, the first to settle in Sullivan, built the Hancock meetinghouse, the second Sullivan meetinghouse, and the second Dublin meetinghouse. All the sons of Thomas Spaulding were remarkably ingenious, and a grandson, when a mere lad, made, with his own hands, a wagon which was in use several years.

Hon. Daniel W. Rugg, son of Harrison and Sophia (Beverstock) Rugg, is the only person who has ever been elected to the state senate while a resident of the town. Mr. Rugg was born in Sullivan, attended its schools, and has been a successful farmer. He represented the town in the legislature and state senate, and has held the most important town offices in Sullivan.

Hon. Lockhart Willard, who lived in town at the time of its incorporation, and was the first town treasurer, soon moved to Keene. He was a state senator, a man of energy, and a person of much prominence in the community.

The ancestral line of the Towne family is thought to go back to Richard Towne of Bracely, England, before 1600.

The Seward family came from England. Hon. Henry W. Seward has been several times elected to the General Court of Massachusetts from Watertown, where he lived after leaving Sullivan. Edgar S., William A., and Erving G., have all been remarkably successful in life and an honor to the town in which they were born.

The ancestor of the Wilson family of Sullivan came from Tyrone, Ireland, in 1737, with the famous Scotch Irish emigrants. A descendant was Hon. John Wilson of Belfast, Me. (in the U. S. Congress in 1813-14), and Sarah, whose daughter married Hon. John Scott Harrison, son of President William Henry Harrison. Hon. James Wilson of Peterboro and Keene was the father of Gen. James Wilson, the well-known lawyer and orator of Keene and a member of the U. S. Congress. The Sullivan family of Wilsons were closely related to these Wilsons.

Joel Williston Wright was born in Sullivan, and became an able instructor and a very learned and skilful physician. There have been several families of the Wright name in Sullivan, but it has been impossible to trace their ancestral line.

MOTHERS OF SULLIVAN

One of the toasts at the Centennial Anniversary was:

Our Foremothers—Their spinning wheels were their musical instruments; their power looms were moved by their

own muscles. No French cooking could have made more appetizing their frugal, yet excellent meals.

In response to this sentiment, Mrs. Cynthia (Locke) Gerould, sent the following poem, written in her eighty-fourth year.

Don't look for a poem from one eighty-three,
Fit at all for either yourself or for me.
My hair is as white as the snow that flies,
And I'm older than most who have gone to the skies;
But well I remember the days long ago,
When over the hills and through the deep snow,
Not missing a day, to school we would go.
Our mothers then used the loom and the wheel,
And around would fly the old clock-reel;
They bak'd and they churn'd, and made the good cheese,
No new-fangl'd notions their muscles to ease.
On Sunday, to "meeting" the people would go,
And sit without stove when flying the snow;
A little foot-stove might warm the cold feet,
And be handed along to another one's seat.
The pews they were square, the seats they were hard,
And children would squeak where panels were bar'd.
At noon they would gather and talk of the news,
And, afternoon, come again to their pews.
Great changes have come, and the years gone by;
No longer the wheel and home-shuttle fly;
But—noble is life—and noble are they
Who've gleaned up their their his'try for Century day.
So joy do I give you from one of old stock,
Who, living among you, was—

CYNTHIA LOCKE.

ANECDOTES

Every village has "characters" as well as its famous men, and there were several of the *character* type in Seward's Village.

"Maney" Hibbard, as she was called, was supported many years by the town. She had a temper that was simply ferocious. She would get so angry at the women at whose house she was stopping

that she would lash herself into a fit and throw herself upon the floor and foam at the mouth.

The women so disliked to have old "Maney" around that they would plead with their husbands on the morning of town meeting not to "bid off" this unfortunate pauper. When the bidding began, there would be profound silence. It could rarely get under way without an adjournment to a store or tavern, where a treat would be offered to all bidders. This temptation would unseat the silent lips and the poor creature would be bid off to a dozen persons, for nobody would dare to go home and face his wife with the information that he had dared to take her for more than a month, and on the first day of each month, she would be promptly taken to the next place, if roads had to be specially broken out to get her there.

Mrs. Pompey Woodward, a colored woman, was another of the "characters" of the town. In her way she was of a proud spirit. On the first Sunday after her arrival in town, as Pompey's bride, as they approached the meetinghouse, sitting on the same horse, she was overheard saying, "Hold up your head, Pomp, they will all look at us," as was undoubtedly the case. When the pews of the second meetinghouse were sold, she insisted on Pompey's buying a pew on the lower floor "where the respectable people sat." She wanted a house which would be the equal of any in town. She prevailed upon Pompey to take down an old house, and erect a two-story (or "upright") house. They got the frame raised and there the work ceased. Finally they boarded off a little room in one corner, in which they lived as best they could. While living in this plight, the old woman entered a store in Keene to do some shop-

ping, and said to the trader, "Only three men in our neighborhood have upright houses, Deacon Seward, Captain Seward and Mr. Woodward."

She stammered badly, which cannot here be imitated, but which added to the grotesque nature of her speech. As winter approached, the neighbors clearly saw that the Woodwards could never go through the season in that fashion and they clubbed together and took the old frame and some timber which they provided and built them a little cottage; but the old lady was exceedingly dissatisfied because it was not an "upright" house.

Another woman of eccentric character was a town charge for a long time. She was a good woman, but very sensitive and peculiar in her disposition. Children enjoyed calling upon her, because of her very quaint observations. On one occasion when some young ladies called at her cottage, she said: "I never drink tea, for it unravels my nerves."

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE*

I remember, well remember, the school-house on the hill,
And the band of youthful schoolmates I well remember still;
That band, alas! is broken—the grave has had a share,
And some are widely scattered—they are gone, we know not where.

I remember the old bucket that then hung in the well;
To sink it in the crystal fount how from the curb it fell;
When we had dipped the bucket deep, and filled it to the brim,
We drew it dripping from the well and drank from its mossy rim.

I remember all the teachers, each one in their turn,—
Some were mild and cheerful, others were harsh and stern;
Some would try to please us and our weary hours beguile,
Others would oft'ner greet us with a frown than with a smile."

*Verse from a poem written by Dauphin W. Wilson.

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One of Sullivan's "sons," (Dr. G. W. Keith) sent this to the Centennial Celebration:

"I know something about our public schools—and will give a few of the sweet, slippery and sticky reminiscences of my school-boy days—especially the *stick-y*. When I first began to yearn for an education I lived in 'Varmount,' and was four years of age. My parents told

time came for the boy's recess, I had resolved, as soon as I was out, to play the role of Prodigal Son and return home. I knew two of the boys—Ike Kingsbury, a little rusty, scrawny chap in nankeen breeches and dirty white jacket, with bare feet and sore toes, and Gabriel, not the *original*, but Gabriel Doaney, a tall-round-shouldered French boy, whose complexion re-



SCHOOLHOUSE, DISTRICT No. 3. BUILT 1849.

Reunion of Scholars previous to 1860, 10th June, 1911. 29 present.

Dr. S. M. Dinsmoor, Teacher.

me I was not old enough to go to school, but I knew better, and so like Mary's little lamb, I followed my sister to school one day, and was uncomfortably seated upon the low bench, and there I sat—the longest hour I had ever known—feeling like the disobedient cock down in the well, who 'ne'er had been in this condition, but for my mother's prohibition!' Before the

sembled the inside of mouldy hemlock bark; and these two I tried to persuade to run away, but they were loyal and would not go, and when the raps came on the window-sash, the *good* boys went in and I ran for home, keeping an eye over my shoulder to see if I was not being pursued by the teacher—not being able to understand that my room would be better than my com-

pany. I did not go to school again for two years, and then was *sent*. I walked a mile and a half, and stood in the dignified presence of the teacher, Madame Wood, matriculated—that is, told her my name, and saw her write it down in a little green-covered book—and commenced storing my mind with the lore of the public school, and with school-boy tricks—especially the latter. Before the first term ended I had learned to read in the ‘Easy Lessons,’ to spell words of two syllables, to chew gum, whisper, throw paper wads, spill my ink, tread on the next boy’s toes, make the girls giggle by facial contortions, ‘sass’ the teacher, fight with the boys, throw stones through the window, and run away at intermission to attend ‘training’ at Keene. I had been kept after school, had held down a nail, toed the mark for an hour with my hands behind me, had been sent home (though I never went more than half way), had had my ears boxed and pulled, had been gently swayed to and fro by my foretop (which undoubtedly caused the premature barefootedness on top of my head), and wallowed with a birch stick. I remember the evening after the last mentioned performance asking my mother if our school was a *publick* school, and remarking that I had no fault to find with the *pub* part of it, but the *lick* was not agreeable.”

In one of Mrs. Edwards’ poem, she says:

Once again I tread the pathway
 Leading to the school-room door;
 Once again I list to voices
 We, on earth, shall hear no more:
 Once again as when the shadows
 Of those autumn evenings fell,
 I can hear the clear tones ringing
 Of the dear old study bell.

How all fun and laughter vanished
 When we heard its warning sound;
 No rest then, until the values
 Of x, y, and z were found;

How we strove for thoughts deep hidden
 Milton’s epic lines among,
 Or stored up with memory’s treasures
 Some loved poet’s glad, sweet song.

MEETING HOUSE

The second meetinghouse built in Seward’s Village was 49 by 37 feet with porches at the east and west ends, through which were reached the side, or end entrance to the audience room. In each porch was a stairway leading to the gallery. The front door opened directly into the broad isle, at the opposite, or northern, end of which was the pulpit. The pulpit was reached by a long flight of stairs. The pulpit front and the stairs and balustrade and gallery fronts and supporting columns were painted a light blue. There was a thick cushion upon the pulpit to support the Bible.

The pews were of the prevailing “square pew type” of that period. All were provided with doors. The ends and doors of the pews were panelled. There was a “spindle balustrade,” or as sometimes expressed “a row of little spindles,” about the tops of the sides of the pews, each “spindle” being about six inches or more long. Most of these “spindles” could be turned around, which often furnished amusement for little children during service.

These pews were unpainted and as time went on, rude boys whittled them very badly. Contrary to custom, there was no sounding board over the pulpit. There were two services on each Sunday, at 10:30 a. m. and 1 o’clock p. m. with a Sunday School between the two services. The sermon was often an hour in length. One pastor had sermons which it took two hours to deliver, preaching one half in the forenoon and the other half in the afternoon. The choir was composed of all persons who were will-



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How all the and further assisted
When we heard the evening news
No not have with the news
Of a and a very loud;
Of the dear old lady had
I can hear the dear lady
Of those women women
There again we saw the lady
That on earth and the news
That again I heard the lady
One again I heard the lady

ing to sing. The hymn book was Watts' and Select Hymns. There was no musical instrument except a bass viol. Reuben Morse "pitched the tunes" for many years.

During the long prayer (which was rarely less than fifteen, and often twenty minutes in length), the audience stood, the uncushioned seats in the old square pews being raised on hinges. At the close of the prayer, these seats were drop-

with no fire, through those interminably long sermons, in midwinter. The caretaker used to be required to wash the meetinghouse twice a year and sweep it six times. Neither of the first two meetinghouses had a spire or bell.

In spite of discomforts, the old meetinghouse endeared itself to the people. The following lines written on the day of the last church service in the above described



SULLIVAN MEETING-HOUSE. DEDICATED DEC. 7, 1848.

ped almost simultaneously, with an uproarious clash.

The outside of the building was painted in a yellowish tint with white trimmings.

In 1826 a stove was allowed for the first time, and the meetinghouse caretaker was required "to provide fuel for the stove, and keep a fire when necessary." Previous to this, the only heat was furnished by foot stoves carried by the women who usually obtained their live coals from the open fireplace of Enoch Woods, near the meetinghouse. It required strong moral courage on the part of our forefathers to sit,

building are from a poem by Dauphin Wilson, one of the faithful attendants at the old church.

LEAVING THE OLD MEETINGHOUSE.

Farewell, these old gray walls, farewell;
Farewell each foot-worn aisle.
How many score the friends who here
Have met us with a smile.

Like autumn leaves torn from the trees,
They're scattered far and wide.
Some rest in yonder burying ground,
There sleeping side by side.

Some chose a home still further north,
Where 'neath the frosts and snows,
Far from their early childhood's home,
Their bodies now repose.

Some made the distant west their home,
Nearer the setting sun,
And on the prairies sank to rest,
Their earthly work well done.

Some, too, passed through the "Golden Gate,"
A fortune there to gain,
Where gold is found in shining sands,
On California's plain.

Some made the sunny South their home,
In days long since gone by,
And sleep their last long dreamless sleep
Beneath its genial sky.

And some of those who now remain,
Who oft have met us here,
Have heads all silvered o'er with age,
With frost of many a year.

Their life lamps burn but dimly now;
The flick'ring soon will cease;
And heavenly light will guide their steps,
Where all is rest and peace.

These old walls, too, must soon come down
Be levelled with the ground;
Like those who once did worship here,
They'll soon be scattered round.

When'er a fragment I shall see,
'Twill in my mind renew
The thought of friends, so near and dear,
Who sat in every pew.

The Sullivan minister enjoys the use of a good parsonage, beautiful for its situation, which commands a fine view of Monadnock and many hills and mountains to the south and south-east, with views of peaks in Massachusetts and Vermont. This parsonage was willed to the society by Asa Ellis who died Feb. 14, 1874.

One of the early ministers stipulated that 35 cords of wood should be annually drawn to his house by the parish. Similar arrangements were made with some of the later ministers. The provision for the pastor's wood was finally made permanent by the will of James Comstock, who died April 6, 1861, and willed to the society a valuable woodlot.

Cemeteries, Funerals, Etc.

On March 4, 1797, a committee of six men was chosen to lay out

the burying-ground in form. They proceeded to do so, and a chart of the ground was prepared on sheep-skin parchment, which was then, or later, fastened to stout cloth. On this chart, the lots were properly delineated and the names of lot-takers inserted from time to time, as they were taken. As a result of this extraordinary foresight on the part of the founders of this town, it has been possible to identify every grave in the old cemetery, with possibly the exception of those in a single lot of which the lot-taker's name had become illegible upon the old chart.

On March 13, 1827, the town voted to purchase a hearse and build a house to keep it in. On the eighth day of the preceding December, Samuel Osgood died. There had been a heavy fall of snow, which had been melted by a thaw, and the roads were exceedingly muddy. It was decided to convey his body to the grave upon the body of a wagon, in consequence of the bad travelling. This was the first corpse in town which had been carried to a grave upon a wheeled vehicle. In winter, however, when the snow was deep and drifted, a few bodies had been conveyed to the cemetery upon ox sleds. The body of Nathan Bolster, whose funeral occurred in the midst of a howling snow storm in February, was thus carried to the grave.

The hearse was built within a month from the day the town had authorized its construction. It was hurriedly finished at the last, that it might be used at the funeral of Sparhawk Kendall, who died on April 4 of the same year. His body was the first which was borne to its grave in Sullivan upon a regular hearse. The hearse-house was built the same year exactly where the gate of the cemetery is now placed. Forty dollars was paid for making the hearse and hearse-house.



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During its existence that hearse called at nearly every door in Sullivan. It was a clumsy vehicle, for one horse, with heavy black cloth curtains at the sides and rear end, the bottom of the curtains being edged with deep black fringe. During the funeral service, the coffin was covered with the heavy black pall, called the "burying-cloth." The service, anciently, was of great length, the sermon alone often occupying an hour, not to speak of the Bible reading, prayers and hymns. Few flowers were used, only simple bouquets or wreaths of common garden flowers in their season, or perhaps a few wild flowers. At the funeral of Mrs. Daniel Wilson, in 1825, a bunch of tansy in blossom was laid upon the pall. In winter, the absence of flowers, the chilly air, and the dreary services rendered such an occasion a most gloomy procedure.

All the citizens of the town, as a rule, attended funerals in olden times. At one funeral, a town meeting was adjourned, for a time, to afford all an opportunity to be present. Mourners were seated, during the services, with a mathematical precision, beginning with the "head mourner," (because placed at the head of the coffin), and proceeding according to the varying grades of blood relationship. Complaints were not infrequently heard of those who were "not placed as near the corpse as they should have been." Errors on the part of the "conductor of the funeral" were likely to be forcefully brought to his notice.

After the long service was concluded, the assembled friends "took leave of the departed." This leave-taking called forth a certain morbid curiosity to watch the chief mourners as they took their leave, to see "how they took it," to quote the current expression. After all had taken their last look at the

face of the deceased, a white cloth was placed over the face of the corpse, and the coffin was then closed and the pall wrapped about it. It was then fastened to the bier, on the ends of whose legs were rude castors. This bier, surmounted by the coffin, was then trundled into the body of the hearse. This action produced a squeaking, grating sound, strikingly noticeable on such an occasion. Children were sometimes frightened with the thought that the corpse was screaming.

As a rule there was no committal service, nor any special religious service at the grave. The minister rarely went to the grave, except upon some occasion of unusual interest. After the coffin had been deposited in the grave, the conductor of the funeral thanked the bearers and all who had assisted in any way upon the solemn occasion, and usually invited all to return to the late home of the deceased, where it was expected that a bountiful dinner would be served, often largely or wholly provided by neighbors, and of which the greater portion would partake.

Until 1827, it had been the custom to serve liquors at funerals. Sometimes they were set upon a table, where anyone could help one's self. Sometimes a punch was served. The "parson" was politely served first, who sometimes allowed his glass to be replenished, and who rarely refused to be served.

After the bell was placed in the church belfry in 1860 it was customary to toll for the death of anyone in town. The bell was tolled for a quarter of an hour or more, with long intervals between the strokes of nearly a minute in length. At the conclusion, the age was struck, by giving as many strokes as there were completed years in the deceased person's age. After another pause, a single stroke

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was given if the person were a male, and two strokes if a female. It was not customary to toll for infants under three years of age. On the day of the burial, if the procession passed the church, the bell was tolled while it passed.

Tragedies, Casualties, Fires, Etc.

Grim tragedy entered this peaceful village, as it is wont to do in every locality. It made no distinction of persons, and often laid low an individuality which the village least desired to spare. Both old and young were victims. On Nov. 2, 1897, occurred one of the saddest and most shocking tragedies which ever occurred in Seward's Village. Leland Ernest Heald, a little boy two years of age, was fatally shot, while sitting on his mother's lap. A neighbor was calling upon Mr. Heald, and they were looking at guns. While examining a gun, the man happened to discharge it.

The muzzle by an unlucky chance, was so pointed that the bullet pierced the little boy's heart and he soon expired. It was another of the many cases of "I did not know it was loaded." Nothing could induce the mother to ever afterward live in the house where the accident occurred.

Insanity was the cause of two murders in town, and carelessness was responsible for several casualties.

In May 1842, James Estey lost an eye. He had been suffering from an acute pain in the eye for some time. It was thought, at first, that he had scratched it with the thorn of a gooseberry bush near which he was playing, but later circumstances disproved this view. The eye had begun to obtrude from his head when the surgeons advised its removal. The operation was per-

formed by Amos Twitchell, M. D., one of the best and ablest surgeons of New England. It was before the days of ether. The poor fellow was fastened into a chair and the operation lasted thirty-five minutes. The agony of the boy during the operation was almost indescribable. His screams were heard a long distance. On removing the eye it was found that seven tumors, of varying sizes, had begun to develop in the eye-socket, and had nearly pushed his eye out of his head. Young Estey was then eighteen years of age. He survived this ordeal many years.

In 1809, the dwelling of Daniel Wilson was burned. Two daughters, Sally and Betsey, were "fixing" to get married. The flax wheels were humming and tow and flax were much in evidence. While they were busily spinning, a dog chased a cat through the room. His tail brushed through the open fire and caught afire. He switched it into the flax, of which there was an abundance lying around, and no human power could save the house which was soon in flames. Very little was saved from the wreck. The household goods, including a fine outfit for the two girls, "went up in smoke." Sally expeditiously renewed her preparations and was married "inside the frame of the house being erected on the new site," Jan. 1, 1810.

WAR-TIME LADS OF SEWARD'S VILLAGE.*

"They heard their country calling

Upon her sons for aid:

With patriotic fervor,

They cheerfully obeyed.

They left their friends behind them—

Their homes where they were born;

Where passed their early childhood,

Their youth's bright, happy morn.

Where balls flew swift and thickest,

They stood in firm array:

*From a poem by Dauphin W. Wilson, Esq.

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Where steel met steel the fiercest,
They onward forced their way.

They fought for right and freedom,
And not for worldly fame.
No stain's on their escutcheon;
Each left an honored name."

One of our lads, Asahel Nims, marched from Keene, on that eventful Friday morning, April 21, 1775, under Capt. Isaac Wyman. After the men were enlisted, a faint-hearted fellow showed cowardice, and wished to be excused. There was opposition to this, but young Nims, overhearing the argument, exclaimed, "Let the coward go. I will take his place." He did so. He left his little clearing and the young woman who was to have become his wife, and marched with Captain Wyman, and was made a "sergeant" in his company. Captain Stiles commanded the company at Bunker Hill, and there young Nims offered up his life, the first man, from that soil which now constitutes Sullivan, to lose his life in battle. His name, with others of the slain, is on a bronze tablet, placed upon a gate of the Bunker Hill enclosure.

There were about 67 men, who came to the little village of Sullivan, and settled farms during or soon after the war, who had seen service in the Revolution.

An interesting feature in the history of any town was its military company or companies. In the old colonial days and until the Declaration of Independence, the militia consisted practically of all effective men. During the Revolution, and for some time after, the militia was divided into two classes, the training band and the alarm list. The "training days" were occasions of much merriment for the boys. It was the custom for the subordinate officers of the company to rally the men at some convenient point, at a very early hour of the morning,

and march to the captain's house and fire a salute to waken him, which was regarded in reality as a complimentary salute. Sometimes the fun was carried too far.

When Josiah G. White was the captain, not contented with firing the salute in his yard, some of the "boys" entered the house (houses in those days were never, or rarely, fastened) and discharged their firearms up the chimney, in the old fashioned fireplace. Mrs. White had her "baking" lying upon the hearth, and the soot which was dislodged utterly ruined all her pies, bread, beans, etc.

The regimental muster occurred in September or October of each year and was the great holiday of the season. Venders of fruit, candy and gingerbread, and hawkers and peddlers of all descriptions frequented the field. Men, women, and children came from all the towns whose militia was represented. It was more exciting than the modern circus. Cider and strong drinks were freely sold and used. The canteens of the soldiers, which held a quart, were usually well filled in the morning, and, it is fair to presume, were empty before night, in some cases at least.

A brigade muster was an unusual event. There were several thousand men in line and thousands of people came to witness the spectacle.

One notable occasion of that character was the great brigade muster in Swanzev in 1810, when Philemon Whitcomb of that town was the major general of the 3rd Division. Swanzev was Whitcomb's home and he took the greatest pride in making this one of the most remarkable events of his life. There were as many as 4,000 soldiers in line and twice as many spectators were present. The last muster of the old time militia in this vicinity was at Keene, October

2, 1850. The companies had fine and brilliant uniforms, but the rain poured down in torrents during a large part of the time. The inspection and review took place, but the ceremonies were much curtailed and the heavy rain spoiled the appearance of everything.

Of the men and lads who served in the Civil War from Sullivan, nearly half lost their lives in battle or by disease incidental to army life. The sacrifice was very precious and costly for a little town of this size. They were sincerely mourned, but no relative has ever been heard to wish that they had remained at home and avoided the danger.

Silas L. Black, an "only son of a widowed mother," enlisted Sept. 6, and was mustered in Sept. 17, 1861. He died of disease at Budds Ferry, Md., Dec. 20, 1861, and his body was the first soldier brought back to town for burial. The event occasioned much sympathy and interest.

Of Lieut. Milan D. Spaulding it is said "with the exception of chills, he did not see a sick day in the service. He was in every engagement (and the list is an exceedingly long one) in which his company was engaged, except First Bull Run and Drury's Bluff. He was never in the hospital, never rode a step on any march, and came home without a scratch." This regiment was in many of the greatest battles of the war. No Sullivan man ever had a finer war record.

Ormond F. Nims was connected for six years, as lieutenant, captain, and major, with the old Boston Light Artillery. In the Civil War he served three years and five months as the captain of the famous "Nims Battery," and "for gallant and meritorious services during the war," he received the three brevet ranks of major, lieutenant

colonel and colonel. He attained the most distinguished rank of any native of the town during the Civil War. His battery has an honorable place in the history of that great conflict.

There were in the Civil War, 23 men who belonged to the town of Sullivan, 33 who were natives or former residents, and 19 more who came there to live afterwards, making a grand total of 75, connected with Sullivan, who participated in that memorable conflict.

July 4, 1867, a soldier's monument, the first in the state to be dedicated, was appropriately dedicated to Sullivan's "unreturning braves," ten of them, who gave their lives for their country.

On this monument are inscribed the names and records of those ten men; at the dedication of the monument an address, by Captain C. F. Wilson, closed with these words: "So long as that granite rests on its foundation, so long as those inscriptions remain in the marble, so long as that spire rises toward heaven, long after our bodies have gone back to dust, and our spirits returned unto God who gave them, will generation after generation rise up and call you blessed."

Literary "Lights" of Seward's Village.

The village has produced a few writers who were endowed by nature with a natural genius for poetry and prose composition.

Captain Eliakim Nims was a born *humorist*, in the most proper sense of that term. His wit was original and harmless, yet pointed and entertaining. He was a ready versifier and could produce poetry on the spur of the moment. He was a natural rhymester. One day, Benaiah Cooke, the editor of the Cheshire Republican, meeting him upon the street in Keene, said to

him: "Mr. Nims, I hear that you can make a poem on the spot, as quickly as ever Watts did." Mr. Nims replied: "I can sir." Then said Mr. Cooke, "Give me one now." Immediately, Capt. Nims began:

"Of all the villains whom God forsook,
His name,—it was Benaiah Cook,
The earth was glad, and Heaven willin',
To let the Devil have the villain."

There was no ill feeling between the men and Mr. Cooke enjoyed the joke (for it was only intended as such) and appreciated the readiness with which Mr. Nims reeled off the poetry.

with regard to courtship. After meeting with a refusal from that same young lady, he was ashamed to go where any of the boys would see him and crawled into a shed. Eventually he fell asleep, and rolled into the hog pen. He was then obliged to go home at once, in that sorry plight, and, on the way, he encountered some of the boys and was obliged to confess the affair. Captain Nims immediately composed a most humorous poem upon the subject.

The citizens of the town long preserved a riddle invented by



Representatives of Sullivan families at the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Dauphin W. Wilson, at Keene, November 3, 1886.

If anything happened that was ridiculous, he was quite likely to describe the subject in verse. A certain young fellow of the olden time desired to pay his addresses to a proud-spirited young woman who would not listen to him. The fellow, not doubting that his company would be acceptable to any lady, had made known to the boys that he was going to the house "to stay with the young lady," as the expression was used in olden time

Captain Nims. A black boy, named David, went to Keene one day and bought a kettle. He came home, mounted on a brown horse, carrying his kettle on his head, with the three legs up. It was a comical sight, and Mr. Nims, who saw it, immediately composed this riddle:

"Black upon black,
And black upon brown;
Three legs up
And six legs down."

Cynthia Locke was a lyric poet-

22

It is a very common mistake to suppose that the only way to get the best of a man is to get the best of his money. But this is not the case. A man's money is only a part of him. His mind, his heart, his soul, these are the things that make him a man. And these are the things that we should strive to get the best of. For if we get the best of a man's money, we may get the best of his body, but we shall never get the best of his mind, his heart, or his soul. And it is these things that make a man a man. So let us strive to get the best of a man's mind, his heart, and his soul. For this is the only way to get the best of a man.

ess of much credit. One of her poems appears in this article.

Dauphin W. Wilson was a balladist, and the true spirit of poetry was in his nature. He was particularly attached to his native town, and every object of interest which ever existed in the town was treasured by him in memory. The old meetinghouse, the schoolhouse, of his childhood, the old cemetery, the old halls and stores, all re-appeared in his imagination over and over again. Extracts from several of his poems have already been given.

Rev. Josiah Peabody was a satirist who did not always spare the feelings of those whom his satire hit. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, belonged to a family of great distinction in New England, and had inherited a fondness for wit and sarcasm which characterized much of his literary work. He published several poems in the local county papers, some of which were deserving of a place in a permanent collection of literature.

Marquis DeLafayette Colleser, a young man of great promise, who died before he had fully developed his latent powers, early evinced a poetic talent of a high order. At his graduation at Barnardston, Mass., he read an original poem, which was a production of much excellence, graceful in form, and stately in movement. He graduated from Middlebury, Vt., College, became a lawyer, also the principal of a seminary in Minnesota, and died early in life. He was a brilliant young man whose light was too early extinguished. The following is an extract from his graduation poem:

HEROES OF PLYMOUTH ROCK

There is a spot of fair ancestral name,
Rich in historic narrative and fame,
The home of purity,—New England's
pride,—

The place where exiled heroes lived and died.

Where once was wilderness and gloom and strife,

See villages and cities spring to life;

Where once was ignorance and vice and crime,

Now hear the merry church bells weekly chime;

Where threats of savage vengeance filled the air,

Now list the sweet persuasiveness of prayer.

Methinks with less preliminary talk

You would anticipate "Old Plymouth Rock,"

The spot where truth first lit her beacon fires,

And with a dauntless zeal that never tires,

Did struggle to maintain on every hand

Religious freedom and the rights of man.

Her sturdy champions left upon our shore

Impressions that will live forevermore.

Undying records of their deeds we find

Within the grateful hearts of all mankind.

Man's right to worship God as he might choose

Was once a theme for critical reviews;

But when the Mayflower's weather-beaten keel

Its stormy way toward Plymouth Rock did feel,

When first upon our bleak, deserted soil,

With courage rare, and persevering toil,

Undaunted by the storm or billows' toss,

They reared the standard of the Christian cross,

An era dawned upon the sin-stained earth,

Surcharged with blessing, and replete with worth;

"Freedom to worship God" did then engage

The rapt attention of that haughty age;

Along the brow of heaven, with words of fire,

The sacred motto mounted higher, higher,

And, like the star of Bethlehem, stood still,

The prophecy of ages to fulfil.

By far the best writer of verse

whom Sullivan has yet produced is

Mrs. Edwards, whose maiden name was Ellen Sophia Keith.

Although she was born in Keene, she had lived in Sullivan from her earliest childhood until her father's decease, although away much of the time, engaged in teaching.

She was well educated, and was an excellent school teacher as well as a poetess of especial merit. Her poems have been one of the features of the exercises at Old Home Day



I might have said
that I was not
at home when
you called, but
I was out for
a walk. I am
sorry I cannot
be more useful
to you. I am
yours truly,
J. M. Smith

CONCORD POST OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

By George W. Parker.

"We won't come back till it's over over there"—thus they sang as they confidently left our shores, the first American Army to cross the Atlantic to participate in a war waged on European soil. They made good their promise in a way that won highest and unstinted praise from commanding officers of other countries and which inscribed their names in letters of gold in the temple of world peace and freedom—the memory of mankind.

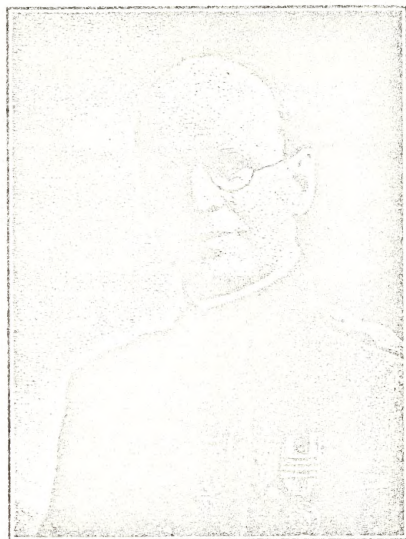
If the task so courageously and thoroughly accomplished by the boys in khaki had been followed by equal energy and dispatch in reconstruction and re-adjustment, we would not now—two and a half years after the armistice was signed—be confronted with the spectacle of a world in upheaval and grave domestic problems to solve because of long-deferred world peace and general instability.

The same high principles of loyalty to truth and justice that led the doughboys to spread consternation in the camp of the Boche and, like the chivalric knights of old, succor distressed humanity characterize them today. Though disbanded and scattered as soldiers of peace in various industries, they have preserved their solidarity and the same purpose actuates their efforts as members of their organization—The American Legion.

Post Number 21 of Concord, is the local branch affiliated with the national order which was organized in 1919 with posts established in every part of the country. Any ex-service man or woman is eligible for membership and every branch of service is represented in the roster which is at the same time a list of the World War veterans who, like the Grand Army of the

Republic, have dedicated their lives on the altar of their country's freedom.

The purpose of the American Legion is well set forth in the preamble of the National Constitution adopted at Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 10, 1919. "For God and Country, we associate ourselves



DR. ROBERT O. BLOOD.

Three times elected Commander of Concord Post, No. 21. Served in Medical Corps with the 26th Division. Promoted to rank of Major and awarded Distinguished Service Cross and Croix de Guerre.

together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses, to make Right the master of Might; to pro-



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM 1776 TO 1876

BY JAMES M. SMITH

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1876

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mote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

Post Number 21 was formed at a meeting held in the state armory, July 14, 1919. Nineteen ex-service men were present in response to the invitations sent out. After the object of the meeting had been stated, it was voted to organize, and the following officers were elected: Dr. Robert O. Blood, commander; Andrew Saltmarsh, vice-commander; Dion C. Wingate, finance officer; Clifton A. Smith, adjutant; George W. Morrill, historian.

The membership of the local post has grown steadily up to the present. It now includes 610 World War veterans, the largest number enrolled in any one post in the state.

The roster appended is an honor roll of which Concord may well feel proud.

The first state convention of the New Hampshire posts, American Legion, was held at The Weirs, August 28, 1919. Delegates from all over the state were present and marked enthusiasm characterized the proceedings. An able board of officers was elected to supervise the affairs of the state organization. Concord post was represented by Robert C. Murchie and George W. Morrill.

A delegation from the Post attended the decoration of Sergeant Andrew Jackson of Rochester at the state house. Governor John H. Bartlett, representing the French government, pinned on the breast of Sergt. Jackson the Croix de Guerre. Lieut. William Burnett was in charge of the guard of honor which was composed of Concord and Rochester ex-service men. The governor was accompanied by Ma-

jor Robert Johnston, acting chief of staff, and Major Philip Powers of the U. S. Army. Governor Bartlett read the citation from the headquarters of the French army which stated that the decoration was being conferred on Sergt. Jackson for brilliant conduct under fire in the Chateau Thierry sector, July 20, 1918, when he was wounded.

E. E. Sturtevant Relief Corps, No. 24, presented the legion post with a beautiful silk flag, Nov. 7, 1919. Minnie B. Chase made the



LEIGH S. HALL,
Vice-Commander.

Ensign in U. S. N. R. F. (Aviation)

presentation speech and Commander Robert O. Blood accepted the gift in behalf of the post.

The first memorial exercises for deceased comrades were held in the Auditorium, Sunday, Nov. 9, 1919, Commander Robert O. Blood presiding. Music was furnished by the Capital Male Quartet and an eight piece orchestra composed of ex-service men.

Rev. H. A. Jump of Manchester,

the speaker on this occasion, spoke on "Following the Khaki." He had served overseas as a "Y" man and related experiences over there. He felt confident that their experience in the World War would make the members of the American Legion better citizens here and their influence would soon control the country. Prayer was offered by Rev. George H. Reed, D. D.

Rev. S. S. Drury, D. D., rector of St. Paul School, in a forceful address outlined American aims and made it the plain duty of the men who had donned the uniform during the great conflict to see to it that they are carried out. Lieut. Peter Johnson was in charge of the ex-service men who attended in a body.

The most impressive part of the program was the reading of Concord's honor roll by Major George W. Morrill. A large red, white and blue illuminated shield was the only light in the theatre during the reading of the names. As each name was read, a gold star appeared in the center of the shield, forty-five stars telling the story of Concord's loss in the war. During the roll call the entire audience stood and at the close, Bugler C. A. Smith sounded taps.

Armistice Day, 1919, will, after Nov. 11, 1918, be long remembered, for this was the first anniversary of that epoch-making event. The celebration and parade that day was on a scale fitting the Capital City. All local civic and military organizations, fraternities, schools, etc., participated. The line of march covered the main part of the city and ended at the armory. The observance of the day was on a more general scale than has been witnessed as is shown by the following array of participating orders:

First Division

Major C. E. Rexford; aids, Gen.

George Cook, Major Russell Wilkins, David E. Murphy, Capt. Edward D. Toland, Miss Germaine Scully, Capt. Fred A. Sprague, Wesley Andrews, H. F. Besse.

Platoon of Police, Capt. Thomas P. Davis; Rainey's Cadet Band of Manchester, Gen. Joab N. Patterson and staff, Major Robert O. Blood, marshal; Co. M. N. H. State Guards; Concord H. S. Cadets; Grand Army of the Republic; City Government; Spanish War Veterans, Women's Relief Corps; G. A. R. Ladies; J. N. Patterson Camp, S. of V.; Jessie Gove Killeen Auxiliary, No. 2; Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Second Division

Charles G. Naughton, marshal; Jones' Military Band of Manchester; Wm. B. Durgin Co. Employees; Letter Carriers; Red Men; Order of Moose; Canton Wildey, I. O. O. F.; Canton Ladies; Sons of St. George; Daughters of St. George; Capital Grange, P. of H.

Third Division

Capt. John G. Winant, marshal; American Legion Band; students of St. Paul's School; students of Concord schools.

The enthusiastic response by citizens generally and the large number of participating organizations made the Armistice Day parade of 1919 one long to be remembered.

One of the events of Armistice Week, 1919, was the dedication of a tablet at the court house yard to Gen. Charles A. Doyen, a Concord boy who rose to distinction as commander of the dashing, daring marines. He led the first marines across to participate in the fighting in conjunction with the allies.

Chaplain Lyman Rollins, a Concord boy who served with distinction in the World War, gave an inspiring address at the dedication of

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Major C. E. Kestland, 10th Gen.
1st Cavalry

1st Cavalry
10th Gen.

a memorial tablet in front of city hall. A large number of citizens assembled and the legion members were present in uniform. The band furnished music and the exercises were impressive.

The bronze tablet bears the name of Concord men and women who died during the war and the list is as follows:

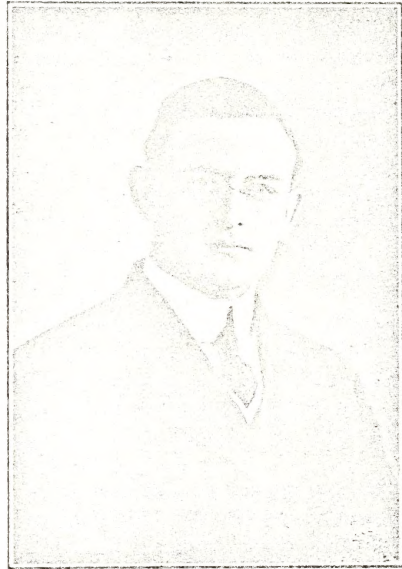
Thomas H. Abbott, Dante J. Barattelli, Sidney W. Beauclerk Jr., Robert C. Beckett, Frank Beggs, Herbert Bell, William M. Bourdeau, Charles Brooks, David Buchan, Richard K. Clarke, Henry A. Coit, Richard S. Conover, 2nd., Paul E. Corriveau, John E. Davis, Charles Doyen, Herbert C. Drew, Walter T. Drew, Irving J. Farley, Lucy N. Fletcher, Joseph N. Guyette, Clarence A. Hanlon, Roy S. Holland, Allen Hollis Jr., Henry F. Hollis, Jr., Harry Lambrukos, Ernest A. Laplante, Victor W. Lemay, John P. Mannion, John T. Martin, George E. Matson, Ernest Matthews, Charles J. McDonald, Harold W. McNeil, Charles H. Moberg, Jr., Theresa Murphy, Frank Opie, Harold R. Rogers, Joseph Sanel, Arthur O. Thompson, Raymond W. Thompson, Harry H. Turcotte, Ralph H. Turgeon, Carl V. Whidden, Leslie S. Whitman.

The Armistice Ball, given in the armory the evening of Nov. 11, 1919, was very successful and brought to a fitting close a memorable day. Dion C. Wingate was the chairman of the ball committee. The affair was patronized by about twelve hundred people and the post realized a profit of four hundred dollars.

The election of officers to serve during 1920 took place Jan. 15, and resulted in the choice of Dr. Robert O. Blood, Commander; James E. Kiley, vice-commander; Clifton A. Smith, adjutant; Dion C. Wingate, finance officer; Richard W.

Brown, historian; Rev. James K. Romeyn, chaplain. At the end of the year the secretary's list of members contained 452 names.

During the winter of 1919-1920, the American Legion conducted several moving picture benefits. Its chief activity was, however, in basketball, in which department of



CLIFTON A. SMITH.

Post Adjutant since its organization. Served in A. E. F. with the 78th Division as Bugler in Co. G, 309th Infantry.

sport it was represented by a fast quintette that met many outside teams and won its percentage of victories. Much interest centered in these games and the season was successful. The basketball committee was composed of William H. Burnett, chairman, James E. Kiley and Peter Johnson.

A noteworthy occasion in the history of the post was the presentation on Sunday, Feb. 22, 1920, of certificates from the French government to the surviving relatives of those who fell in action. Judge James W. Remick was detained by

illness and Judge Charles R. Corning gave the memorial address. The services were appropriate to the occasion. A feature that aroused favorable comment were the tableaux including characters representing France and the United States, French and American soldiers and sailors in uniform.

Probably the most pretentious and at the same time the most profitable social enterprise undertaken by the local post was the four day carnival that opened May 19, 1920. The whole affair was under the general direction of Christopher T. O'Malley, to whom great credit is due as also to all those who served on the several committees.

The carnival opened with a parade of ex-service men, headed by Nevers' Band. They proceeded to the armory which had been elaborately decorated for the occasion. The affair was the biggest thing of the kind ever held in Concord. Senator George H. Moses came from Washington to be present and formally open the festivities. Nevers' Band discoursed lively music, the decorations were gorgeous and every attention was given the numerous throng by the several committee members. Special invitations had been extended the G. A. R., many of whom were present, and prominent people came from different parts of the state. There were all the characteristic features of a big carnival, booths of all kinds, fakirs, guessing contests, etc. The gross receipts the first evening amounted to \$1400.

The music for the second night was furnished by the American Legion orchestra, assisted by the Musical Cates, two of whom are members of this post. The receipts this evening were about \$1100. The third evening, or Children's Night, yielded the biggest and noisiest crowd and \$1500 was taken in. The American Legion orchestra also

furnished music for the last two days, the carnival closing with Saturday evening's dance. While the receipts were gratifying, the amount cleared, owing to heavy expenses incurred in carrying out so pretentious a carnival, was \$1000 for the post and \$400 awarded the auxiliary as their share.

Sunday, May 23, the legion attended memorial services at the North Congregational Church, together with the G. A. R. and W. R. C., the Sons of Veterans, and the United Spanish War Veterans. As May 30th, came on Sunday, Memorial Day was observed on the 31st. The post participated in the usual Decoration Day exercises, co-operating with the Grand Army. On their return a luncheon was served by the ladies.

The Fourth of July celebration last year was held on the fifth. Sunday evening a patriotic meeting was held in the auditorium. The legion participated in the parade of the 5th.

The annual convention of the Department of New Hampshire. American Legion, was held at The Weirs, Aug. 24, 25, 1920, in conjunction with the G. A. R. Reunion. Concord Post No. 21, was represented by six delegates as follows: Dr. Robert O. Blood, Leigh S. Hall, Christopher T. O'Malley, Robert C. Murchie, Andrew E. Saltmarsh, and James McDonald, who had a prominent part in the proceedings.

As there was no special observance of Armistice Day last year, the annual Victory Ball constituted the only reminder. This was, like its predecessor, a success in every way, netting the post nearly \$300. The committee in charge consisted of Geo. W. Morrill, Willis D. Thompson and G. Stuart Jacobs. Music was furnished by the American Legion orchestra under the direction of Leon C. Stewartson.

A series of six community dances was conducted during the season of 1920-21. Many ladies prominent in social circles served as patronesses and these functions were much enjoyed. G. Stuart Jacobs was chairman of the committee in charge, the other members being Leigh S. Hall and Murray Rowe.

Memorial Sunday, Nov. 14, 1920, exercises were held in the Auditorium, the post attending in uniform. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Robbins Barstow and by the post chaplain, Rev. James K. Romeyn. Commander R. O. Blood acted as chairman. Music was furnished by the Legion Orchestra and vocal solos were rendered by Mrs. Ruth Hall George.

During the winter of 1920-21 the post was again represented by a basketball team, which under competent management, resulted in a profit of \$500. The committee having charge of the past season included Frank Wilson, Harry D. Challis and Edgar A. Tracy.

The annual election of officers to serve throughout the present year was held Dec. 10, and resulted in the choice of the following board: Dr. Robert O. Blood, commander; Leigh S. Hall, vice-commander; Harry D. Challis, treasurer; Clifton A. Smith, adjutant; William D. MacPherson, sergeant-at-arms, (replacing the office of historian); Rev. James K. Romeyn, chaplain. Rev. Mr. Romeyn having resigned his pastorate at Penacook and accepted the call of the New London church, Rev. Robbins Barstow is the present chaplain.

The executive committee as elected at this time consisted of Dr. Robert O. Blood, chairman ex-officio; George W. Morrill, Dr. Henry H. Amsden, Leigh S. Hall and J. Richard Jackman. Mr. Jackman has since resigned and his place on the committee filled by the election of Andrew E. Saltmarsh.

As the carnival was the big event in the public social life of the post, so the banquet and inspection of new quarters, Jan. 13, 1921, was the happiest moment to every club member. The banquet was at the close of a membership drive by which the numbers had been materially increased. An elaborate menu was discussed by the feasters, after which attention was turned to the postprandial exercises. Felici-



HARRY D. CHALLIS,
Treasurer.

Formerly Sergeant, Q. M. C., 12th Div.

tations upon the successful drive and the new quarters were in order. The members were very much pleased to hear the announcement that George W. Morrill had been elected to the office of Department Adjutant, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Frank L. Abbott.

On this occasion the members had an opportunity to inspect the newly furnished quarters which comprise the entire third floor of Chase block, including the Knights



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of Malta hall and ante rooms. Up to this time, though the Legion had good rooms, the funds had not warranted the necessary expense of properly furnishing them. A three year lease was secured by the committee, of which Leigh S. Hall was chairman.

Contracts were closed with the DeMoultied Lull Co., for furniture, draperies, pictures, etc., which together with two pool tables, cost the post \$2,000. This concern had generously offered the post any rug in their stock, regardless of price. The J. C. Derby Co., furnished a clock of office size, various other gifts were received from individuals. Necessary repairs involved an expenditure of from \$1,500 to \$2,000.

As one approaches the Legion quarters from the landing at the top of the stairway, one passes through the office, then the coat room and the adjoining card room. A very cozy and well furnished reading and lounging room overlooks Main street and occupies the southeast corner. The large hall that has been occupied by the Wonolancet Club, the Y. M. C. A. and in more recent years by various lodges, has been thoroughly remodelled, painted and equipped. It is now a modern, attractive hall in good demand for entertainments. A piano has been purchased and a new lighting system has been installed, making it one of the best lighted halls in the city. The toilets have been made over and a bath room put in. A ladies' rest room is a wise addition that is greatly appreciated. What was formerly the dining room is now used as a pool room with two pool tables in constant use.

Meetings of the Post are held in Legion Hall on the second and fourth Fridays of each month.

The Concord post is a member of the Chamber of Commerce and it

has co-operated in all civic affairs. So far as finances permitted, it has contributed to every worthy cause. Thus far the activities of the organization have been chiefly for its own benefit. This has been necessary because the city did not give a building, as did some towns and municipalities, nor did it make an appropriation for securing and furnishing quarters. The legion has not asked for outside financial assistance, and it has always been the policy of the Post not to ask for money without giving value received.

Upon the death of any of its members or upon the arrival of the remains of any who fell in France, the post has assisted in the burial of the same. It has always furnished a firing squad, bearers, chaplain and bugler in uniform and thus has given the deceased comrade fitting military honors.

Appropriate bronze markers with the official emblem of the Legion have been placed upon the graves of ex-service men who were buried previous to the organization of the American Legion and upon the graves of the following comrades at whose funeral the post assisted: Thomas H. Abbott, Robert C. Beckett, Carroll Chesley, Herbert C. Drew, Walter T. Drew, Woodbury Hagan, Archie Hoitt, George S. Houston, Charles J. McDonald, John Mannion, Frank Opie, Sarkis Sarivagorian.

The post has lost only three members by death since its organization, these being Sarkis Sarivagorian, who was killed in an automobile accident on Sept. 12, 1920, Harold W. Greene, who died Dec. 27, 1920, and Francis F. Goddeau who died at Pembroke Sanatorium on May 11, 1921.

Robert C. Murchie, a member of this post, was a delegate from the N. H. Department at the National Convention, held in Minneapolis,



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Minn., in November, 1919. He was also elected to represent Merrimack County in the N. H. delegation which went to the National Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 27, 28 and 29, 1920, but was unable to attend and his alternate, Leigh S. Hall, also of this post, went in his place.

Concord Post is well represented on the Executive Committee of the N. H. Department, by Dr. Robert O. Blood, who is Department Vice Commander, and Leigh S. Hall, who represents Merrimack County on the Committee.

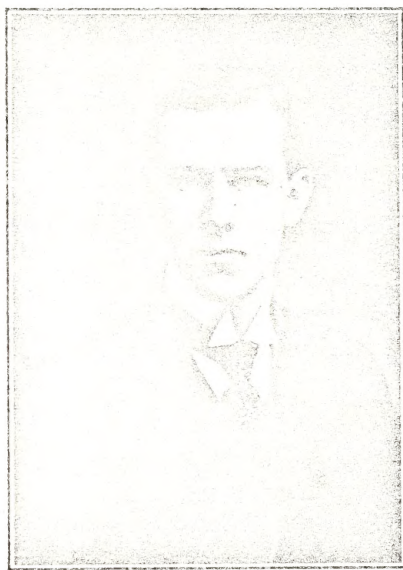
The great musical comedy success, "Oh, Oh, Cindy!" was presented by Concord Post Legion in the Auditorium theatre April 4 and 5, 1921. This amateur production, like its predecessor, "Katchy Koo," was staged under the direction of Sameul E. Weimer of the John B. Rogers Producing Co., with whom the proceeds were shared.

That the play was a financial as well as dramatic success is shown by the amount netted the post, six hundred dollars. The large cast were so well drilled that everything passed off with professional exactitude Monday evening which performance was duplicated Tuesday evening.

The committee to whose untiring efforts in large measure the success is due was composed of Stuart Jacobs, chairman; George Morrill, Albert Blake, Leigh S. Hall, Murray Rowe, Harold Gibson, William MacPherson, chairman talent committee; publicity, John Piquet; tickets and finance, Harlan Besse; program, Earl Shields, Dean Foster; orchestra leader, Carlyle Blaisdell; head usher, William Gale; patronesses, Mrs. Alice Abbott, Mrs. Henry H. Amsden, Mrs. Elizabeth Besse, Mrs. Minnie O. Crowther, Mrs. Margaret W. Frazer, Mrs. Kate E. Fisher, Mrs. Evelyn Gardner, Mrs. May K.

Gibson, Mrs. Blanche Jacobs, Mrs. J. C. McGilvray, Mrs. J. S. Norris, Mrs. Mary J. Opie, Mrs. Ralph M. Percy, Mrs. Mattie Pettengill, Mrs. Mary R. Saltmarsh, Mrs. Clifton A. Smith.

Concord Post participated in the usual observance of Memorial Day this year, attending the Universalist Church with the G. A. R. and affiliated bodies on Sunday, May 29, where an address by Rev.



REV. ROBBINS W. BARSTOW,
Chaplain.

Formerly Chaplain, 81st Field Artillery.

Harold H. Niles, the pastor, was listened to. On Monday, May 30, the Post paraded to Blossom Hill Cemetery with their own music, having hired the New Hampshire State Guard Drum Corps of thirty pieces, which was paid for by contributions from the members. Lunch was served at the quarters of the Post by the Women's Auxiliary following the ceremonies.

Much valuable assistance and encouragement has been given in the past and more is promised for the future by the Woman's Auxiliary



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to the American Legion. This is composed of the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of members of the American Legion, also of those relatives of men who died in the service. The local unit of the Auxiliary was organized on February 2, 1920, with thirty-four members. The original officers, as elected on that date, were Miss Mary Saltmarsh, President; Miss Hattie S. Wardner, Vice-President; Mrs. E. Bertha Galfetti, Secretary-Treasurer. The officers for 1921 were elected as follows: Mrs. Addie F. Jackman, President; Mrs. Henry H. Amsden, Vice-President; Miss Margaret Challis, Secretary; Mrs. Ethel Morrill, Treasurer; Mrs. Pauline S. Blood, Mrs. E. Bertha Galfetti and Miss Mary Saltmarsh, Executive Committee. Mrs. Amsden has since resigned as vice-president and Mrs. Morrill as Treasurer, and their respective offices have been filled by Mrs. Blanche Jacobs and Miss Clara Evans.

The Auxiliary has recently conducted a membership drive which resulted in bringing their present membership up to almost three hundred and fifty.

Concord Post has a larger membership than any other Post in the state, by a large margin, and the following is a list of its 610 members:

Arthur Abbott, Emery H. Abbott, Edmund C. Adams, Harry K. Adams, Ernest R. Adell, Benjamin F. Ahern, James E. Ahern, John Ahern, William P. Ahern, Anna M. Allen, Pasquale Alosa, Dr. Henry H. Amsden, John P. Amsden, Joseph Andelman, Arthur P. Anderson, Ernest E. Anderson, Harry C. Anderson, Oscar W. Anderson, Redfield A. Anderson, Leslie M. Andrews, William J. Andrews, Herman L. Annis, Murray P. Arris, Ward A. Aseltine, Willis S. Ash, Paul L. Averill.

Arthur F. Babineau, Albert S. Baker, Bradley L. Baker, Harland F. Baker, Leland V. Baker, William T. Ball, R. Forest Band, Percy E. Banfill, Harold L. Barnard, John F. Barrett, Rev. R. W. Barstow, Frank T. Bean, Harold W. Bean, Emery Beaudet, Juliet O. Bell, Gilbert A. Berry, William D. Berryman, Dr. Harlan F. Besse, Albert W. Blake, Lloyd O. Blanchard, Leo F. Blodgett, Philip H. Blodgett, Dr. Robert O. Blood, Alpha W. Boisvert, John H. Boland, George A. Bourdeau, John H. Bourdeau, Leroy A. Boutwell, Charles F. Bresnahan, Joseph M. Bresnahan, Harold W. Bridge, Origen J. Brodeur, Sylvester Brodeur, Lieut. Edward H. Brooks, Arthur M. Brown, Lowell C. Brown, Frank W. Brown, Nelson R. Brown, Richard W. Brown, Robert A. Brown, Louis Brusa, Stanley Buchanan, Guy R. Buckley, Maurice J. Burney, Ernest P. Burnham, Philip H. Butterfield, James F. Byrne, Thomas J. Byrne.

Albert H. Cadarette, Eugene M. Callahan, Henry P. Callahan, John P. Callahan, William J. Callahan, Howell P. Campbell, John Cantin, Michael Cappalis, Carl R. Carlson, Walter S. Carlson, Eugene E. Carroll, Raymond J. Cassavaugh, Andrew R. Cate, Charles P. Cate, Frank B. Cate, Fred O. Cate, William F. Cate, Harry D. Challis, Harold C. Chamberlin, Joseph D. Champagne, Allen M. Chaplin, Clarence E. Chapman, Ernest G. Chapman, Howard P. Chapman, Edward A. Chase, Gerald Chittenden, Leon D. Cilley, Chester W. Clark, Clarence L. Clark, Daniel H. Clark, George F. Clark, Herbert J. Clark, Lewis H. Clark, Philip D. Clark, Philip W. Clark, Shirley C. Clark, Stanley L. Clark, Walter J. Clark, James A. Clattenburg, Jerome H. Clinton, Harry L. Clough, Robert M. Coates, Frank E. Cochrane, Jerry E. Cochrane,



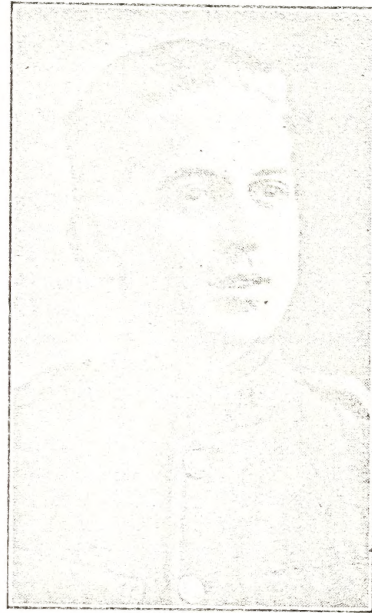
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basis of all the other
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basis of all the other
principles.

George E. Colby, Grace M. Colby, Guy O. Colby, Ralph E. Colby, William H. Colby, George M. Cole, Frank A. Collins, Dr. Harold J. Connor, George W. Conway, Alfred J. Corriveau, Arden E. Coulter, Levi A. Cowen, Henry L. Cowper, Arthur A. Crawford, Joseph M. Crofton, Homer L. Crowther, Clifford G. Culver, Clinton S. Curtis, Rex E. Curtis, Iva E. Cushing.

Howard O. Daige, James H. Dame, Walter B. Dame, Gordon L. Datson, Errol A. Davis, Fred C. Davis, William J. Dean, George F. Dee, Guy H. Deem, Christopher Demas, Clinton H. Derby, Robert B. Dickson, Angelo E. Diversi, Daniel L. Doherty, William P. Doherty, Joseph C. Donovan, Paul R. Donovan, Percy Downes, Jesse G. Downing, Napoleon Drapeau, George T. Driscoll, Joseph T. Driscoll, Robert E. Drought, Romeo J. Drouin, Ernest C. Dudley, Dolphice W. Dufraine, William J. Dufraine, Abel J. Dujay, Wm. S. Dunn, Herman A. Durgin, Isaac Duvarney, George I. Dyer, Pervis J. Dyer, Ray A. Dymont, Willis S. Dymont.

Harold L. Eastman, George G. Eddy, Alvin B. Edmunds, Arthur Edmunds, Homer W. Edson, Ernest A. Ekholm, George S. Elliot, Ernest L. Emerson, Guy T. Emery, Gardner G. Emmons, Richard J. Evans, Otis G. Fall, Michael A. Falvey, Wilbur L. Fenton, Earl E. Fipphen, Eastman E. Fisher, Nicholas E. Fisher, Thomas K. Fisher, Benjamin N. Fiske, John L. Fitts, Paul B. Flanders, Ralph W. Flanders, Richard S. Fletcher, William W. Flint, Jr., Robert S. Fogg, Andrew J. Foley, Jeremiah B. Foley, William T. Foley, Harold W. Ford, Joseph D. Ford, Raney Fortier, William I. Fortin, Dean K. Foster, Charles H. Fournier, Roland A. Foy, William A. Foy, Russell M. Frasier, William A. Frolley.

William E. Gailey, William M. Gale, Raymond M. Galfetti, Richard B. Gallagher, Ernest F. Gallant, Elmer H. Gardner, Evelyn R. C. Gardner, Hiram E. Gardner, Frank K. Gately, Almon I. Gauthier, Robert A. George, Harold C. Gibson, Lew W. Gilmore, William E. Gordon, Everett L. Gould, Walter Gould, I. Reed Gourley, Ross Gourley, E. Pearl Graham, Dr.



WILLIAM D. MACPHERSON,
Sergeant at Arms.

Served in A. E. F. with 1st Division as Sergeant in Co. B, 1st Engineers.

Robert J. Graves, Roscoe H. Gray, Arthur W. Green, Ernest C. Green, John L. Greenleaf, Everett E. Gustin.

John T. Hackett, Ernest B. Hale, Harry Hall, Leigh S. Hall, John J. Hallinan, Edward J. Halpin, Austin D. Ham, Herbert G. Hardy, Arthur W. Harrington, Gardner C. Harrington, Harold F. Harris, Charles W. Harrison, John T. Harrison, Francis F. Hart, Joseph M. Hart, Carroll A. Hastings, Harold

B. Hatch, Bradford Hathaway, Lloyd E. Hays, James J. Hayes, Robert L. Haynes, J. Proctor Hayward, Guy N. Heath, James M. Heath, Henry Hendrickson, Arthur F. Henry, Montgomery Herbert, Leslie W. Hilliard, Leslie P. Hinds, Ralph S. Hobson, Orrin C. Hodgdon, Edward B. Hodgman, Percy E. Holbrook, Stuart B. Holbrook, Louis D. Holcombe, Edgar J. Houle, Walter E. Houston, Dr. Arthur B. Howard, Harold C. Howard, Myrna S. Howe, Jerome W. Hoit, Claude H. Hubbard, Bert W. Huckins, Stark L. Huntley, Kenneth B. Hurd, Philip H. Hutchinson

J. Richard Jackman, George S. Jacobs, Frank M. Jacoby, Dr. James W. Jameson, Henry V. Janes, Charles F. Jenks, John H. Johnson, LeRoy F. Johnson, Peter Johnson, William E. Johnson, George W. Jones, Joseph W. Jones, Leslie H. Jones, Robert E. Jones, James H. Jordan, Robert F. Keane, Edward J. Kelley, George W. Kellom, Henry C. Kellom, Clarence B. Kenniston, Patrick F. Kendrick, James F. Kenney, Ralph R. Kenney, John J. Kenny, Victor G. Kerslake, George C. Ketchum, Perley A. Ketchum, Victor H. Ketchum, Forrest L. Kibbee, James E. Kiley, Rev. Percy A. Kilmister, Alfred King, Edward J. King, Ernest King, Isaac A. King, Paul J. King, Philip L. King, Thomas J. King, Capt. Richard A. Knight, Henry B. Knox.

George A. Lacaillade, David F. LaDuke, Raymond Laird, Frank Lamora, Frederick L. Lancisi, Edgar G. Landry, Chester L. Lane, Harold E. Langley, Arthur J. Langlois, Eli Langlois, Jr., William Langlois, Alphonse Lanoix, Thomas Lanza, Emery I. Lapierre, Fred J. Laplante, Arthur Latouche, Victor T. Lauze, Arthur J. LaValley, Arthur J. Lavoie, Leo Lavoie, Charles

E. Lear, Paul C. Leavitt, Charles A. LeBau, William O. Leighton, Clarence E. Lemay, Peter J. Lesnard, Frank Levingston, Walter D. Lewis, Anna D. Liberty, Andrew P. Likos, Clary E. Lindgren, Glenward E. Little, Seaman L. Locke, Ross H. Lovejoy, Edward R. Lovejoy, John J. Lugg, Arthur O. Lyford, Richard T. Lyford, George B. Lyna.

Donald M. McAulay, Edward P. McCann, George B. McCarthy, Arthur M. McCauley, James F. McDonald, Robert J. McDonald, William A. McDonald, Franklin W. McFarland, George R. McGilvray, Guy E. McGilvray, John W. McGowan, Patrick W. McGowan, Charles F. McGuire, John D. McGuire, James O. McInnis, Donald G. McIvor, Stephen J. McKay, Theodore P. McLam, John M. McMahan, Martin F. McMahan, Walter L. McMahon, Ralph J. McNeil, Leon N. Magee, William D. MacPherson, Arthur E. Madson, Thomas J. Mahew, Everett S. Mahoney, Harold L. Mahoney, Harry P. Mahoney, John W. Mahoney, William R. Mahoney, James M. Maloney, Joseph B. Manning, Frederick T. Marden, John F. Marshall, William H. Marston, Arthur J. Martel, John H. Martin, Faber F. Matott, John W. Maynard, Walter E. Maynard, William A. Megrath, John H. Mercer, Jr., John V. Merrick, Frank W. Merrill, Dr. Carleton R. Metcalf, James A. Miller, George V. Milton, Leo Miner, Wilfred J. Miner, Natale Miniutti, Pasquale Miniutti, Clara A. Mitchell, David G. Moffatt, Paul H. Moore, James P. Morgan, Parker G. Morgan, Edwin A. Morrill, Franklin Morrill, George W. Morrill, Percy E. Morrill, William B. Morrill, Frank F. Moulton, Jasper E. Mudgett, Otto A. Mueller, Christy E. Mullavey, George F. Mulligan, Robert C.

Murchie, George P. Murdoch, Frederick J. Murphy, George T. Murphy, William M. Murray.

Carl E. Nason, Edward M. Naughton, Joseph P. Naughton, Martin F. Nevins, Douglas R. Newbold, Charles F. Newton, William Nicoll, Ernest W. Noonan, Stephen F. Notter, Homer H. Nute, Gustaf A. Nylen.

John E. O'Brien, Harry C. O'Connell, Rosanna O'Donoghue,

A. Pincence, Herbert F. Piper, Milan R. Piper, John A. Piquet, Clifford L. Plummer, Cecil Pollard, F. Raymond Potter, Harry W. Prescott, Karl A. Proctor, Peter F. Proud.

Acel L. Quimby, James E. Quimby, John E. Quimby, Martin L. Quimby, Edward J. Quinlan, Dr. Charles H. Quinn.

Christopher Rampapes, Frank U. Ramsey, Edward D. Reardon,



READING ROOM, LEGION QUARTERS, CONCORD POST.

Margaret C. O'Hara, Christopher T. O'Malley, William P. O'Neil, Elmer W. Olson.

Leon T. Parker, Ralph M. Parker, Clarence D. Parkhurst, Diego Parla, William F. Parsons, Eugene E. Pearl, Nathaniel M. Pease, Ralph M. Percy, Harvey E. Perreault, Lawrence B. Perry, Perley Perry, John Peters, Jr., Clarke E. Pettengill, Ferdinand J. Phaneuf, Edward A. Pichette, Louis E. Pichette, Joseph W. Pierce, Isaac

Edward H. Reed, John J. Reed, Clarence E. Rexford, Ralph E. Reynolds, Edward E. Riley, Harold W. Riley, Rev. James K. Romeyn, Marjorie Rossiter, Henry C. Rouillard, Murray E. Rowe, Frank C. Rowell, Albert J. Roy, Harry C. Royce, Copley M. Rundlett, Ellsworth P. Runnells, Ernest P. Runnells, Fay F. Russell, John N. Rutledge.

Andrew E. Saltmarsh, Fred J. Saltmarsh, George F. Saltmarsh,

Lawrence T. Saltmarsh, Robert L. Saltmarsh, Hubert E. Sargent, Amos B. Sawyer, Harold B. Sawyer, Ernest L. Schofield, Watson P. Schofield, Ralph W. Scott, Frank T. Sears, Leon E. Sebra, Robert H. Sedgley, Henry C. Severance, Paul S. Sexton, Ralph J. Seymour, Harold J. Sheerer, Ernest R. Shepard, R. C. Sherman, Joseph E. Shields, Anthony Sieradski, Frank W. Silver, Daniel Silverman, Ernest J. Simoneau, Eusibe J. Simoneau, Joseph L. T. Simoneau, Clifton A. Smith, Floyd W. Smith, George W. Smith, Richard T. Smith, Basil L. Sprague, Dr. Fred A. Sprague, Earl N. Staniels, John W. Stanley, James F. Steele, Ralph S. Steele, Robert W. Steele, William A. Stevens, Robert C. Stevenson, Leon C. Stewartson, George A. Stohrer, Charles F. Strainge, Carlton M. Strong, F. Roger Strong, Nelson E. Strong, Daniel Sullivan, Denis T. Sullivan, Dr. Denis E. Sullivan, Dr. Edward S. Sullivan, Ralph T. Sweatt, Eric M. Swenson, Guy A. Swenson, Ernest H. Taylor, William W. Taylor, Willis D. Thompson, Jr., Herbert Tittlemore, Edward T. Toland, Frank Tonkin, Raymond Tonkin, Robert W. Tonkin, Amasa S. Tracy, Edgar A. Tracy, Hyman Treisman, Arthur A. Tremblay, Antoinette Truchon, Edmund J. Truchon, Arthur J. Trudell, Wilfred True, James E. Twombly, Arthur Turcotte, Darius J. Turcotte.

Joseph H. Vallier, Orman C. Van Demark, Emile J. Venne, Gilbert W. Vermette, Milton R. Vose.

Joseph T. Walker, Jr., Alexander Walters, Charles L. Walters, Leland R. Watts, Henry R. Welch, John M. Welch, Ralph S. Weldon, Melvin M. Whitcomb, Maurice A. Whittier, Rohl C. Wiggin, James L. Wilder, Dr. Russell Wilkins, Frank M. Williams, Harry J. Wilmot, Charles H. Willey, Frank P. Wilson, John G. Winant, Dion C. Wingate, Edwin L. Winslow, Gilbert J. Wolfe, Mrs. Gilbert J. Wolfe, Eugene Wood, Alvin A. Woodward.

Mark G. Yeadon, George E. Young, Irving C. Young, John E. Young.

A GARDEN

By Maude Aborn

Last spring we watched your garden bloom,
Rejoicing, as the buds unfurled
Their crimson banners, dripping perfume
O'er the world.

In evening's hush, when nothing stirred,
We listened to the love song trilled
By some sweet throated joyous bird,
With rapture thrilled.

Spring comes again with sunlight soft,
With lilacs waving in the breeze of May;
At night the thrush still sings aloft
His ardent lay.

Once more your garden blooms, dear love,
Do you still watch it from above?

DESTINY

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By Barbara Hollis.

In youth a thousand voices stir the air,
Vibrating thru vast spaces everywhere;
Life is a haunting echo of their cry.
We strive to answer them—and youth slips by.

But peace comes with beloved maturity
When one clear voice we hear, one face we see;
Our souls, responsive to the mystic call
Find in one note, the thousand voices, all.

AT PEACE BENEATH JUNE SKIES

(June 1921—Three Years After)

By Fanny Runnells Poole.

Three weeks of God's own country air!
Such is the prospect of my bliss,
A sapphire way, heaven-washed each day—
Our faery lake is this!

And here the deep sonorous pines,
Hoarding dim legends of long years,
Bring to the breeze songs of heart-ease
To loose unguarded tears.

I'd give the Junes of my full life,
If *one* from those fled ranks of yore:
One careless, glad and valiant lad
Could roam these hills once more.

My bugler, you could whistle then,
And fish like music, so they say,
For you they'd bite and leap to light....
France guard you, leagues away!

Not miles of poppies bleeding forth
Could show the blood youth shed for me!
But Junes must rise, with pleading skies,
Pure from that Agony.

Away, vain grief! God can restore
That countless-hearted sacrifice,
Give each to roam, a soul at home,
The blood-bathed Earth replies.

Camp Oahe, Granite Lake, N. H.

FROM THE TRAIL

By Fanny Runnells Poole

I have found legends in far-off lands;
Have threaded rivers and paced sea sands;
And now I have your blue-eyes' commands
To tell you the fairest haunt of man!

Your heart will show you the fairest land,
Content's the chart you will understand.
Thrill to the trail, high of heart and hand,
While I fling you back this patteran:

Face the whole world unknown to fear.
Find Beauty and Truth today and here.
Envy no man his wealth. Hold dear
The tents of home where sweet Love began.

THE GARDENER

By Claribel Weeks Avery.

I walk beside my garden plot
Of lavender and rue,
Blue twinkles of forget-me-not,
Long sprays of feverfew.

Outside are plumes of goldenrod,
And purple aster crowns,
Sown by the liberal hand of God
On uplands, dales, and downs.

But these I cannot prize above
The plants that I have grown—
Give God the praise. I can but love
This garden of my own.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Annie S. Hatton.

Given a granite foundation,
Let us build like the parable old,
A house of glorious beauty,
For all the world to behold.

In principle firm like our granite,
In aspiration like Mt. Washington high,
In sympathy quick and far-reaching,
As our rivers swift passing by.

In politics, life and religion,
Let us keep our heritage great,
Be it home of our birth or adoption,
Our own, our Granite State.

UNBORN STARS

By Leighton Rollins.

Flowers and kisses are falling
Like little tender stars,
Misty and fragrant with Springtime.

The timorous new moon,
Smiles shyly, and soon vanishes.

Innumerable shadowy faun creatures
Come forth from the woodland
And dance mistily.

The crickets croon
In incense laden chant.

The Stars sing to the Earth,
And the Sea answers in psalms.

Behold we two
Have looked
Into each other's eyes
And known only our own beauty.



THE
LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF
ART AND
ARCHAEOLOGY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

The history of the town of Sullivan, New Hampshire, is ready for distribution.

The work consists of two volumes, each containing over 850 pages with pictures, photographs, and a map.

It comprises the story of the town from 1752 to 1907, giving municipal annals, institutional, military, ecclesiastical, and educational history. Cemetery records, marriages and biographical sketches form an important part of the book, and the final chapters are devoted to family histories, telling in entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their different abodes there, and other facts concerning them.

Volume two is devoted exclusively to family genealogies. These are carefully prepared, and contain an almost unbelievable amount of useful and accurate information for the descendants of the families compiled, the historian and genea-

logist, as well as the general reader. The genealogies in many cases have been traced back to the emigrant ancestor, and this in itself represents many hours of labor and research work on the author's part.

Dr. Seward was well known in New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts and his contributions to the press lead one to expect something valuable and interesting from him as a town historian. His Sullivan town history is no disappointment; it is all and more than one could expect.

He spent many years in collecting material, and the work was nearly completed at the time of his death. It has been finished, and carefully indexed by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a local genealogist.

The two volumes are offered to subscribers for \$16.00 and may be obtained of Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, Surry Road, Keene, N. H., or of Mr. J. Fred Whitcomb, 45 Central Square, Keene, N. H.

THE ANGEL OF THE HIDDEN FACE

By Helen L. Newman

On one alone of all the angel forms,
That linger often in dim paths of dreams,
No radiance rests. In deep, enshrouding gloom
That angel waits whose message is the last
For life to hear, whose face is turned away.
From those for whom not yet has summons come
To the fair land. Men call him the sad-faced—
With question quivering on our lips we wait
To know, since they on whom that face has looked,
Are still—too still to answer when we ask.
Perhaps if they could tell us, it would be
Of one swift moment when the gloom slipped back
And on the great Death-Angel's face they saw
Undreamed-of radiance from the larger life to be.

EDITORIAL

The contents of this number of the Granite Monthly are largely connected in one way and another with two Cheshire county clergymen, the late Josiah L. Seward, D. D., and the late Sullivan H. McCollester, D. D. It is a sad coincidence that this issue opens with an appreciative tribute by Doctor McCollester to Doctor Seward and ends with a review, in the New Hampshire Necrology department, of the long and recently ended life of Doctor McCollester. Though their religious creeds were widely different, the many mutual friends of both men are agreed that they have gone to the same heaven and are engaged there in something more useful and interesting than playing on harps. It was a characteristic of each of our departed friends to be sincerely interested in their fellowmen; to preach a true gospel in and out of the pulpit; to do many things well; to leave their communities and a wide circle beyond the better for their having lived. Both Doctor Seward and Doctor McCollester were numbered, during their lives, among the valued contributors to this magazine. Their many good works include a considerable contribution to New Hampshire history, biography and general literature. Of many similar tastes, yet not at all alike, each was a fine type of Christian manhood, widely respected, loved and mourned.

The Legislature of 1921 authorized the appointment by the governor and council of a number of important commissions to consider state problems and report upon them, with recommendations, to the next General Court. The conservation and development of New Hampshire water power, co-operation with other states in the promotion of foreign and domestic commerce, the improvement of our unsatisfactory workmen's compensation statute, the dangerous increase in the ratio of divorces to marriages, the freeing of the Connecticut river toll bridges, the proper celebration of the 300th anniversary, in 1923, of the settlement of New Hampshire, and the securing of favorable and profitable publicity for the state are some of the subjects thus to be taken up. All of the members of these commissions serve without pay, so that acceptance of appointments to them, with the resultant expenditure of time and energy, becomes a patriotic duty. It is gratifying to note the calibre of the men who have taken places on such of these commissions as have been named already, it being expected that the same high standard will be maintained in those yet to be chosen, and it seems almost certain that results of value will follow their investigations and conclusions.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

WALTER E. TOLLES.

Walter E. Tolles, born in Claremont, February 14, 1860, the son of Edwin W. and Harriet E. (Nason) Tolles, died at Moline, Ill., April 13. He was educated at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and since 1881 had pursued a highly successful business career at Moline, having been the president and general manager of the Moline Heating and Construction Company since its incorporation in 1900. He was an incorporator and a member of the first board of directors of the Moline Commercial Club and supported his faith in the city by extensive property investments there. Mr. Tolles married, July 8, 1885,



THE LATE WALTER E. TOLLES.

Mary E. Chase of Moline. She survives him, with their two children, W. Edwin Tolles of Detroit, Mich., and Mabel E. Tolles, of Moline, and two grandchildren, Walter and Margaret Tolles. He is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. Evelyn Drury and Mrs. Mabel T. Hare, both of Manchester. His business ability, active public spirit, genial good fellowship and great capacity for friendship are commented upon by the press of Moline, the Times of that city saying: "He was a finished gentleman and leaves a lasting impress of his personality on the community."

REV. DR. S. H. MCCOLLESTER.

Sullivan H. McCollester, D. D., distinguished as clergyman, educator and author, was born in Marlboro, Dec. 18, 1826, the son of Silas and Achsah (Holman) McCollester, and died at the Eliot hospital in Keene on May 22. He was educated at Norwich University, where he received the degrees of A. B. in 1850 and A. M. in 1853, and later studied at the Harvard Divinity School. St. Lawrence University gave him the honorary degree of D. D. and Buchtel College, that of Litt. D. In youth he was the principal of academies at Walpole, Swanzey and Westmoreland, but in 1853 was ordained to the Universalist ministry and after that divided his time between pastorates at Westmoreland, West Chesterfield, Nashua, Bellows Falls, Vt., and Dover, and served as principal of Westbrook, Me., Seminary and as president of Buchtel College. Since 1885 he had given his time to travel, authorship, missionary labor and school supervision, visiting many foreign countries and writing numerous books and magazine and newspaper articles. He was a life member of the board of trustees of the Universalist state convention and for several years its president. A Republican in politics, he represented the town of Marlboro in the Legislature of 1889. Doctor McCollester is survived by one son, Lee S. McCollester, D. D., dean of the Crane Theological school. One who knew the elder Doctor McCollester well characterizes him as "an able man, strong in mind, strong in will, strong in sympathy, without deceit or hypocrisy. A strong builder in mental and spiritual things."

REV. WILLIAM B. T. SMITH

Rev. William Benjamin Tyng Smith died February 6 at his home in Charlestown. The son of Rev. Henry Sumner and Mary (Hilliard) Smith, he was born in Claremont, March 9, 1842, and prepared at Kimball Union academy for Dartmouth College, from which institution he was graduated with Phi Beta Kappa rank with the class of 1866. At college he was a member of Kappa Kappa Kappa. He studied theology at the General Seminary in New York City and succeeded his father as rector of Union Church, West Claremont, in June, 1872. Subsequent parishes were Sanbornville, Woodsville, Keene, Tilton and Charlestown. He was a director and vice-president of the

Connecticut River National Bank of Charlestown. His wife, who was Nellie S. Baker of Charlestown, survives him.

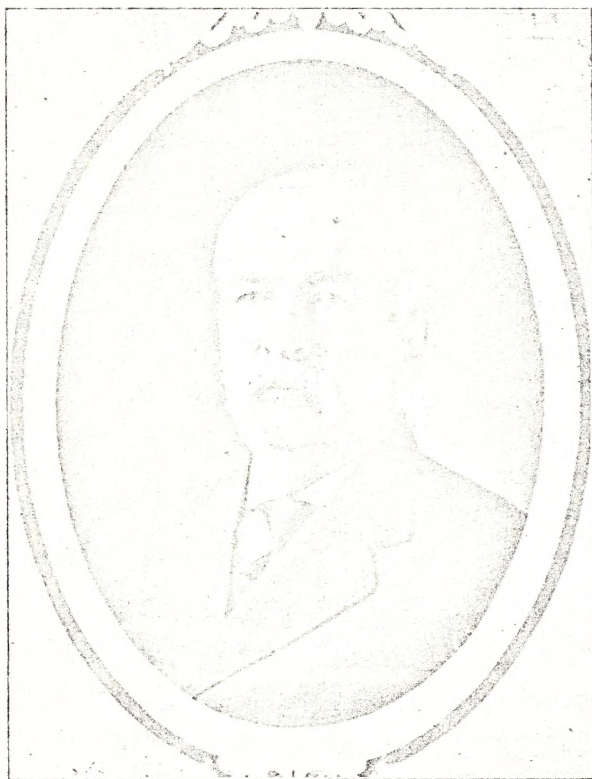
JOHN B. NASH

John Barzillia Nash, born at Windham, Me., May 17, 1848, the son of Barzillia and Lovina (Hick) Nash, died at his home in Conway after a brief illness on June 14. He attended Gorham, Me., Academy, studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1878 and since that date has prac-

famous as a vigorous and effective stump speaker. He married November, 1871, Susan J. Libby. Their children are Craig).

CHARLES R. CLARK

Charles R. Clark, born in Plymouth, December 28, 1842, died November 7, 1920, in Montezuma, Iowa, where he had practised law for 42 years. He was educated at New Hampton Institution and Kimball Union Academy and in early life was a school teacher in New Hampshire, Massa-



THE LATE JOHN B. NASH.

ticed in Conway. One of the oldest and best known Democrats in the state. Mr. Nash was a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1889, a member of the House of Representatives in 1891 and 1893, four years solicitor of Carroll county, candidate for Congress in 1894 and 1896; president of the Democratic state convention in the latter year; delegate to the Democratic national conventions of 1900 and 1908; United States naval officer of customs, port of Boston and Charlestown since 1913 and at the time of his death. Mr. Nash was widely known

in Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Iowa, until admitted to the bar of the last named state in 1878. He was interested in real estate, industrial, electric light and banking properties and was closely identified with the progress of his section. For 52 consecutive years he was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school at Montezuma and was a member of the Masonic lodge there. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Marian Hall; a son, Charles W. Clark, who was associated with his father in practice; and a brother, M. J. Clark of Ames, Ia.

and in 1915, the first year of the war, the
first American-born president, Woodrow Wilson,
was elected. He was a Quaker, and his
policy of "making the world safe for
democracy" was a major factor in the
United States' entry into the war in 1917.
The war was a turning point in American
history, and it led to the United States
becoming a world power. The war also
led to the passage of the 19th Amendment,
which gave women the right to vote.
The war was a time of great change and
growth for the United States, and it
helped to shape the country into the
superpower it is today.

NEW ISSUE

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All legal matters in connection with this issue have been passed upon by Herrick, Smith, Donald & Farly, Boston, Mass.

Audits by Charles F. Rittenhouse & Co., Certified Public Accountants, Boston, Mass.
Appraisal and report by the Industrial Company, Boston, Mass.

Volume 53

AUGUST, 1921

No. 8

The
Newberry Library

Jan 22

Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

WILL CRESSY ON OLD HOME WEEK.

POEMS FROM 37 STATES.

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

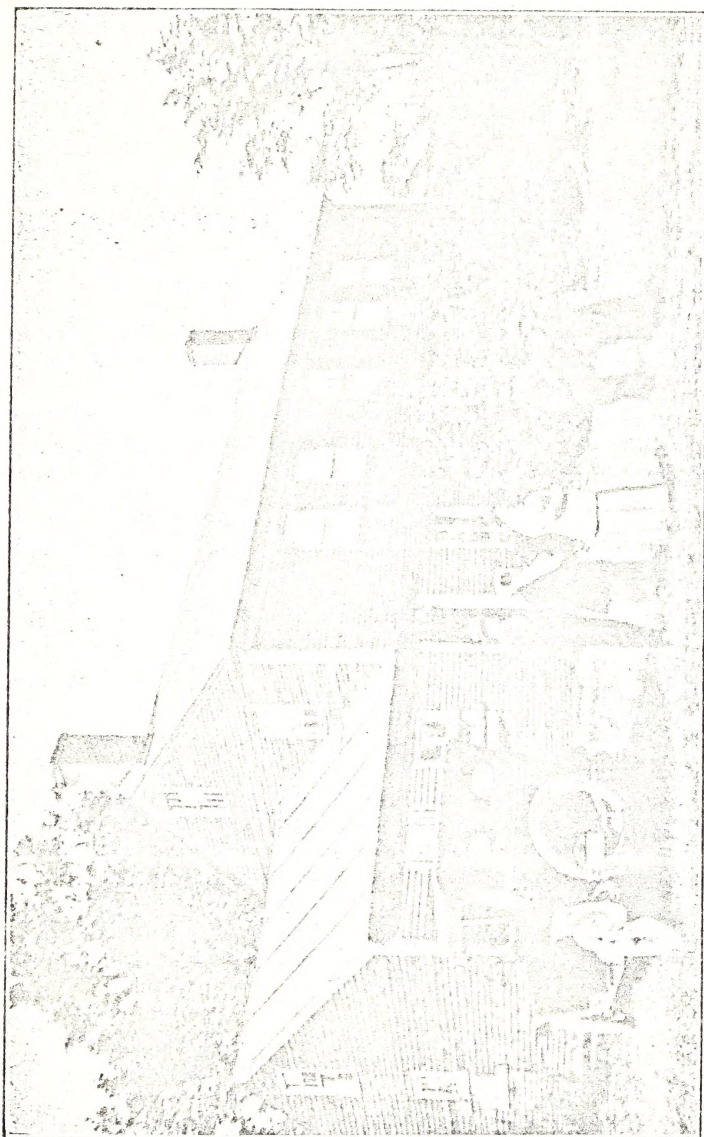
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THE NELSON HOMESTEAD, SUTTON.
First in the state to be preserved as the property of a family association.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. LIII.

AUGUST, 1921.

No. 8

OLD HOME WEEK

By Will M. Cressy.

I'll bet you never attended an Old Home Week Celebration in your life did you? How could you city folks attend an Old Home Week? You haven't got an Old Home to have a celebration at. And then you couldn't hold an Old Home Week Celebration in a flat anyway; there isn't room.

But up there in New Hampshire it is different. Homes are hard to get up there; and harder to get rid of. So, if you ever do get one, the chances are that you will always have it; and then your children will have it; or if you haven't any children, then it will go to your grandchildren. And so the old home remains in the family, or the family remains in the old home, forever.

One hundred and thirty two years ago my great, great grandfather started out from Warner, New Hampshire, to make a home for himself. He, like his descendants to this day, had no money. His entire worldly possessions consisted of a wife, a daughter, a cow, and a few tools. The three female members of the family he left in Warner and in debt.

He and the tools started north through the woods to "locate". He did not know where he should locate and didn't care. He had the whole of North America to choose from. But, in order that he might find his way back again, he carried a hatchet in his hand and every hundred feet or so he would whack a piece of bark off of a tree, thus leaving a trail to be followed on the return trip.

In those days that country was full of Indians; not the kind you see with Wild West Shows nowadays, but real tough guys; tommyhawkers, scalpers and burn-at-the-stakers. So that, in building a home, a chap had to figure on "the opposition." And in order to strengthen his chances of keeping his hair on for cold weather, he would not build his house down in the fertile valleys, but find the highest hill he could, and put his house right on the very pinnacle of it. Then he would cut down every tree and brush within a thousand feet of it, so the Indians could not ambush him.

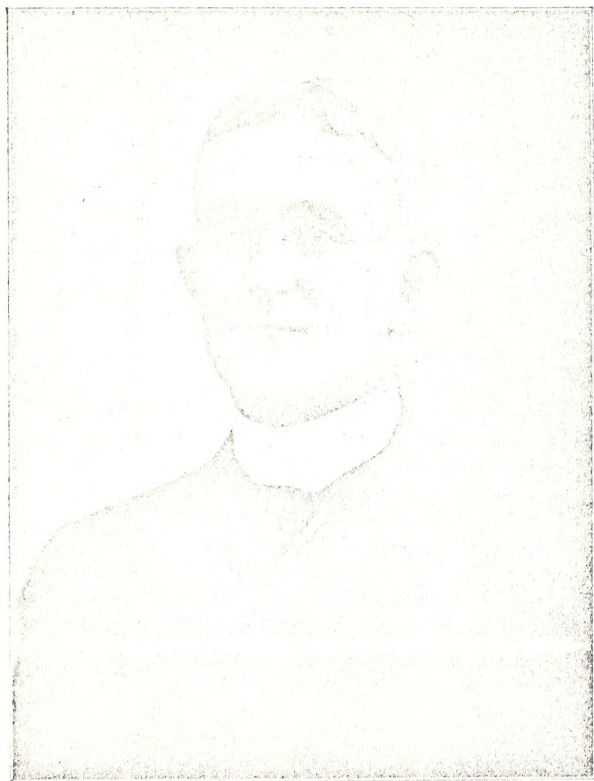
As a result these old New England farm houses were cheerful affairs, especially in the winter. The wind would make one jump right straight from the Arctic Ocean for the front door. And in the summer the sun would beat down on them and the rains would come across the valley and hit the houses crossways instead of coming down from above. 'Twas a jovial life.

Well anyway, the G. G. Grandfather of mine went twenty miles northward, and finally found a hill higher and steeper than any other, and on its top he started in building the new home. As all this happened one hundred and thirty two years ago, I do not remember many of the particulars regarding the erecting of this house; but sometime along in the Fall of the following year he got it completed and started back along his blazed trail to get the family and come back and move in.

Upon arriving back in Warner he found that his family had increased; he now had a wife, a daughter, a cow and a two weeks old boy calf. So they packed all their belongings on their backs and started for the new home, driving the cow and calf along with them.

The first night they slept out under a big pine tree. When they woke up in the morning there was

This G. G. Grandfather of mine might have been a good carpenter and he must have been a good farmer to ever have dug a good living out of that rocky hill, but he was a bad historian for about all I have ever been able to find out about the next few years was that he traded off his wedding suit for another gentleman calf and thus got a pair of oxen to do his farm work with.



WILL M. CRESSY

three feet of snow on top of them. They concluded to stay there and "picnic" under that tree until the storm abated; and it was three days before they dared to start out again. Finally they arrived at the top of their American Alp, and moved in and started in house-keeping.

Years passed by; (they must have, for they are not there now;) and his family grew; it grew much; twelve sons and daughters came to bless (or curse) their union. And as the family grew, the house did the same. More years passed; children grew up and married; I think they must have married each other

for there was nobody else lived around there. Or perhaps they married Indians. But, anyway, they must have married somebody, for there were grandchildren; and then there were great grandchildren; and then there was ME.

And then along about 1900 Governor Rollins of New Hampshire invented this Old Home thing. And as our family had about as old an Old Home as anybody we determined to have an Old Home Celebration of our own.

The date was set, along in August, and weeks were spent in digging up the names and addresses of the family; letters were sent out asking them all to gather at the Old Homestead at Sutton Mills, New Hampshire, on the —— day of August; and to bring all the information and data they could find about the family.

And then the great day arrived; and then the family began to arrive. They came in every conceivable conveyance. They came from everywhere. One lived just at the foot of this same old hill yet. In one hundred and twenty years he had got nearly half a mile away from the old homestead. They came from Gloucester, Malden, Boston, New York, Chicago, and from all over New Hampshire. Nobody knew anybody. Every new arrival had to introduce him or herself and tell just how he or she rung in on this celebration.

The chap that lived at the foot of the hill had the keys to the house and we went through it. One hundred and twenty two years old at the time, there was not a sign of decay anywhere. The timbers, a foot square, hewn out by hand, still showed the marks of the old pioneer's broad axe. The laths were split out of thin strips of wood, by hand. Every nail in the house was hammered out by hand on an anvil. The heads of the larger

nails were as large as silver quarters. There are bricks enough in the chimneys and fireplaces of that old homestead to build a good size house. Every sleeping room had a fireplace in it; eight fireplaces in all, and most of them big enough to roll a four foot log into. The kitchen fireplace and chimney was twelve feet wide. There were brick ovens, places to smoke hams, and a lot of contrivances that I never did know the use of. And every thing in as perfect condition as upon that day over a century ago when the G. G. Grandfather moved his family into it.

And then came the dinner; picnic style, out under the shade of two big elms that had been planted after the Indians had passed away. And, Oh say! you know you never can eat a thing out on those times.

The "City Folks" had all sorts of potted hams and chicken and olives and preserves and, well I don't know what they were, but "all there was we had." And "The Country Folks" brought home-made doughnuts and cake and pies and pots of baked beans and honey and apples and berries. And there we sat on the grass and ate and drank and gabbed and picked ants out of the beans and flies out of the butter and had the best time that was ever had since the Pilgrim Fathers Crossed the Alps in 1776.

And then we had the "Meetin'." "Jimmie" Nelson called the meeting to order and told what it was all about and proposed that we, the lineal descendants of the original Asa Nelson who built this house, should form a permanent organization to perpetuate the annual reunion at the Old Homestead. Motion put and carried. All descendants signed the constitution and by-laws (written on the back of an envelope.) Election of officers, president and treasurer and secretary.

"Jimmie" turned in his expense account, one dollar and thirteen cents for stationery and stamps. Collection taken up to cover said account. Amount of collection, one dollar and eighty cents. Amount left in the treasury, sixty seven cents. Turned over to Treasurer and Treasurer bonded to insure Society against loss.

Speeches, and perhaps there wasn't some speaking; we had lawyers, doctors, merchants, a minister,

was all covered with bushes so I didn't see it, and couldn't get out in time to get "home" ahead of the ball.

I pitched for my team; first time in over twenty-five years; and I couldn't put my coat on without help for three weeks afterwards. My father got a base hit, and ran down to first so hard that when he got there he couldn't stop until he ran into a stone wall and barked his shin and had to be helped back to "the bleachers" where he "root-



AT THE NELSON REUNION

Left to right—Frank Nelson, Tom Pillsbury, Eli Shepard (James E.,)

Mrs. Shepard, Mrs. Watts, Frank Cressy, Mrs. James Nelson.

a couple of actors, half a dozen writers. And then—then came THE event of the day, a baseball game, played on the side of a hill so steep that we had to knock the ball up the hill in order to ever find it again. I was the captain of one team and the Minister was captain of the other. My oldest player was eighty two years old and my youngest five. I made a home run; that is it would have been a home run, only between second and third bases I fell into an old deserted cellar that

ed" for the rest of the game. The best man we had on either team was a manicure girl from Concord. The game lasted three innings; if it had gone another inning there would never have been another reunion; those that had not been killed would have laughed themselves to death. The score was twenty eight to two. And I wouldn't tell which side had the two either.

And that is what an Old Home Week Celebration is; do you wonder that the idea has spread all over the

country? That every little town and village each year sets aside one week on which its children come from far and near to renew old memories and meet old friends and relatives, long forgotten?

So come on you City Folks! Look up the old home! Look up the old friends! Somewhere up there in those New England hills there is an old farm house standing that your father, your grandfather or your great-great-great-something or other once built; and it is dollars to doughnuts that the

rest of the boys and girls, your cousins, uncles, aunts, sisters and brothers are gathering there every year on Old Home Week and having the best time that ever was had by anybody. Now you go up there next summer and see how glad they will all be to see you and welcome you "back home."

In the words of Uncle Josh Whitcomb, "Come up there in June, when old nature is at her best; come up, and let the scarlet runners chase you back to childhood."

NOTE—To this account of the first meeting of the Deacon Asa Nelson family on Old Home Day in Sutton, 1917, it may be added that in 1918 at the annual meeting it was proposed the organization purchase the Old Homestead. A committee of three was chosen consisting of James E. Shepard of New London, Harry R. Cressy of Concord, and George Nelson of Sutton, to confer with the owner regarding the purchase. In 1919 at the annual meeting, the owner's proposition was accepted, the money subscribed and deed executed the same year. At the annual meeting in 1920, further money was subscribed to make needed repairs before the annual reunion of 1920. Word was passed around among the members that a "clean-up" day would be held and to report at the Old Home with axes, hatchets, rakes and other tools for work. Twenty reported, two from New York, two from New Jersey, one from Massachusetts, and the rest from New Hampshire, and the old place was in fine shape for the 1920 reunion.

MEMORY

By Cora S. Day

(Berlin, New Jersey)

Dear golden day, I will not let you go

Adown the years.

Though sombre days that follow, dark with rain,
Bring bitter tears.

In memory's heart I'll fold you. Safe and warm

There you shall stay

To brighten all the years that lie beyond

My golden day.

What though your joy is but a heartache now?

I would not give

One of your golden hours for all the years

That I may live.

A NOTABLE OCCASION

FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE IN BOSTON, NOVEMBER 7, 1849

By H. H. Metcalf.

As the Old Home Week season approaches, and hundreds of the sons and daughters of the old Granite State, residing outside its borders, are planning their return, for a brief period at least, to the scenes of childhood and youth, and a renewal of old acquaintanceship; and especially in view of the fact that plans are already being laid for the formal celebration of the 300th anniversary of the settlement of the State at Dover and Portsmouth, when there will be a general home coming of New Hampshire born people from all over the country, some account of the first and greatest gathering of the sons of New Hampshire, ever held outside the state, and probably exceeding in magnitude any such gathering yet held within the state, may be of interest to Granite Monthly readers.

Such account is contained in an octavo volume of 178 pages, published by James French, 78 Washington St., Boston, and embodying the proceedings in full at what was denominated a "Festival of the Sons of New Hampshire," with the speeches delivered and letters read on that occasion, together with a complete list of the names of those present, said festival having been held in Boston, November 9, 1849, and "phonographically" reported by Dr. James W. Stone, President of the Boston Reporting Association.

The idea of this festival and reunion originated with Dr. J. V. C. Smith, a Boston physician, native of the town of Conway, who invited several New Hampshire natives in

the city to meet at his residence on October 9, when the subject was considered and a call for a public meeting issued, at which meeting an organization was effected with Hon. Daniel Webster as President and a list of thirty vice presidents, headed by Marshall P. Wilder, and numerous committees, Fletcher Webster being chairman of the Executive Committee. Horace G. Hutchins a Boston lawyer, native of Bath, was named as Chief Marshal, with Dr. Jabez B. Upham, born in Claremont, and Benjamin P. Cheney, afterward the noted expressman, native of Hillsboro, as aids, and a long list of assistants.

Invitations were sent out to New Hampshire born men in Boston and vicinity and throughout Massachusetts, and many prominent residents of New Hampshire were also invited to meet with them, quite a number availing themselves of the opportunity. The company met at the State House in Boston on the afternoon of November 7, and at three o'clock, a procession was formed, headed by Flagg's Brass Band and Bond's Cornet Band, which marched through Park, Tremont, Court and State Streets, Merchant's Row, Ann, Blackstone and Haverhill Streets, to the hall of the Fitchburg Railroad Depot, then the most commodious assembly room in the city, where arrangements had been made to serve a dinner to 1,500 people, tables being set for that number and all the seats occupied. The hall was 169 feet long by 76 wide, and was lighted by gas, which, as the

report says, was "then introduced for the first time."

Around the hall, upon the walls, were arranged various appropriate sketches and mottoes, suggestive of New Hampshire characteristics and the progress of her sons. On the west side was an elevated platform, occupied by the President and distinguished guests, while an orchestra was located directly opposite.

The guests seated upon the platform included, Rev. Dr. Ephraim Peabody, Hon. Salma Hale, Hon. Joel Parker, Hon. Thomas M. Edwards, Col. William Schouler, Charles W. Cutter, Gilman Marston, Levi Chamberlain, Nathaniel G. Upham, Rev. Samuel R. Lothrop, Rev. Charles Mason, son of Jeremiah Mason, Rev. Thomas Worcester, Rev. Dr. Baron Stowe, Hon. John P. Hale, U. S. Senator, and Hons. James Wilson and Amos Tuck, Representatives in Congress from New Hampshire, William Plummer, Jr., son of Ex-Governor Plummer; John Kelley of Exeter, of the Governor's Council, Phineas Handerson, William Dinsmoor; Ex-Governors Anthony Colby and Henry Hubbard; Hon. Levi Woodbury of the U. S. Supreme Court; Hon. John P. Bigelow, Mayor of Boston; Hon. John J. Gilchrist of the N. H. Superior Court, Edmund Parker, W. W. Stickney, Hon. Benning W. Jenness, Rev. L. J. Livermore and Col. E. F. Miller.

President Webster called the assembly to order at 5 o'clock and the Divine blessing was asked by Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D. D., rector of King's Chapel, Boston, native of the town of Milton.

The following was the

BILL OF FARE

Boiled

Ham,

Tongue,

Saltpetred Beef,

Turkeys—Oyster Sauce,

Mutton—Caper Sauce

Entrees

Fricando Veal—Tomato Sauce,

Fricasee Chicken,

Escalloped Oysters,

Curried Chickens,

Oyster Patties,

Sweet Breads—Larded,

Chicken Salad,

Boned Turkeys

Roast

Beef,

Veal,

Lamb,

Turkeys,

Chickens

Ducks

Mongrel Geese

Mountain Geese

Game

Black Ducks,

Wood Ducks,

Widgeons

Partridges

Quails

Vegetables

Squash,

Potatoes,

Turnips

Celery

Pastry

Washington Pies,

Mince Pies,

Apple Pies,

Cranberry Pies,

Peach Pies,

Squash Pies,

Quince Pies,

Custards

Charlotte Russe

Meringues

Cocoanut Cakes

Pound Cakes

Fruit Cakes

Charlotte D'Orcey

Desserts

Ice Cream,

Jellies,

Apples,

Oranges,

Raisins

Figs

Grapes

Pears

Nuts

Lemonade and Coffee

At the conclusion of the repast, at about six o'clock, thanks were returned by Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., of Boston, eminent Baptist clergyman, native of Croydon, who, by the way, delivered the oration at the Centennial celebration in the latter town in 1866.

Immediately after Mr. Webster arose and delivered the opening speech, in the nature of an address of welcome. He spoke for more than half an hour with his accustomed

Station - Cape Town
Date - 1907
To - Mr. J. H. ...
From - Mr. J. H. ...
Subject - ...
Reference - ...
Enclosure - ...
Very truly yours,
J. H. ...

eloquence, recounting, to some extent, New Hampshire's part in the history of the nation, and the record of some of her distinguished sons.

Following Mr. Webster, many other speakers were heard in response to toasts prepared by a committee appointed for the purpose.

The first of these was:

New Hampshire! Our common mother! Home of our brightest, happiest hours! Thy hills and valleys, thy woods and streams, and all the pleasant memories are ever with us.

"Where'er we roam, whatever realms we see,

Our hearts untrammelled, fondly turn to Thee."

This was responded to by Hon. Levi Woodbury, Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, native of Francestown, who but for his untimely death would undoubtedly have been New Hampshire's candidate for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States in 1852, which honor ultimately went to Gen. Franklin Pierce.

The second toast was "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts," responded to by Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, of the Executive Council of that State, native of the town of Rindge; while the third was "Boston and its Inhabitants," responded to by the Mayor of that city, Hon. John B. Bigelow, not a New Hampshire native, who in the course of his felicitous remarks expressed his surprise at seeing so many men, well known to him, and prominent in all the walks of life in the New England metropolis, who claimed New Hampshire as their birthplace.

The fourth toast—"The Government of our Native State"—was responded to by Hon. Joel Parker, Royall Professor of Law in the Harvard Law School at Cambridge, formerly of Keene, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire from 1838 to 1848,

Other speakers called out included Gen. Henry A. S. Dearborn, son of Gen. Henry Dearborn of Revolutionary fame, Ex-Governor and U. S. Senator Henry Hubbard of Charlestown, Senator John P. Hale, Gen. James Wilson of Keene, member of Congress, William Plummer, Jr., and Hon. Levi Chamberlain of Keene.

At a late hour, after all the regular toasts had been responded to, President Webster, again addressed the assembled company at some length and called the first vice president, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, to the chair, who upon assuming the duties of his position, offered the following sentiment, which was received with enthusiastic applause:

"The President of the Day! It required the united wisdom of the Confederacy to frame the Constitution. It was reserved for our native state to furnish its ablest expounder and defender."

Several other speakers were heard before the gathering separated and many letters and sentiments, forwarded by prominent men invited, but unable to attend, were read.

It will be noted that only men were in attendance, it being characterized as a meeting of the "Sons of New Hampshire," but one woman contributed a poem for the occasion, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, native of Newport, later for many years editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," the first important woman's magazine in the country. The poem was as follows:

OUR GRANITE HILLS

What glowing thoughts, what glowing theme

To mountain tops belong!
The law from Sinai's summit came,
From Sion sacred song.

And Genius on Parnassian height

His banner first unfurled,
And from the seven hilled city waved
The sword that swayed the world.

Then let us raise the hymn of praise;

To us the hills were given;

And mountain-tops are altars set

To lift the soul to heaven!



[The main body of the document contains several paragraphs of text that are extremely faint and mostly illegible. The text appears to be arranged in a standard letter format with a salutation, a main body, and a closing. Some words like "Dear Sir" and "Yours faithfully" might be discernible.]

The board of the
of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire
from 1822 to 1825
former of Maine and New Hampshire
your law school at Cambridge
which passed at law in the State
boarded to the State of New
ment at the State of New
The board of the

Though Europe's plains are crushed
 with chains,
 As every tyrant wills,
 Yet Freedom's light is flashing bright
 Along Helvetia's hills;
 And should our eagle stoop his wing
 O'er prairie, plain or sea,
 Mount Washington an eyrie holds
 Of deathless Liberty!
 Then let us raise the song of praise;
 To us the heights are given;
 Our granite hills are altars set
 To lift our hopes to heaven.

The reading of this poem followed the presentation of the following sentiment, offered by the Rev. Dr. Stow:

"MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE: A gem from the primitive rock of our native state set in the coronet of a Nation's literature."

Among the writers of the many letters received, some of which were read, while all were printed in the volume of reported proceedings, were Hon. Samuel Appleton, founder of Lowell, native of New Ipswich, Hon. Lewis Cass, Senator from Michigan, native of Exeter, Hon. Moses Norris, Jr., Senator from New Hampshire, Gen. James Miller of Temple, hero of Lundy's Lane, Hon. William Plumer, Ex-Governor of New Hampshire, Hon. Samuel Dinsmoor of Keene, Governor; Hon. Arthur Livermore of Plymouth, Ex-Chief Justice New Hampshire Supreme Court; Hon. Charles H. Atherton of Amherst, ex-Congressman; Hon. Charles G. Atherton, Ex-United States Senator; Hon. John Sullivan of Exeter, Attorney General; Gen. Franklin Pierce, Ex-Senator and later President of the United States; Hon. Joseph Healey of Washington, Ex-Congressman; Hon. Andrew S. Woods of Bath, Justice of the Supreme Court; Hon. Matthew Harvey of Hopkinton, Ex-Governor; Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport, Ex-Congressman and Ex-Commissioner of Patents, then editor of the Washington Union, with many others.

In the latter part of the volume in which the account of this festival is published is a list of the names of all the men present, with the

towns of their birth, their occupation, and the years in which they (the most of them) left the state for Massachusetts, the same occupying 28 pages of fine type.

This notable gathering of the Sons of New Hampshire, in Boston, nearly 72 years ago, the first of the kind of which there is any record, and the like of which has never since been held so far as known, though it was resolved at the time that another be held in three years, was undoubtedly the precursor of the "New Hampshire Club," so called, made up mainly of New Hampshire men in Boston and vicinity, which was organized some years later, and maintained an existence, on paper at least, up to the beginning of the present century, with regular meetings in some years, and occasional ones in others, at which the members got together for dinners and social intercourse.

It was through his association with this club, undoubtedly, that the late Gov. Frank W. Rollins, conceived the idea of "Old Home Week" in New Hampshire, with the attendant reunion of the sons and daughters of the several towns during that festival period, and which led him, soon after to take a leading part in the organization of the New Hampshire Exchange Club, made up of New Hampshire men and women, which opened headquarters in the old Norwell house on Walnut Street in Boston in 1903, and attained a membership of several hundred, with an interesting career for several years, but has for some time past been in a condition of "innocuous desuetude;" so that it has fallen to the women alone to keep New Hampshire "on the map" in the social life of the metropolis, which is done through the activities of the Society of "New Hampshire's Daughters," which is a live organization, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the old Granite State.

HIGH LAND

By Kenneth B. Murdock.

When the Judge began to build his house on the hill, Simon Murray still lived on, deep-eyed and silent, in the quaint broad-roofed farmhouse across the road where his father's death had left him master thirty years before. Beyond his stone walls nothing remained of old Edgeware except the unkempt pastures where garden roses wantonly straggled in the coarse, long grass, and an occasional gaping cellar hole was decently veiled by ragged lilac bushes. Progress for the village had been downward; the pastures and sheep pens on the high land had given way to the freight house and the spool factory in the valley. From the sturdily built square houses on the hill pastures, the village had sought first the stage line and then the railroad beside the river, until modern Edgeware came to be clustered neatly along the the sandy road beneath the electric lights strung from their unpainted poles.

Yet old Simon still clung to the hillside, and "the people from down below," led by the Judge, had passed the village by, to build their summer houses on the slopes above. Public opinion in Edgeware for once found no expression for its feelings, for the Judge's fame, heralded even there, and the same shrewd kindness that had won him success in the cities, had achieved for him in the village a reticent but admiring following. He became, unconsciously, the champion of the "summer folks," and convictions as to their folly, however deeply felt, were rarely heard expressed. More important still, and even less to be spoken of, Simon Murray's devotion to the hill farm made criticism of the new comers impossible unless some injury was to be done to local pride. The village was strongly conscious of its identity—a

native was a native—and that Simon was Edgeware through and through no one could doubt. The Murray family story was common knowledge, and their pride of ancestry, like the social supremacy of the Congregational Church, was a fact to be unhesitatingly accepted. So "old Murray" and the Judge, in quite different ways, saved some prestige for the hill in Edgeware eyes.

Whatever their partnership in this, the Judge found Simon curiously beyond reach. To the old man, as his early neighbors had been deserters, so the newcomers from the city were invaders without right. He hotly refused to sell the Judge an inch of his land, and the Ford farm that he had bought when the last of the old hill families had moved down into the valley, was no less fiercely cherished. Inclined to resent his attitude at first, with more knowledge of Simon the Judge's feeling changed. There were times, indeed, when the story of the Murrays and this last tenant of their hill farm seemed to him profoundly stirring.

From town legend and printed history he already knew of the days when Edgeware had meant the hill, and when the Murray elms had been the tallest, their lilacs the sweetest, and their roses the pride of the county. The migration to the valley, the coming of the mill, and the yielding of the old houses to storms or fire, were matters of common record. It was Ellen, though, who gave the Judge most of what he sought, for her shy speeches outlined vividly for him the picture of Simon Murray. Through her eyes he first knew the stern and silent father whose loneliness she had shared through the twelve years since her mother's death. At first when he used to find her picking berries

near his wall, she had been too timid to speak, but little by little under his gentle eyes she had found soft voiced answers to his greetings.

Simply as she spoke he thought he could see behind her words the fear she knew in the face of her father's tense devotion to his land and the stony hill, and he fancied that at times Ellen must have found Simon's words harsh in her ears.

"He says we're in mourning," she told him. "Mourning for the folks who used to have these farms. He says they're cowards to leave the clean hills and move down to the valley. When he talks so, and points down the hill, sometimes he frightens me."

The Judge, fearful of disturbing the directness of her revelation, never knew quite what to say to her.

"Is he always sad," he asked once, "Doesn't he ever smile or laugh with you?"

She smiled at the thought.

"No, he never does. Never with me, that is. But," her voice told of her patient failure to understand, "when he looks out at his sheep up in the top pasture, he sometimes kind of smiles."

And one day while she was telling him of Simon's years of struggling to plough the Ford fields and to save the dignity of the old farmhouse from decay, there came the note of the noon whistle at the factory in the valley. The sound was very mellow and soft in the clear west breeze, but Ellen shivered.

"I hate to hear it," she explained, "It sets him off so. He can't bear that whistle. When it blows I'm afraid to look at him."

However much these scraps of her talk revealed, it was not till the last bitter drop of his defeat drove Simon blindly, desperately, to the new neighbor he scorned, that the Judge found the story taking shape. Suddenly he found that what he knew, and what he guessed at, wove themselves to-

gether till the old man's strange visit seemed simply their inevitable climax.

From the valley had returned Clark Ford, son of the last Ford, to live in the old hill homestead. He came not to buy back the farm his father had sold to Simon, but to walk the grass grown hill road with Ellen. Often the cold moonlight showed the Judge the couple underneath the boughs of the gaunt grey orchard, and the tongues of gossip wagged bravely in the village, until one evening beside the old rose-bushes his fathers planted, Clark won from Ellen a half revealed and timid promise.

To Simon the news had brought one wild moment when hope flamed high in his heart. Kindly he greeted the young man, stifling the memory of his father's desertion of the hill, and almost tenderly he patted Ellen's hand with his hard, brown fingers. Boldly at first, then tremulous with the power of his dream, he gave voice to his longing, and told Clarke to take her if he would promise to maintain the hill farm.

"I'm old now," he went on, while Clark and Ellen both paled before his eagerness, "But I've fought too long to give in. Take her and the farm, too. Keep it up, make it grow, and with young blood it will grow. Give me that to die on. Let me know I've left my job in strong hands. And Ellen'll help you. She's a good girl, and she's never lived anywhere else—and, by God! she never shall!"

Shamefaced at his own heat, he stopped. What Clark said the Judge could only guess. Somehow Simon's amazed perception had seized the fact that a man dared to dream of marrying his Ellen only to abandon the hill and the farm, and with them, as he would have sworn, life and honor. Take his daughter down to the village, down to that swarm of traitors to the soil—blindly he left the house, crossed the doorway, and somehow found his way

across the road. In his eyes was the vision of the collapse of his world, and in his passion he may have forgotten the bitter changes and dreamed that the light on the knoll still shone from a loyal farmer neighbor's lamp. Whatever the reason, a moment later he burst into the softly lighted living room of the Judge. It was thus he paid his first visit to his nearest neighbor, and it was here in this quiet room beneath the eyes of his shrewd but puzzled host, that he last saw Clark.

Emotional outbreaks are rare in Edgeware, and persistence a common virtue. Accordingly, Clark, mildly wondering, but shaken far more by Ellen's terror than by her father's outburst, had followed patiently across the road, knocked, and then walked silently in. He found the old man ready to meet him. The sight of the strange room, the memory of it when it had served a fellow townsman, brought back to him in a hot wave of shame and bitterness the consciousness of where he was and what had happened. But he had dignity enough to master the situation and to face Clark before this strange fireside, calmly, and with some memory of what was due his host. Out of his ancestry shrewd thoughts came to him, and with them inspiration.

"Judge," he said, "I've got some law business with him. Can you draw me up a paper?"

With the instinct born of the habit of generations, he sat down beside the Judge's littered table, for your true Edgeware native can never bargain till he is seated. Facing him across the hearth sat Clark, ill at ease in strange surroundings, but with his puzzled attitude slowly hardening into one of defiance.

"Write me a paper where I can promise him," said Simon, nodding across the hearth toward Clark, "to give him without payment the Ford house—his family's old house before

his father left the hill—with all the land. Set down that with the house I give him Ellen as his wife." He stopped, and then, gazing steadfastly down at the hearth, went on, "But make it say that this gift is only on condition that he agrees to live either on my place or the Fords', and that he agrees to work them both, for twenty years. If he don't agree, he gets nothing, house, land, or Ellen."

Simon stood up.

"And if he don't agree I warn him now before you that if he ever sets foot in my house or on my land again, I'll shoot him. And one thing more. He knows if he don't agree it's because he's a coward, and because his blood's too thin to stick by land and homes that are worth more than any clap-trap mill town that ever grew out of mud and sawdust. It's because he's ashamed to work like a man for what he gets and the woman he loves. It's because he's content to see his town and his state go to mill-men and shop girls and money grubbers without one decent man who knows the land and loves it. You hear that, Judge, and when he answers let him answer me before you."

He was standing very stiffly, and his face was hard, but the Judge always said that his eyes were sad, and that he saw him tremble.

Clark was plainly uneasy, but after the manner of his race, he knew how to hide emotion behind a mask of indifferent inattention. Only his tapping fingers on the arm of his chair and a slow flush that rose to his cheeks, gave warning that in his placid nature there glowed a lingering spark of feeling. He spoke dully, taking refuge in a worn and familiar phrase, "I don't know's I care to sign."

The Judge confessed afterward the situation was beyond him. Not a word on any legal aspect of the question had he been able to interject, and his amazed interest had

The house was a small one, with
the windows of the front porch
it had an old wooden door
which had been painted white
but the paint was peeling off
and the wooden interior was

broken and old. When I can
cross the little stream, I can
see the white house and the
house - his family's old house before
the war.

carried him far beyond the point of wishing to interrupt. But he was fascinated by Simon's immobility and the rigid intensity of the look he turned on Clark. Silence fell, and it seemed as though the little watch in its case on the mantel ticked more deliberately and more loudly than the most venerable grandfather's clock that had ever graced the oldest house on the Hill. Clark crossed his knees nervously. Simon still stood staring slowly at him. The Judge picked up a pen and a sheet of paper.

"I don't know's you'll need that," said Clark again. "I guess I'll be going along." He rose and turned toward the door.

"Sure?" asked the Judge. "I can't advise till I know what this is all about, but it seems as though something might be done, and I'm sure Mr. Murray's threats——."

He felt Simon's hand on his arm, and Simon's voice checked him. "Let him go!"

A step took the old man to Clark's side.

"Let him go! But mind me! One foot on my place and your life's not worth the powder it'll cost to take it. But you won't come. Not you. You're like all the rest. You're no man. You're a coward! If you ever turn a hand for good to the land that made this town and this state, it'll be because you're scared into it. And until you do, never climb this hill again!"

Clark had turned, his back against the door, and now he smiled, a faint, dull smile.

"Well, Squire Murray," he said, "can't say's I see your point, and it don't seem to me as if your way's the best way. I ain't so sure your town's all there is in this world, or this state, and I ain't so sure your hill is all there is to Edgeware. But Ellen——."

The smile had died out, and his

face seemed colder than the dead ashes on the Judge's hearth.

"She says she won't come with me, unless you say, and that I ain't to come here till you do. Perhaps I ain't so scared of your gun as I might be, but I don't think I'll bother you much from now on, and I doubt if I'll be back till you'll be glad to have me."

He fumbled a little awkwardly with the latch, and let himself out into the quiet starlit dooryard. For a moment he stooped and sniffed the rosebush by the door. Then he walked steadily to the road, and the Judge and Simon together watched him disappear behind the apple tree at the bend.

How the story got out no one knows to-day. It was not till the postmaster gave him a distorted version of what he had heard and seen three days before, that the Judge admitted any knowledge of the affair. Clark had left town on the morning train the day after his strange farewell to the hill, and had spoken to no one before his going. Simon was chopping fiercely in his woodlot, and did not come near the village. Yet everyone talked of it. Every woman in town either pitied Ellen or blamed her for "leading Clark a rig," and every man commented in more or less characteristic fashion on the vagaries of "Old Murray" or the "foolheadedness" of young Ford.

By the time Ellen fell sick, the verdict of the village had been pronounced. Old Murray, once regarded merely as "queer," was now confidently summed up in the phrase, "he ain't right." Clark was declared to have done wisely in refusing to bind himself for the sake of a "little slip like Ellen," but to have erred grievously in deserting Edgeware to disappear suddenly as he had done. Ellen's pneumonia gave more fuel for gossip at the dull-

est time of the year when the ice has been cut and the roads are still too soft for travel. For three days interest in the case ran high, but the patient old village doctor was as uncommunicative as his solemn horse. Then came a cold spring day when the Congregational minister went up to the old upland cemetery with its crumbling stones, and prayed with a tall, gaunt, white-haired man over the plain pine box which served as a coffin for his only daughter. So Ellen was buried on the hillside and so Edgeware learned of her death.

Somewhere out of the more tender recesses of the village heart came a great and abiding pity for the girl, and a shamefaced recognition that here had perished romance, and that in Edgeware a girl had died of a broken heart. Yet gossip was still, for no one who saw Simon in his infrequent visits to the store could fail to realize that tragedy was here, but that it was his, and that it was in the nature of profanation for other lips than his to speak of it beyond the old house near the little graveyard on the hill.

The Judge, alone, could not settle things as easily as did the village. Night after night he saw again the scene by his hearth, and night after night he thought differently of it. Pity for Clark and admiration for his independence took possession of him at times, but he could never rid himself of an unpleasant undertone of feeling for the lonely man across the road and a strange cloud of regret for the daughter he remembered most often as a little, pale faced country girl, standing in her grey dress between the lilacs and rose-bushes of the dooryard.

Perhaps it was this jarring of ideas that drove him to seek light from Simon himself. Surely he found little. Evening often saw the Judge cross the road and enter the wide doorway to find the old man in the little rough-walled back room, seated

before the great fireplace, bowed over a book—usually a dingy, calf bound copy of Belknap's History that successive generations of Murrays had left standing in the chimney niche beside the powder horn carried by the first settler of them all. Yet Simon never seemed to read, and even the Judge's presence was powerless to call him back from a dream that fled beyond walls into the hill pastures that once had been a country's pride. Left to himself the Judge could note the new touch of disorder and almost of decay in the dark house, and for minutes together he used to look out at the dim outlines of the Ford farm, falling faster and faster into ruin. Sometimes he shook his head as the last glow of the western sky half lighted up the old door with two wide new boards nailed tightly across it, remembering that on the day after Clark's going he had heard the sound of Simon's hatchet echoing through the empty pastures, and had watched him fix the barrier between the rotting door posts and with swift axe strokes cut bars to lay across the gap in the wall where the road wound in toward what was once the spacious Ford farmyard.

Gradually, however, he found that Simon came to regard him more and his own thoughts less, and often he turned uneasily to find the old man's eyes raised from the history upon his knees and fixed steadily upon him. Sometimes he thought he saw the same look of sadness that had marked his dismissal of Clark; sometimes he imagined something very like fear looked out from beneath the white eyebrows. But Simon rarely spoke, and usually his attention drifted again to his book or to the ashes in the cold fireplace. It was not until one early autumn night when the moonlight marked neat squares upon the floor that he rose hurriedly and beckoned the Judge to the window.

Outside the tall grass under the

moonlight looked almost like snow, and the old orchard took fantastic shapes weaving strange shadows in a sea of silver. The old man did not waver in his glance but pointed far down toward the bend in the wall by the road, and whispered, "There she is!"

The Judge saw nothing but the barred gate to the Ford house, and yet half shivered with the feeling that silence and moonlight in empty fields can awake.

"My little lady in grey," Simon went on eagerly, almost breathlessly. "There she stands waiting for him to come back to his father's house."

As he looked the Judge half fancied he saw a girlish figure in grey cape and hood, standing by the apple tree on the old grass road near the Ford gate. He brushed his eyes impatiently, and turned from the window, then back again, and looked once more. Certainly there was a figure, indistinct—but moonlight only half reveals.

"She always was kind of fond of grey," said the old man, inconsequently it seemed.

"She left me because I drove him away, but she won't leave the place. She thinks he's man enough to come back." His voice was mild and full of a weary sort of patience. "She wakes me when I sleep, and when I read she creeps in on the hearth before me, but mostly she stands there. She lifts the door latch when she goes in and out, but she never smiles now. Seems to me she used to smile a lot."

"Let's go out." The Judge's voice sounded curiously distant in his own ears, and he felt a wave of anger at his weakness.

"Let's go out and speak to her."

The old man shook his head.

"You go," he said, "but she won't stay for me. She only comes when I'm not looking for her, and when I speak she goes. She's always so far away from me. You go though, you

go, and tell people old Murray's crazy and seeing ghosts!"

So the Judge went out, and once outside he saw nothing but fields and moonlight and misty grey patches on the trunks of the apple trees. Nothing but the silvered grass, the old road, and the boards nailed across the Ford doorway. But many nights thereafter he came back to see the old man. Many times he furtively looked from the window, and half indignantly he found that many times he thought he saw standing by the old road that little figure in the grey cape and hood.

Suddenly, though, existence in Edgeware grew to be no longer absorbing for the Judge, for new sights and sounds intruded and new activities swept the once self-sufficient little place. Before he hurried off to the city to wrestle with the affairs of a hundred panic-stricken clients, he marvelled at the sight of uniformed men in the little village street and heard the selectmen speak to the departing draft men from the platform beside the new and highly varnished flagpole in the "Square." Yet in all Edgeware's war awakening he found time to wonder how the old man on the hill faced these flying clouds before the storm.

He was left to wonder, for war days of a busy man in a busy city left no time for rural pilgrimages, until one day two letters in his crowded mail woke him to new visions of Edgeware. Once again were stirred the strange haunting memories that throughout his preoccupation had made a persistent undertone in all his thoughts until they had come to be for him the very keynote of his interest in the village and its brooding hillside. The papers on his desk became suddenly unreal, and to him came scents of the upland pastures and the familiar sounds of the dusty village street.

The first of his letters held a brief note from his housekeeper on the

hill, and enclosed a tiny clipping.

"Killed in action," it read, "July 10, 1918, Sergeant Clark Danforth Ford, of Edgeware, under circumstances of peculiar bravery."

These were the words that headed the few brief lines. He read on: "Sergeant Ford, on the outbreak of the war a traveller and prospector in the West, hurried back to Boston to enlist, and went overseas almost at once. He has been recommended for posthumous decoration."

That was all, and yet, as so many times before, the Judge saw the vivid picture of that far-off evening in his house on the hill, but this time even more brightly there dawned before his eyes a queer medley of moonlight and grass grown roads, and, somewhere in the midst, a strange little figure in grey cape and hood.

The second letter was from the Edgeware Public Safety Committee, with an invitation to be present and to speak at a memorial service to be held for Sergeant Clark Danforth Ford, late of Edgeware, the first man from the town to die, and one whom every citizen must be proud to honor.

There was in it something so new to Edgeware, something so universal in its appeal, and yet so proudly local, that the Judge felt it as a call not to be denied. And, though he would have been ashamed to admit it, with his interest in the village and its pride in the first son it had sacrificed, there were mingled memories of an old and haggard white-haired man and an elf-like figure hooded in grey.

The little church was full. Three flags stood proudly as the only decoration, and stirred idly in the soft breeze that drew down from the hillside. One or two officers who had known Clark spoke of him, simply, and yet with an unconscious effect based on the inevitable power of the surroundings. The Judge, too, felt himself making his words count for

more than he had dared to hope, as he spoke of the spirit of youth gone forth from the hills that reared it, to die in saving the hills of a noble sister land. In the faces before him he saw how close Edgeware was to the battle line and that it was very suddenly made part of a distressed and heroic world. Edgeware folk were proud, and the very sun in the village street seemed to shine on more than the mere sand and shavings of a tiny mill town.

Yet the Judge was not quite content, and afterward he was not surprised to find himself suggesting to the officers with whom he talked that they should see Clark's birthplace on the hill. As they walked a queer expectancy seemed to take possession of him, and a heated discussion between his comrades, on the merits of the Browning gun, failed quite to drive away the queer little vision in grey that wavered before his eyes.

It was a long climb up the old road, yet the cool breeze that greeted them at the top of the ridge came as a surprise to the Judge in waking him to realize where he was. To the left stood his own house on the knoll, to the right was Simon Murray's dooryard, but it was before the roadway to the Ford house that he stopped in amazement. The grass was neatly mowed. The bars of the gate were down, and the grassy track stretched on into the yard. There the lilac bushes sheltering the path were trimmed. Behind them the boards across the door were gone, and the door itself stood open. Beside the rosebushes they stopped again, for in the doorway stood a figure, erect, strong, and welcoming. Simon's face was strangely lighted, and his smile was proud. The stoop of his shoulders was gone, and the fear in his eyes had given place to a deep contentment.

He stepped across the threshold to meet them, heedless of the crumbling planks he trod on.

"You've come to see him now he's back," he said, "and Ellen, too. Both back after so long. I'm very proud of him."

Then with his hand on the slanting doorpost, and without a glance toward the gaping roof where the sun streamed through the rotten shingles and fog of tiny cobwebs: "Back to his old home he fought for. Back and proud to be here. Back to the finest house in Edgeware"—he half motioned toward the fallen sheds and out-buildings, past the sagging walls of the house itself—"and the oldest, next to mine."

He looked higher up the pasture toward his own silent roof between the elms. "And now he has Ellen he has both houses."

The Judge took the old man's hand and tried to say something to hide the frank amazement of his companions. Simon led him into the dusty front room where the fireplace was half choked with fallen bricks and mortar, and dry leaves rustled fretfully in the breeze that wandered in through the empty window frames.

The old man's pride and triumph spared the Judge the necessity of further words, and fortunately. In the doorway he shook Simon's hand again for the last time, and with a last look at his tall figure proudly guarding the home of his daughter and his new found son, followed his companions toward the village.

It was not until the shrill buzz of the saws in the mill, and the appearance of the evening papers thrown on the station platform from the late train, had awakened him to a realization of up-to-date Edgeware, that he dared to speculate on the house on the hill. As it was, it was not until he was half way home that he dared ask his companions of the afternoon the question that had been shaping itself on his lips for hours.

"Did you see a little woman in grey beside that old man on the hill to-day?"

The major kept on dealing his cards, but the young lieutenant found time in throwing away his cigarette to answer, "No. Did you?"

"I thought I did," said the Judge.

REVENGE

By Blanche Finkle Gile.

(Burlington, Vermont)

My mind is proud, resentful,
And sternly through the day,
It drives the haunting thoughts of you
Determinedly away.

At night they swoop upon me
And mad possession take,
For while my mind is fast asleep
My heart is wide awake.

POEMS FROM 37 STATES

The generous offer by Mr. Brookes More of a \$50 prize for the best poem published in the Granite Monthly during the year 1921 has evoked a degree of interest throughout the country which is most pleasing to the editor of the magazine and must be to Mr. More. Looking over the entries thus far made in the contest and not previously printed, we find that thirty-four states, two Canadian provinces and France are represented in the competition and it occurs to us that an interesting idea of sectional taste and style in literature may be given by publishing in

this number one poem from every one of the geographical divisions mentioned. The prize winning poem may and may not be included in this collection. That will be for the judges, Professor Bates, Mr. Braithwaite and ex-Governor Bartlett, to say. Some excellent verse has been printed in the prior issues of the Granite Monthly for this year. Some of the best poems we have received, especially from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, are still held in reserve because of the decision to print but one poem from each state this month.

MT. WASHINGTON

By D. E. Adams.

(Farmington, Maine)

Mount Washington! Thy hoary head
 Hath seen the passing of untold generations
 Marching down the endless files of time!
 In rugged peace thy massive head reclining
 Hath watched the slow succession of the onward years—
 'Mid storm and sunshine, 'mid the gale's wild fury,
 Through drifting snows and icy blasts of winters, end on
 end,
 Thou hast beheld the little race of men pass on.
 And of thy massive strength thou giv'st to each as ever
 That boon for which he seeks thy lofty fastness:
 To youth—the joy of contest, and the meed of valor won—
 To age—surcease from toil, and rest for wearied heart and
 brain—
 To sorrow—consolation in the kinship of thy mighty and
 enduring rocks:
 To joy—the fuller joy of racing breezes, and of distant
 scenes.
 To all thy sons the mighty inspiration of thy noble self,
 The glory of thy flaming dawns and glowing sunsets—
 The mystery of thy flowing veils of cloud—
 The knowledge that thou art, and ever shalt be standing
 As long as earth endures, eternal—the pledge and handi-
 work of God.

MORNING PRAYER

By Claribel Weeks Avery.

(Rumney, New Hampshire)

When my garden fills with glory
 at the rising of the sun,
 And the silver dew points glisten
 on the greenage and the sod,
 Yellow blooms on the tomatoes,
 White and gold of the potatoes,
 Lift and quiver in the sunshine
 Like a morning hymn to God.
 Not in hallowed walls will I
 Raise my full heart to the sky,
 Or go blindly to my closet where
 the day has not begun;
 I will seek my Lord in places
 Where the glad soil sings His graces,
 And my garden fills with glory
 at the rising of the sun.

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S SYMPHONY

NUMBER 4

By Janet Elizabeth Curtis.

(Philadelphia, Pennsylvania)

Intimate notes of reed and string,
 The English horn's refrain,
 The coursing flight of buoyant flute,
 Harmonic storms that wane.

The clarinet's clear treble voice,
 Deep, solemn sounds of brass,
 The answering call of rolling drums
 And cymbals rousing crash.

So is life's symphony composed
 Of strains that rise and swell
 With one bright motive through its course
 Like the note of a philomel.

May my own end as the symphony's
 Be one of quiet theme,
 A burst of reverent gratitude
 Then silence great, supreme.



THE GOLDEN HOUR

By Ethel Hope.

(Daytôn, Ohio)

I sometimes wonder if you once were mine,
 Bright hour that stayed with me so brief a space
 Elusive as a bird whose course we trace
 But faintly; then no longer can divine
 Its path. To me you ever seem a shrine
 Where naught that's aught but pure can know a place;
 Where life is purged from all that could be base,
 And lifted up to noble things and fine.

Through all my life your subtle fragrance goes
 Like some enchanted thing dispelling gloom—
 A healing balm for sorrow and deep woes;
 As in old gardens where fair flowers bloom,
 The air reflects the sweetness of the rose,
 And breathes forth all its wonderful perfume.

MOTHER'S PART

By Lelah M. Austin.

(English, Indiana)

I, dear, once stood at the apex of life,
 And viewed from the vantage point of youth
 A world filled with labor and endless strife
 'Tis true; but purity, love and truth
 Were there, would I faithfully travel on.

Ambitions, dear son, beyond sex, filled my heart,
 Clothed in glory, made easy the unseen task.
 Before lay success in a finished art
 Which, once attained, would let me bask
 In the applause and approval of earth's best.

I, my boy, turned aside, to a hand outstretched,
 And love made duties some deem commonplace.
 Gone were dreams of honor, and far out-reached
 Were fame and glory, for in their place
 Lay a downy head close against my breast.

You, Oh son, some day, as I stood, will stand
 At that vantage point and find all things fair.
 Must you then, when life's duties the best demand,
 Make your labor a setting for triumph rare.
 A gem benefitting two lives, yours—and mine.

MY LITTLE ROOM

By Clara Cox Epperson.

(Cookeville, Tennessee)

I have a little room high up beneath the roof,
 A little room all white and clean and sweet
 Where I can go to rest,
 And as I lie and look out on the sky
 And on the pale moon sailing swift and high,
 I hear the birds sing in the summer night,
 Glad heralds of the dawn's first shaft of light,
 And my soul goes wandering up, away and far
 Above the things of earth, its grief and gloom,
 And out there with the stars, the moon, and you, Dear
 Heart,
 Sometimes I fain would not come back to my dear room.
 My little, still, white room beneath the roof.

LIFT UP THINE EYES

By Anne Hamilton Gordon.

(Washington, District of Columbia)

They are so fair, the mountains that I love,
 And wise through long communion with space—
 Upon their quiet brows the shadows move
 Like smiles that steal across a well-loved face.

Beneath their gaze comes spring with soft caress
 To tip with bloom the meanest wayside thorn—
 Bold autumn dons her full exotic dress
 And marshals in her golden ranks of corn.

There is the rich, red earth; the vivid green
 Of wheatfields, set like jewels in the land
 The singing streams; the little hills serene.....
 Still, over all, immutable they stand.

O mountains that I love, I feel your might,
 The peace that dwells within your spacious breast;
 And I would steep my spirit in your light,
 And in your silence lay my pain to rest.....

But ah, your fearful beauty is too great
 Too infinitely keen to bring release—
 I watch you, and my heart stands desolate
 Sensing in vain its own vast need of peace.

EVENTIDE

By Julie Korwin.

(Illiers, France)

At Eventide—when light begins to haze,
And showering through the waving foliage,
Reluctant to depart, in twilight lingering stays.....

At Eventide—when skylarks soaring sing,
And all creation shouts a song of joy,
While we in harmony find good in everything.....

At Eventide—when I would fain caress
Each living moment under God's great sky—
There comes the peace of all that's real, in restfulness.

THE REAL WORLD

By Mary Burke

(Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin)

All guarded by the mists of innocence and pride,
Mists rosy with the light our dreams have scattered wide,
We see the world as good, as beautiful and fair,
While Romance and Success await our efforts there.

But unto all must come the time when mists grow thin,
When dream-lamps lose their charm, and daylight enters in
Then, indistinct and gray, the real world we see;
Oh, does it look to you as first it looked to me?

So ugly, dark and grim, with nothing you can trust,
For all you see is sham, while Greed lurks there, and Lust?
Nearby on every side are slimy pitfalls spread?
Oh, does it look to you a world to fear, and dread?

But some place there the sun is shining bravely through;
Its rays make some spot bright, to cheer and comfort you;
Though now its light is faint, the space illumined small;
Oh, strive hard to conceive, it might shine over all.

It is the sun of love for all your fellow men,
Of understanding too, excusing yet again.
Then let its beams disperse, yes, let them scatter wide
Those vision-clouding mists of ignorance and pride.

For where its glory falls, undreamed of splendors glow,
Its radiance reveals a realm you do not know;
A thousand timid joys, exquisite wings unfold,
Your gray and ugly world becomes as shimmering gold.



THE ABANDONED HOUSE

By Lillian Sue Keech

(Baltimore, Maryland)

Upon the roof the slow rain falls,
To seep like tears between the mossy eaves.
The staring windows gape in walls
Vine covered, and the sad wind grieves
In gusty sighs, driving the rustling leaves.

The creaking shutters chant a mournful song
Of bygone days, and in the window pane
The buzzing wasp is droning all day long.
A sagging door bangs in the wind and rain.
Forlorn, the cock twirls on the weather vane.

Inside the hall, the spiders weave their looms
Before the yawning fireplace, and the bats
Flit swiftly through the empty, silent rooms.
The chimney swallow whirs, and through the
slats,
Of broken walls creep in the starving rats.

THE MIRACLE OF NIGHT

By Laura A. Davies.

(Nursery, Texas)

One lingering ray of pink in the west
Fades out of sight,
One twinkling star in a dome of blue
Calls forth the night;
The twittering doves send from the eaves
Their good night call;
The jonquils sway in the drowsy breeze
And night dews fall;
The insects drone a sleepy song
In the leafy trees;
The grasses whisper among themselves
Of rest and ease;
The brook in the vale sings soft and low
A lullaby;
While Baby's eyelids droop and close
With a fluttering sigh;
The soothing cadence of the hour
Has cast its spell;
The healing miracle of night
Brings peace—All's well!



IN MEMORY

By Jay Fitzgerald.

(Center Valley, New Mexico)

He took the sunshine with him when he went
Beyond the far, far Western hills.
All the brave, bright hues of morning
Flashed across his fair horizon. Then
Fell the dark
E'er yet his noon had shone,
Leaving but the sunset flush of glory
And this moon,
This little crescent moon
Of memory.

The pathway bloomed with flowers as he passed,
Sweet flowers of spring: the violet and the primrose.
Then soft the asters nodded to the brook
And goldenrod ran o'er hill and dale;
But his bright June roses blighted
E'er the bloom,
Leaving but the thorns of withered hope
And this flower,
This only crimson flower,
Of love and memory.

DAWN*By Frances Avery Faunce.*

(Salem, Massachusetts)

I cannot tell whether the sunrise hue
Spread gold or copper on the cloudy sheep,
Huddled in morning spaces through the blue,—
Pale blue, night-spent with guarding mortal sleep.
I cannot think how morning gathered up
Colors so infinite, how she gave birth
To saffron tints not known to buttercup,
Or gleaming star, or precious ore of earth.
I do not know why God should send a bird
Sweeping beneath the moon with silver wings,
Or why the lapping of the sea was heard,
Speaking the marvel of diviner things.
The way of dawn I need not comprehend,
For I have shared the wonder with a friend.



YOUR VOICE

By Annabel Morris Buchanan.

(Marion, Virginia)

Before you came, my spirit was striving vainly,
As a caged bird, breaking its wings on its prison bars;
Now, in sudden joyous release, upsoaring,
Only your voice shall call me home from the stars!

MOON-MELODY

By Grace Clementine Howes.

(Boise, Idaho)

My windows are wide open to the night
That overflows with moonlight.
It is so still——
Just a mere breath touching the hushed trees.
The earth lies like a mage's glamorous garden——
As if in some strange, deep enchantment.

The trees have hung a curtain of leaves
Before the sky,
Woven in patterns of fern
And feathery plume.
Thru them the moon spills down
Her silent, mystic rain of gold:
Every leaf and twig drips warm, pale gold,
Over the window ledge streams fluid gold,
A pool of gold lies on my floor,
Gold splashes wash across my bed,
Until I am drenched in beauty.
Magic leaf traceries play over me.

Deepening beyond the rifted lace of the leaves,
The moonlight spreads and rises like a tide,
A radiant inundation of still music.
I am lifted as on waves of gold that move
Soundlessly, as on a sea at its flood,
And borne out upon a shorelessness of peace,
Haunted by melody down the still ways of dream
That lulls me to hushed silence
And oblivion.
I sleep.



A SOUTHERN RIVER SONG

By Almeda Wight Driscoll.

(Manatee, Florida)

Dear Manatee, so beautiful, so bright!
 Beneath the twinkling starlight's tender glow
 Thy silvery-tinted waters gently flow;
 And murmur softly to the silent night.
 From thy mysterious depths, as poised for flight,
 A finny vagrant deftly springs, to go
 With sudden echoed splash far, far below,
 Till in thy shining waters lost to sight.
 Dear Manatee, this peaceful scene, may be
 A prelude calm, ere morning dawns, perchance
 Thy mighty wrath may rise, as thou doth see
 The Northern Storm-King hurl his cruel lance
 And set the legions of Destruction free;
 While in weird, fiendish glee thy billows dance.

CAPITULATION

By Cora S. Day.

(Berlin, New Jersey)

I strayed me from the high road, the long road, the rough
 road,
 The road that runs so dusty and sun-baked to the town.
 I hid me in the wildwood deep, where care and sorrow lie
 asleep.
 "Love cannot find me here," I said, and gaily sat me
 down.

So crowded was the high road, the long road, the rough
 road,
 The road that runs so sternly forever to the town,
 That Love, a-fainting, turned away, before the mid-heat of
 the day,
 And stole into my wildwood cool, with sob and moan and
 frown.

What could I do? I soothed him, and kissed him, and
 told him:
 "We two will dwell forever far from the cruel town.
 You found me when I hid from you.—I'll follow at a bid
 from you,
 Yes—even to the stern high road, so long, and rough,
 and brown."



INDECISION

By Lillian Hall Crowley.

(Des Moines, Iowa)

The little, white, fleecy clouds on high,
Go sailing away across the sky,
With never a rudder to steer them by,
Still they go sailing on!

When I start off on life's unknown sea,
I wonder if it would better be,
To steer with the wheel or go it free,
A-sailing, sailing on!

TWILIGHT IN BABYLON

By Marie Loscalzo.

(New York, N. Y.)

High o'er the streets of gaining,
Sweet mists of cleansing fling,
Above the city's sadness,
The birds of Heaven wing.

Fast to the peering steeples,
The day's pale fingers cling,
A-peal mid din of Broadway,
The bells of Heaven ring.

Harlot and saint and sinner,
A golden loot they bring,
And yet through strife of sinning,
High hopes of Heaven sing.

HEARTACHES

By Caroline Fisher.

(New Haven, Connecticut)

Oh listen to the roaring billows roll!
I hear them coming—surging up the beach.
The sea is sobbing out her tired soul
And moaning all her sorrows into each.

Oh! Would that I could ease my burdens so!
My heart is broken, but I cannot weep.
I long to end my weary life and go
To rest, at last, and sleep—and sleep—and sleep.

Oh! Listen to the roaring billows roll!
I hear them coming—foaming on the sand.
The sea is sobbing out my tired soul!
Great God above——! You understand.

HOME

By W. B. France.

(Seattle, Washington)

When night has drawn the curtain on the drama of the
day,
And thoughts may wander where they will in fancy's fields
away,

I span the years and once again I live, with heart aglow,
The gleamy, dreamy story of the land of Long Ago.

Skies that are round and wide,
Fringed with the distant trees;
Attic and countryside
Brimming with memories;
Fields where the daisies came,
Paths that I loved to roam,
Trees where I carved my name,—
Home!

The wealth of men and nations, nor their silver nor their
gold,

Could buy the joy of living that my childhood used to hold;
Nor ever princely palace with its glint of gilded dome
Could measure half the treasure of my olden, golden home.

Friends that I used to know,
Orchard and honey bee,
Jimmy and Uncle Joe,
Cherry and chestnut tree;
Warmth of the camping fire,
Meadow and fallow loam,
Gold of the heart's desire,—
Home!

Though fickle fortune frown or smile, though life be sad
or gay,

Through years may speed and lead my steps to distant
scenes away;

Still lives the latent longing for the Land of Long Ago,
And still my heart will hunger for the home I used to know.

Home of the Long Ago,
Life that was full and free,
Scenes that I used to know,
Hallowed in reverie;
Bright is your memory,
Shining amid the gloam,
Bringing you near to me,—
Home!

Oh! Home of happy childhood, where the streams of good-
ness start,

Where the sun is ever shining in the heavens of the heart;

Though days be filled with striving, though I reach or fail
my goal.

May your living, loving presence ever linger in my soul!

Home of my dawning day,
Friends that were real and true,
How may I hope to pay
Half that I owe to you?
Deep in my memory,
Far though I chance to roam,
Still shall you beckon me
Home!

PHASES

By Bruce Carr Sterrett.

(Pelican, Louisiana)

(Superstition)

All learned by rote from what the councils deemed
Long years ago as safe, selected truth,
Infusing with the doctrine of love,
Enough of fear, that just percent of awe
That frightens into goodness. Still there's joy
To say again the words so often said
Their meaning's nearly gone, out-faded, too,
By centuries in which a mental flame
Flares brighter. Yet I love, where the soft red
And purple lights stream in beneath an arch,
Gothic and dusky, and beside some soul
Who never thought of doubt, to hear my voice
Repeating words I've always uttered there
In the old church. Oh, I do still believe
The hopeless, vague, soul-warping, thousand things
The goodly ancient creeds prescribe for me!

(Transition)

The way is mysterious,—
And my soul cries out,
And not the less cries out that the old,
Surrounding and sufficient belief has vanished!
I totter,—even though I sometimes feel a surer tread
Because of the disappearance of the intermediary: the
middle-man, Orthodoxy.

(Gloria)

The earth; the sea; the far-up blue of the sky;
The patient, suffering, soft look in the eyes of cattle;
The flower that a child's hand pulls, or leaves unpulled;
The child, himself, are of a mighty plan
I can not know; I do not even guess!

I can not know; I do not even know
The child himself, nor his mother's name
The house that a child's home, and a child's home
The father, the mother, and the child's home
The child, the mother, and the father's home

The earth, the sea, the far up blue
The father, the mother, and the child's home
The house that a child's home, and a child's home
The father, the mother, and the child's home
The child, the mother, and the father's home

IMPRISONED EARTH

By Donna E. Collister.

(Pasadena, California)

The pick throws up the long imprisoned earth;
The cool air bathes its sterile clods.
Ten thousand years ago it may have given birth
To pines that sheltered goddesses and gods.

A child runs singing down the smoke grimed
street
And flings aside a crimson rose;
The mother earth yearns to repeat
The flower before again the pavement close.

SURRENDER

By Bess Norris.

(Guthrie, Oklahoma)

Last night I saw the stars of gold
In a field of velvet blue:
Each sparkling star was a precious thought,
That recalled my hours with you.

Last night I heard the evening wind
Whisper gently to the trees:
Each whisper was a message sweet,
You waited on the breeze.

Last night I saw the fragrant rose——
Its petals gleamed with Heav'n-sown dew:
Each petal was a soft caress,
I fain would give to you.

Last night I saw the sparkling stars
In a field of velvet blue:
Each sparkling star was a tender call——
O love, I fly to you!

THE BLIND

By Edwin Carlile Litsey.

(Lebanon, Kentucky)

Oh, how I pity the blind of earth!——
Not those of the sealed eyes;
For theirs is a kingdom we cannot sense,
With its leaden, rayless skies.
But the blind of heart, and the blind of brain,
And the blind of soul, alas!
Who travel with wide eyes, and yet
See nothing as they pass.

I pity the blind who cannot feel
 The ache in a crooked spine;
 Or the hurting heart of the underpaid,
 By suffering made divine.
 Who cannot vision the basic fact,
 No one should bless or blame;
 For a hair divides a wife's high place
 From her sister's couch of shame.

I pity the blind who can look at stars
 And only see their shine;
 Who can stand by the ocean's mystic marge
 And only know its brine.
 Who can walk through a forest's holy heart
 And think it lonely there;
 Who can lift a lily's flawless cup,
 And cannot feel a prayer.

Oh, how I pity the blind of earth!
 And Legion is their name;
 Who stumble, grasping, groping, mad,
 In the whirl of the money game.
 Wide-eyed they fight for a gilded goal,
 Wide-eyed they fall and die;
 While the dogwood blooms and the brook sings
 on
 For folk like you and I.

HOURS

By Hazel Hall.

(Portland, Oregon)

I have known hours built like cities,
 House on gray house, with streets between
 That lead to straggling roads and trail off—
 Forgotten in a field of green;

Hours made like mountains lifting
 White crests out of the fog and rain,
 And woven of forbidden music
 Hours eternal in their pain.

Life is a tapestry of hours
 Forever mellowing in tone,
 Where all things blend, even the longing
 For hours I have never known.

THE STORM

By Freda Kellum.

(Syracuse, Kansas)

Hark to the beating rain!
 Hark to the rain on the window pane!
 Hark to the hail on the roof!
 Beating like horses hoofs.
 The wind is blowing rain and hail
 O'er every hill and vale.

Hark to the thunder as it clashes!
 Watch the lightning as it flashes
 Through the dark and clouded sky.
 Sometimes low; sometimes high.
 In the morning, when the storm is past,
 The sun's bright rays o'er the earth are cast.

FORBIDDEN THINGS

(St. Catherine's, Ontario)

By Gertrude Jenckes.

Tell me, O Wise Man,
 How does one remember
 To forget.....forbidden things?

How learn to chase away
 The purple-tinted thoughts
 That come dancing thru the brain
 When quietness enfolds the night
 And dark creeps up the hill
 and you remember.

Time does not bring relief.
 You all lie, who told me so.
 The weary months creep slowly by
 And wrap me in their greyness
 Until I cry
 "Dear God
 Let me forget."——

In every place, in every street
 I seem to feel you there.
 To hear your buoyant steps again
 And see your sudden smile.

Tell me, O Wise Man,
 How does one remember
 To forget.....forbidden things?

HEART OF MINE

*By Kathleen Nutter,**(Delta, Colorado)*

'Gainst velvet sky the moon hung low—
 Breezes wandered to and fro
 Bearing breath of mignonette—
 Heart of mine, can you forget?

Youth and Spring and comrad Love
 Danced with us, and stars above
 Seemed to sing when our lips met—
 Heart of mine, can you forget?

Silent stars are dimmed with tears
 And oh the dark and dreary years
 That lie beyond! Ah even yet
 Heart of mine, you do forget!

ANDANTE, SYMPHONY
 PATHETIQUE, TSHAIKOWSKI

*By Walter B. Wolfe,**(St. Louis, Missouri)*

Strong grey pinions
 Beat ceaselessly
 Thru the twilight:
 The grey brant wings
 Past the wide purple ridges
 To the southland.....

O the longing,
 The wide vast loneliness
 Of autumn north woods!
 Mournfully the brown dry leaves
 Are falling, whispering
 Threnodies for earth,
 Earth that grows cold
 And lonely.....

Strong grey pinions
 Beat ceaselessly——
 In dark wedges
 The grey-flecked brant
 Wings to the south——
 My heart has followed
 The grey flying arrows——
 My heart is torn
 With his wild cry——
 And only anguish
 Anguish and loneliness
 Are left to me.....

WHITE MOUNTAINS—SPRING

By Robert E. Barclay

(Grand Rapids, Michigan)

White washed orchards,
So neat
Cherry Blossoms
So sweet.

White houses
On stone-walled hills;
Bubbling springs,
And seeping rills:

Violets blue
On mountain side
Under the leaves
Try to hide:

Pasture lands,
Winding roads,
Fresh plowed fields
Newly sowed.

"JOYS OF A TIE-MAKER"*By Mrs. Cecil Ritchey.*

(Center Point, Arkansas)

Tie-hack, slap-jack,
Be glad when we put the last tie
On the track.
Mother stays home with the little ones
Three,
While father splits up the tough, splintery tree.

Tie-hack, slap-jack,
Either kills the man, or breaks his back.
It's rough on the man and tough on his team
And not as much in it as it might seem.

Slap-jacks, slap-jacks,
This is the food for all tie-hacks,
If slap-jacks won't kill, then nothing else can.
But a mess of tough slap-jacks is tough on a man.

Tie-hack, tie-hack,
How I wish we could travel the old home track
With our tools on our shoulders, and slap-jacks
in our pails,
Let's strike through the woods,
Down the old home trails.

HELGAR TORTENSON

By Ralph T. Nordlund.

(Wagner, South Dakota)

I.

Oh, it was Helgar Tortenson,
An aged man, and gray;
With faltering step beside the sea
He wandered day by day.

True son of Harold's Viking race,
No land-born joys loved he,
But seaward turned and fondly yearned
For life again at sea.

His childhood days, and manhood ways,
His Viking fathers hoar,
A thousand voices called to him
And lured him from the shore.

A boat of two-and-twenty feet
Was anchored in a cave;
Pacific winds, enticing, cried:
"Come take, and with us rove."

With water, fresh, and victual stored,
He spread the snowy sail;
"Oh, sail not so," his good wife cried,——
He tacked to catch the gale.

"Oh father, hear," his children pled,
"The seas are rough to-day;
Your arms are weak, your back is bent"——
He quietly sailed away.

The winds in allegretto played
Glad music in the sails
And swiftly bore him from the shore,
Away from woeful wails.

He gaily flew o'er waters blue——
Past inlet, cove, and bay;
And Puget Sound, in sunset crowned,
He left at close of day.

In every crested wave, that came
From open sea to cast
A salty spray around his bark,
Spake Vikings of the past.

Into the shades of moonless night
The luring billows call
He followed like an eager child,
Nor thought what might befall.

In mid-night gloom a pilot cried:
"Ahoj! A boat adrift!"
Ten sailors hurried to the scene
And Helgar up did lift.

They took him back to Aberdeen;
The storm-winds raged and howled;
And Helgar Tortenson, the while,
Sat silent by and scowled.

II.

A week dragged out its weary length;
The Viking sat and fumed;
Till wearied thus to sit and mourn
His walking he resumed.

He strolled again beside the sea,
And tempting waves enthralled;
The breezes gently whispered, "Come;"
His Viking fathers called.

He raised the anchor, spread the sail,
And rode again to sea;
The evening breezes bore him on,
The wavelets danced in glee.

A darkling, placid sea above
With beacon lights aglare;
A mid-night calm, he looked below——
The stars were shining there.

A morning wind awoke at last
And swept the boat along;
The dawn flushed red, the bright stars fled,
And Helgar sang a song:

"O billows roll, and storm-winds blow,
My fathers love your anger;
On fierce Atlantic, to and fro,
They sped in quest of danger.

"Lift high, lift high my fragile bark;
Lief Eric, Viking hoary,
In harder seas, unknown and dark,
Sailed on to fame and glory."

The north wind blew, and on he flew,
The sun rose on high;
And still he sang, his wild voice rang
Re-echoed in the sky.

The sun in measured trend went down;
Up rose a ghastly cloud;
The storm-winds blew, and darkness grew
And settled like a shroud.

A louder song the whole night long
Resounded o'er the deep;
The storm-wind's mournful dirge it was,
A funeral to keep.

Oh, t'was for Helgar Tortenson
The weeping wind did roar;
In peace he sleeps in silent deeps
With sailor men of yore.

HONORED BY SERVICE

By Marion Safley.

(Gothenburg, Nebraska)

If at times I do feel lonely
And my steps would homeward fly,
To be kind, and good, and gentle,
'Tis for this I always try.

Then the sadness seems to leave me,
In a brighter, better mood.
Then is silence not so dreadful;
Then the hardness not so rude.

Do we always find it pleasant,
When our hearts are sad and sore,
To be kind, and good, and gentle,
Tell me, dear one, tell once more?

We should always find it pleasant,
To do what we know is right;
And with all our fervent spirit,
Think and do with all our might.

Is there use to be of service,
In this world of saddest strife?
Yes there is a use in striving,
To be honored in this life.

We should strive to make life's moments,
All that we would have life be;
Let us strive then to be kinder;
Joy comes then to you and me.

For come, then to you and me
Let us strive to be better
All that we would have the best
We should strive to make life's journey

But if in this life we've striven,
To do what we know is right,
We shall find it very easy,
To reach heaven's holy light.

In that place of endless sunshine,
Where there is no earth decay;
We will rest from honored labors,
In that new eternal day.

SMILES

By Kathleen Heath Graves

(Granite City, Illinois)

In my heart
There's a book of smiles
You've given me;
Alone, in the velvet darkness
Of the summer night
I turn each page,
Made luminous by the light
Of stars — and love.

Page one——
The smile that made me yours;
Its light dimmed
By other smiles,
That kept me yours.

One smile
I see more oft than others;
'Tis just a little half smile,
Through a window,
Surprised, glad,
With a gleam of mischief
In your eyes;
I love that smile.
And then there are
A score of pages,
Each rife with memories.

The last page
I cherish more than all;
For on it is the smile
That told me I was dear to you;
And on that page
Is our "Good-bye,"
Made luminous by the light
Of stars——and love.



MY DEN-FIRE

By Clifford Rose.

(New Glasgow, Nova Scotia)

The summer's sun melts down the bars of winter,
The biting eastern wind has ceased to blow,
The homely hardwood-pile has downward dwindled,
And so den-fire you too shall have to go.
And with your going, downward comes the curtain
As fate writes "Finis" to another scene
Of imagination's whirling riot of fancy,
Of rambles to the land of might-have-been.

Outside the winter's wind has roared and rustled,
As o'er the ice soughed sheets of blinding snow,
Perchance a glancing moonbeam through our window glinted
Made lifelike by your wood-fire's ruddy glow.
'Tis then we dream of sparkling dancing waters,
Lagoons set down in isles of gorgeous green,
Of beechcombers, pirates, and hula-hula maidens,
All smiling from their land of Might-have-been.
Then wafted onward by your capricious magic,
Your flickering firelight swiftly bears us far
With Arctic Argonauts in their primal passions,
Fighting and toiling 'neath the Northern Star.
As floated backward o'er the span of time
Like Pisa's tower our judgment seems to lean,
Gazing at fallen kings and prelates with their scarlet
women,
At knights and witches and fiery revolution's guillotine.

Thus, Den-fire, have you borne us graveward;
And life's pageant is taught if one but learns,
You've driven home the meteoric sweep of Byron
You've made us love the manly song of Burns.
You've pointed us toward a watch-tower,
Instead of always "mucking" in the sod,
You've taught that man has got a road to glory,
That straightly leads us to the Great White Throne of God.

EDITORIAL

By a joint resolution of the Legislature of 1921, the Governor was "authorized to appoint, with the advice and consent of the council, a board of three members who shall serve as a board of publicity. Said board shall have authority to confer with the officials of the Boston and Maine, Maine Central and Grand Trunk railroads and other persons interested for the purpose of devising means to advertise the attractions and resources of the state, in co-operation with the advertising bureaus of the railroads and others. Members of the board shall serve without pay." For this board, Governor Brown and his council have made the excellent selections of Frank Knox of Manchester, Warden Allan Curtis of Ashland and Karl P. Abbott of Franconia.

It is a good deal less than half a century since advertising was recognized as an art, a science and a profession; but during that time not a few more or less ambitious schemes for attracting public attention to the "attractions and resources" of New Hampshire have budded, bloomed and quickly faded.

Publicity worth having is not the kind it is easiest to get.

And yet there have been successful official attempts to advertise New Hampshire and there is no insuperable obstacle in the way of adding others to the short list.

The two accomplishments on this line which stand out above all others are the institution of Old Home Week by Governor Frank W. Rollins and the summer homes campaign of Governor Nahum J. Bachelder. The latter added millions of dollars to the taxable valuation of the state and caused the annual expenditure of other millions within New Hampshire by visitors from beyond our limits. We have not made the most of the magnificent marketing and

trade possibilities thus created, but they are with us still and in increasing measure. The prosperity and progress of New Hampshire as a manufacturing state and as an agricultural state are vital to her existence and must always be our main endeavors. But as a side-line, in which Nature becomes our partner and for once favors, rather than handicaps us, New Hampshire as a vacation state should be a wonderful winner.

"New Hampshire is called the Granite State" say all the books of reference, and the Congressional Library at Washington and other buildings and monuments the country over, bear testimony to the value of this advertising. But "New Hampshire, the Old Home State," is a better known slogan to-day; one that catches the eye, quickens the brain, inspires the imagination. We have in it an asset upon which we scarcely have begun to realize and which in the hands of a really skillful publicity board would immediately show its value and indicate its possibilities.

A well-stocked store is one half of the combination which spells mercantile success. The other half is getting people into the store to look at the stock. New Hampshire has some fertile acres, some good water power, some unsurpassed scenery, some splendid traditions of heroic history and happy homes. They all can be sold to the kind of people with whom we wish to do business and the right sort of publicity will help along the trade.

If the new commissioners can carry out the resolution of the legislature of 1921 in such a way as to assure the state's getting that kind of publicity they will deserve and receive the appreciative thanks of all the people.

Through her distinguished son, Secretary of War, John W. Weeks, New Hampshire has had the honor and the pleasure of entertaining, this month, the President of the United States. His few days upon the summit of an outpost mountain of the Presidential Range were for him a time of peace and rest and quiet, during which the hills gave to him of their strength and Nature of her benison. In the hearts of all the people was a sincere welcome which must have conveyed itself to the President's perceptions.

A curious error in the July Granite Monthly brings us this letter from a long-time valued reader and friend: "In your editorial on Mr. Seward and Mr. McColleston you say: 'Though their religious beliefs were widely different,' etc. Is this statement correct? No doubt you have heard the facetious remark, 'The Universalists believe that God is

too good to damn them; the Unitarians believe that they are too good to be damned.' But are their creeds widely different?"

Accompanying checks for subscriptions are these heartening little notes: "With lively appreciation of the interest and excellence of the Monthly. May it prosper much! C. A. Brackett, Newport, R. I." "I not only enjoy the Granite Monthly, but as a citizen of New Hampshire feel it should be supported. John McCrillis, Newport, N. H." Now, we are waiting for some one in Newport, Vermont, to make it unanimous.

Erratum: The seventh line of the poem, "The Angel of the Hidden Face," published in the July number of the Granite Monthly should read as follows:

"To the far land. Men call him the sad-faced."

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

"I begin at Nashua," writes W. L. George, the English essayist, novelist and critic, in his book about America which he calls the "random impressions of a conservative English Radical" and which Harper and Brothers have published under the title, "Hail, Columbia!" in a handsome volume with attractive illustrations by George Wright. The possible pride of Nashuans at having the Gate City of New Hampshire chosen as the starting point for a study of the nation is dashed almost immediately, however when the writer refers to the "painted wooden cottages of the little New Hampshire town." And what rather rubs it in is the further fact that the only other allusion to the Granite State describes "the more massive houses (such as those of Newport, New Hampshire) comfortable, boxlike edifices of brick, with a palladian magnificence of column and a cool purity of colonial style." The "remote village" where Mr. George attended an auction, saw Uncle Sam in the flesh and got acquainted with Hiram Jebbison may well have been in New Hampshire, but the author does not say that it was.

Some of Mr. Wright's best pictures illustrate this first chapter on Boston and New England, of which the heading is "In Old America." Thence the author goes through the Middle West to see "America in the Making;" describes New York under the title, "Megapolis;" devotes much space and thought to "The American Woman;" paints "The American Scene," as he sees it; and fires some parting "Parthian Shots" at "the struggling ferocity, the haste, the careless collection of wealth which make up American life."

Mr. George always is readable. He evidently desires to be friendly and fair. And if we are not entirely satisfied with our reflection in his

mirror we still cannot deny the possibilities for improvement suggested by seeing ourselves as he sees us.

Whatever criticisms one may make of the stories written by our summer resident of old New Hampshire ancestry, Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, lack of interest and novelty is not one of them. Her latest book, "Rainy Week," published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, brings within its covers for seven days and six chapters, A Bride and Groom, One Very Celibate Person, Someone with a Past, Someone with a Future, A Singing Voice, A May Girl and a Bore. Such a combination of "romantic passion, psychic austerity, tragedy, ambition, poignancy, innocence and irritation" is sure, as the author says, to produce drama of some kind. In this particular instance it produced an up-to-date mystery play, sufficiently hard to solve and with the required happy ending. The story is told in Mrs. Coburn's characteristic, sprightly style and the events of its "Rainy Week" furnish good entertainment for a reader's rainy day or night.

Mr. Brewer Corcoran is one of the considerable number of graduates of St. Paul's School, Concord, who have distinguished themselves as writers. His first success was with books for boys, but in "The Road to La Reve" he created a romance of charm which he has provided with a worthy successor on the same line, this year, in "The Princess Naida." The theme of a young American hero winning the love of a beautiful European princess is not absolutely new, but Mr. Corcoran has dressed it up to date with Bolshevism and other twentieth century frills. His characters are lifelike, the action sweeps



THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

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[illegible text]

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along with a rush and the element of humor is not, as too often happens in this class of story, conspicuous by its absence. Readable and sincere, clean and diverting. The Page Company, Boston, are the publishers.

From the same publishing house comes another romance that is good summer reading, "A Flower of Monterey," by Mrs. Katherine B. Hamill, with illustrations in color

from paintings by Jessie Gillespie and Edmund H. Garrett. The scene shifts from Mr. Corcoran's Switzerland of the present to the California of Spanish mission days and the colorful atmosphere of that time and place is reproduced with fidelity and charm. The author's name is new to us, but if her book is a first one, it is worthy of mention for the craftsmanship displayed in the correct historical setting and the smooth unfolding of the story.

A PSALM OF THE BIG ROCK

By F. R. Rogers

(Overlooking the Connecticut valley in the village of Haverhill, there rests an isolated boulder familiarly known as "The Big Rock." Here children gather to play, lads and lassies make their trysting place, and the old folks wander to dream of days gone by. In "A Psalm of the Big Rock" I have endeavored to embody some of the impressions it has made upon me.)

O Lord, God, Thou art of old. In the great dawn of all the ages, Thou didst gave me birth. Thou didst form me and shape me by Thy mighty plan, fiery blast, pressure of untold masses through eons of time, the grinding of stupendous avalanches of snow and ice, all these have made me, and all to Thy great end.

Centuries have come and gone, forests have covered the naked hills, flowers have crimsoned the desolate valleys, brooks have swollen to mighty rivers, and Thine hand wast there.

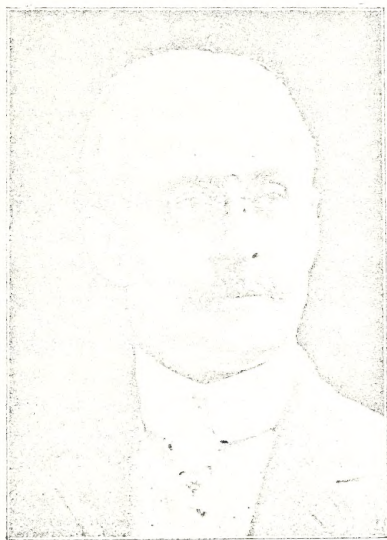
Nations have risen up and disappeared. The war cry and song of the chase are silenced. Men have come, and loved, and gone, and through it all—Thee.

And so through ages yet unborn Thine hand shall shape the passing to Thy glory, giving it new life, new hope, new power and after all forever, and ever, and ever, throughout eternity, Thou Shalt Be.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HARRY BROOKS DAY.

Harry Brooks Day was born in Newmarket, Sept. 5, 1858, the son of Warren K. and Martha (Brooks) Day, and died at his summer home in Peterborough, July 3. Moving to Concord in childhood, he graduated from the high school there in 1878 and subsequently studied music in this country,



THE LATE H. B. DAY.

England and Germany. He was organist and choirmaster, in succession, at Lowell, Mass., Newton, Mass., Cambridge, Mass., and, since 1900, at Brooklyn, N. Y., for the last 12 years organist of St. Luke's church. He was a member of many musical organizations and of the Episcopal church. He was the composer of much church and other music. He married Oct. 18, 1900, Roselle M. Barker, by whom he is survived, and by a brother, Arthur K. Day, M. D., of Concord.

SAMUEL S. WEBBER

Samuel Storror Webber was born in Springfield, Mass., March 31, 1854, the son of Samuel and Ellen (Oliver) Webber, and the grandson of Dr. Samuel Webber of Charlestown, where he died April 27. His profession was that of mechanical engineer, in which his longest connection was of 25 years with the Trenton, N. J., Iron Works. He was

well known as an inventor, especially in connection with the Webber Grip used on aerial tramways in mountain mines. Since retiring in 1914 he had made his home with his sister, Miss Anna Louise Webber, at Charlestown, and had indulged his passion for outdoor photography and the growing of roses, besides taking an interest in the public affairs of the town.

HENRY K. PORTER.

Henry Kirke Porter was born in Concord, November 24, 1840, the son of George and Clara (Ayer) Porter, and died in Washington, D. C., April 10. He graduated from Brown University in 1860 and was a student at the Newton, Mass., Theological Institution when he enlisted in the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment in 1862. In 1866 he began business life in Pittsburg, Pa., as a manufacturer of light locomotives and was very successful. He was a Republican in politics and a member of the 58th Congress from the 31st Pennsylvania district. He was prominently identified with the Baptist religious denomination and with Y. M. C. A. work, and was a trustee of Carnegie Institute. His will distributed a large amount in philanthropic bequests. His wife and one daughter, Anne, are his survivors.

JOSEPH W. PITMAN.

Joseph W. Pitman, the last of three brothers prominently identified with the industrial and business interests of Laconia, died at his home there April 22. He was born in Laconia, December 16, 1853, the son of Joseph P. and Charlotte (Parker) Pitman, and succeeded his father as the head of the Pitman Manufacturing Company, a leading hosiery industry. He was a director of the Laconia National bank and a trustee of the City Savings Bank and was a member of the various Masonic bodies of the city and of the Congregational church. He is survived by his wife and five daughters.

DR. M. C. SPAULDING.

Melville Cox Spaulding, M. D., was born in Chelsea, Vt., May 4, 1842, the son of Rev. Russell H. and Lucinda (Leavitt) Spaulding, and died at his home in Ashland, May 14. He served

OF INTEREST TO RESIDENTS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER ISSUES OF

PHOTO -- ERA MAGAZINE

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Will contain an entertaining, illustrated article, "A Pilgrimage to Wolfeboro, New Hampshire" by Herbert B. Turner and Ralph Osborne, internationally known travelers and writers. It is an account of a motor-trip made from Boston to Wolfeboro, illustrated by photographic "impressions" made along the way.

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Volume 53

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 9

The
Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE WONOLANCET CLUB

NEW HAMPSHIRE POETS

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

CONCORD, N. H.

This Number, 20 Cents

\$2.00 a Year

367-368



WONOLANCET CLUBHOUSE.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. LIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1921.

No. 9

THE WONOLANCET CLUB

CONCORD, N. H.

By George W. Parker

Community welfare as purposeful, united effort to promote the well-being of all members of a social group is a modern movement that is most significant. Cities and towns have existed ever since the gregarious instinct led men to congregate for protection and mutual interests, but the world has awaited liberty and fraternity to pave the way for such a manifestation of friendship as we today see in the great brotherhoods. It is but a broadening of the scope and horizon of the latter that we see in the numerous clubs, societies and organizations of various kinds and purpose which characterize our present day life.

Of the numerous organizations outside the fraternities, which have contributed to the worth and renown of the city of Concord, none enjoy higher esteem than the Wonolancet Club—named after the Indian chief who was friendly to the early settlers of the town. Ever since its organization twenty years ago—June 6, 1891—this club has been identified with the varied activities of the Capital City, for many years represented by a creditable baseball nine, besides participating in golf, tennis and other out-of-door sports; conducting annually a course of concerts and other entertainments; doing its share in national and municipal "drives"; and is today a sustaining member of the Chamber of Commerce.

While it is the prime purpose of any organization to develop the ca-

pacities or talents and minister to the happiness of its members, it is clear from the foregoing statement that the interest of the Wonolancet Club has not been selfish or confined but that its benefits have been shared by the community. The club that increases the efficiency and social value of its members makes a definite contribution to good citizenship and the commonwealth.

Probably no plan has yet been devised by which national ideals or social projects can be realized better than through the group or club plan. Ancient Sparta tried nationalizing home and social life but individual development and communal welfare was not so great, except for military purposes, as in Athens. In England the guilds and coffee houses were social centres; the former for craftsmen, the latter for the literary set. In modern times these have been succeeded by fraternal orders, labor unions and social clubs, all of which have made a definite contribution to civic institutions besides promoting the mutual welfare of their members.

The Wonolancet Club was first organized, June 6, 1891, when a group of representative men united for social and athletic purposes. Chase Hall, now known as the American Legion Hall, was secured and fitted up with an extensive outfit of gymnastic apparatus. Here was the home of the organization until the present club house was occupied, July 1, 1901. The club was fortunate in its first

board of officers, which included the late ex-Governor Frank West Rollins, president; Harry H. Dudley, treasurer, and Arthur H. Chase, secretary. These were men of marked ability and successful business experience. The presidents who have guided the destinies of the Wonalancet Club since its founding are: Frank West Rollins, John F. Webster, Harry H. Dudley, Harry G. Sargent and Frank S. Streeter, the last named having filled the position

well equipped gymnasium on the top floor of Chase Block, members found ample opportunity for physical exercise of a varied nature. Gymnasium classes were conducted and in addition to squad work on chest weights, dumb bells, Indian clubs, etc., indoor base ball proved very popular. Competent instructors were in charge and the members availed themselves generally of these privileges.

The most prominent athletic inter-



GOV. FRANK W. ROLLINS. First President.

with marked success for sixteen years. These men were men of broad vision and insight, understanding well the possibilities and methods best suited to realize desired ends. Otis G. Hammond, now librarian of the New Hampshire Historical Society, succeeded Mr. Chase as secretary, serving in that capacity four years, and was in turn succeeded by Frederick A. Colton, who rendered valuable service to the club as its secretary for fourteen years.

The athletic feature of club life was stressed in the early 90's. In the

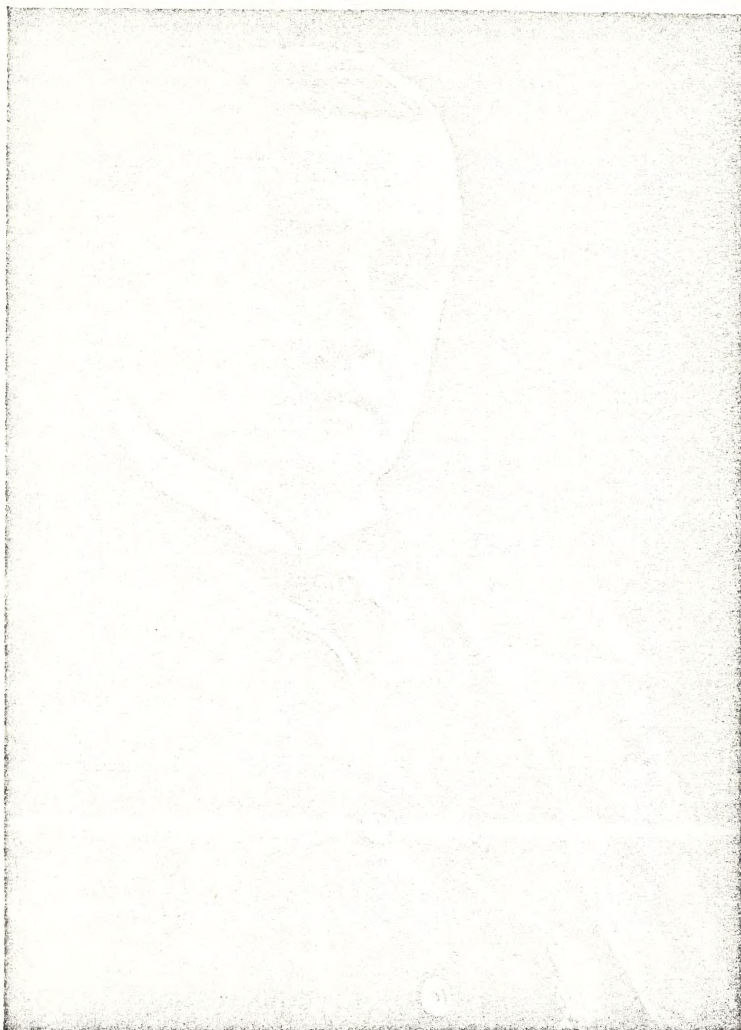
est of the days, though not conducted strictly by the officers of the organization, was baseball. The Wonalancet nine will go down in the annals of baseball as one of the best teams the Capital City has known.

The most exciting series of baseball games ever played in Concord was that of 1893 for the city championship between the Wonalancet Club nine, managed by J. Clare Derby, and the Y. M. C. A., managed by W. J. Chadbourne.

The latter team was led by John P. Fifield, afterwards for several years a

National League pitcher, and included a number of college stars as well as some of the best local players of the time. But it won only one game in the series, the opener, by a score of

Dartmouth battery of the early nineties, pitched and caught, respectively, for the Wonolancets in these games. Both are now dead. John Abbott, who had the unique distinction of



GEN. FRANK S. STREETER, PRESIDENT, 1905-1920.

6 to 3. The Wonolancets took the next four and the championship by scores of 3 to 2 in 15 innings; of 7 to 3; of 5 to 4 in 11 innings; and 1 to 0.

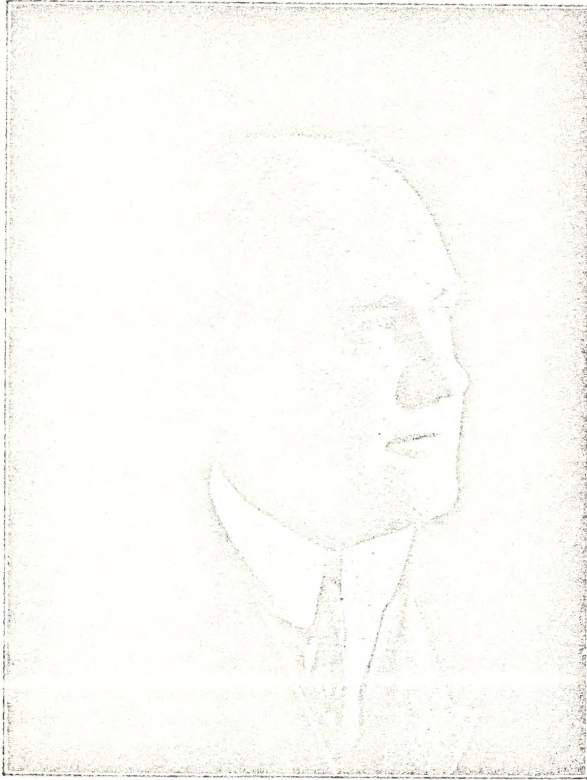
Dinsmore and Abbott, a famous

playing on both Dartmouth and Harvard varsity teams, was another member of the nine, which also included Henry F. Hollis, afterwards United States Senator, Judge Harry J. Brown, of the Concord municipal



court, Captain Frank W. Brown of the state highway department, Cashier Isaac Hill of the National State Capital bank, the famous "Stick" Aldrich, now of Laconia, Fred Richardson, Frank Abbott, Charley Schoonmaker and Charley Green of Concord, Fred Weston of Manchester, the Gordon brothers and Clark of Worcester, Mass., summer residents

constitution and a more constructive program can hardly be imagined. First, to minister to the three-fold nature of its members; secondly, to contribute its influence and resources to the civic welfare of the city in which it is located. That it has lived up to this creed is seen in the record of achievement of every department. Social recreation is found in the daily



GEN. HARRY H. DUDLEY, PRESIDENT.

of Henniker, and Farrell of Boston.

It was, without doubt, one of the best amateur nines that ever played in the state, and its picture occupies a place of honor in the clubhouse.

"The object of this club shall be to promote social recreation, physical culture and mental improvement among its members, and the general welfare and business interests of the city of Concord." Thus reads the

gatherings of friends and business associates at the clubhouse, the smoke talks, the dances, card parties, etc., that are occasionally held.

Physical culture was prominent in the earlier history of the organization, but since the occupancy of the new and splendidly equipped quarters this feature has occupied a subordinate place. In the basement is a well equipped billiard and pool room,

where three tables for each game afford opportunity to indulge in this ever popular diversion. Bowling tournaments are conducted and greatly enjoyed by all. Mental improvement is made possible through a finely equipped library of over two thousand carefully selected and handsomely bound books, the numerous magazines and other reading matter, the entertainment course provided each winter, addresses delivered from time to time by such eminent men as William Jewett Tucker and Ernest

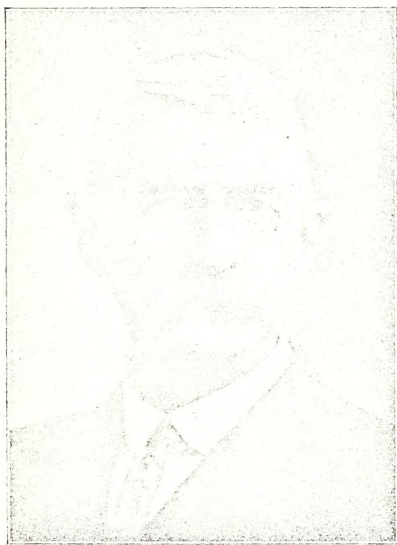
more than one occasion has the Club demonstrated its loyalty to Concord by participating in every civic movement that increased the already enviable fame of the Capital City.

Its members have been prominent in patriotic celebrations and humanitarian or relief work. When the local Board of Trade was re-organized as the Chamber of Commerce, the club immediately became a sustaining member at one hundred dollars a year, and this membership has been renewed.

Since the organization of the Wonolancet Club in 1891, the progress has been rapid. It was incorporated March 14, 1898. The elegant club house, made necessary by the increased size and activities of the organization, was occupied July 1, 1901, the gymnastic paraphernalia and Chase Hall being turned over to the Y. M. C. A., which took up the quarters long occupied by the club. The club house was enlarged by the addition of the west wing, in 1906. The Library was installed in December, 1912.

Parallel with this material development was the enlarged activity of the club until to-day it has developed fully all features of its constructive work.

Tuesday, January 27, 1920, was a red letter day for the Wonolancets, for then the mortgage was burned and thereby the club indebtedness was wiped out. This was the crowning achievement carried out after the annual business meeting and banquet at the Eagle Hotel, when Frank S. Streeter, Esq., president of the club for sixteen years, gave his annual report and called on George A. Foster to burn the mortgage. In his report General Streeter reviewed the record thus far made, showed that in fifteen years time, from membership dues of \$24 a year, the club had paid \$18,350 of mortgage indebtedness and \$5,000 for enlargements and perma-

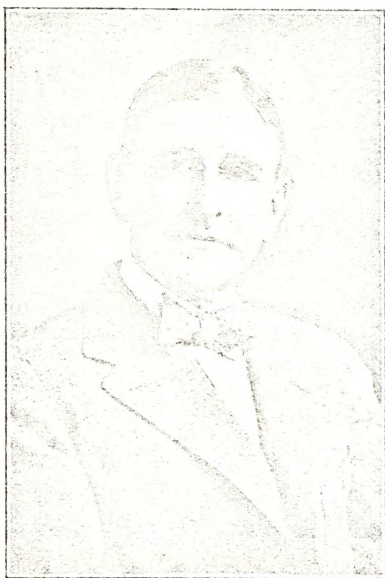


MAYOR HENRY E. CHAMBERLIN,
First Vice-President.

Martin Hopkins, presidents of Dartmouth College, former President Charles S. Mellen of the New Haven railway system, the late Gen. Charles H. Taylor of the Boston Globe, Samuel L. Powers, and numerous others of like ability.

The Wonolancet Club rendered valuable service to the nation in the recent World War, through the men who enlisted or who served on exemption boards, Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives, and in the purchase of two thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, which the club holds. On

ment improvements, in addition to ordinary running expenses. This he attributed to the policy of rigid economy adhered to by the officers and the cheerful co-operation of all. He paid tribute to the common-sense management of Jim Thompson, the steward, earnestly besought the members to make the next fifteen years as fruitful as the period just ended had been and quoted President Hopkins, who had said, "Let us keep the club's soul with us and not let it drag too far behind." To-day the club is self-sus-



Kimball Photo

FRED A. COLTON, Secretary, 1896-1913.

taining from membership dues alone, it is free from debt with a balance in the treasury.

Any citizen of Concord of good moral character is eligible to become a member. Membership is not restricted by political or religious belief nor financial or social standing. The number of resident members is limited to 325 and the club now has its maximum number with a waiting list. There are also seventy non-resident members. In proof of the demo-

cratic nature of the club, it may be said that bank presidents here meet clerks on an equal footing, clergymen and non-church goers fraternize and all grades of social life are here found with the gradations effaced. To mention the names of the club members would be to enumerate the leading citizens of Concord.

The entertainment course provided by the committee, of which Dr. Louis I. Moulton is chairman, is of the best. Ladies' nights give the members an opportunity to bring their wives or lady friends. The course mapped out for next year has just been closed and may be made public as follows:

1. White's Concert Party, consisting of Ruth Collingbourne, violinist, Alma La Palme, cellist, Leona Kennelly, soprano, and Harold Logan, pianist.

2. Burnell R. Ford, entertainer-scientist-inventor.

3. The Helen Andrews Concert Company in Venetian songs, southern songs, and stories and songs of long ago.

4. The Scottish Musical Comedy Company, in The Cotter's Saturday Night and Tom O' Shanter.

The entertainment course for 1920-1921, proved highly enjoyable and consisted of the following:

October 21—All American Day, Dr. and Mrs. George Lawrence Parker and four musicians.

November 9—Daddy Grobecker and His Swiss Yodlers.

December 17—Crawford Adams Company. Crawford Adams, "The Wizard of the Violin." Miss Ethel Hinton, Reader, "The Girl of Many Dialects." Miss Nan Synott, Solo Pianist and Accompanist.

February 28—The Rainbow Girls. Bertha Mc Donough, Entertainer; Olga Cappuccio, Violinist; Marion Chase, Pianist.

March 7—The Bostonia Sextette Club. C. L. Staats, Director; Miss Louise Reynolds, Soprano.

The home of the Wonolancet Club is on the northwest corner of State and Pleasant streets, a spacious, attractive brick building of Colonial style, two and a half stories high and adorned in front with imposing Corinthian columns. It appeals to the passer-by as an ideal club house and this impression is borne out by every detail of its construction and arrangement of the rooms.

As one enters from State street, a spacious lounging room invites, with



HERBERT W. ODLIN, SECRETARY.

comfortable leather chairs, rich art squares and oil paintings on the walls. To the right is the card room and just beyond, the beautifully appointed library, bespeaking quiet and culture. Opening out of the lounge are the office, the parlor, the music and coat rooms. The well lighted, spacious billiard and pool rooms are in the basement.

On the second floor are the assembly hall, dining hall and ladies' room and on the third floor is the kitchen. With these facilities and its central location, the club is in a position to

carry out a comprehensive and constructive work that will mean much to Concord as the years come and go.

The club has been exceedingly fortunate from the start in the able and conscientious officers who have guided its affairs.

At the first meeting, May 12, 1891, Frank W. Rollins served as chairman and Arthur H. Chase was secretary.

June 6, 1891, the organization was effected with the election of the following officers:

OFFICERS

President, F. W. Rollins; Secretary, A. H. Chase; treasurer, H. H. Dudley; 1st. vice president, Francis L. Abbott; 2nd. vice president, Henry W. Stevens; directors, J. F. Webster, Wm. F. Thayer, E. J. Hill, J. Francis Bothfield, C. H. Day, George L. Sargent.

1892—President, F. W. Rollins; 1st vice president, B. C. White; 2nd. vice president, H. W. Stevens; secretary, A. H. Chase; treasurer, H. H. Dudley.

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Geo. D. Waldron was House Manager from 1901 until his death and Harry G. Emmons succeeded him.

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The nominating committee is Henry J. Putnam, Harry L. Alexander, John P. George, Thomas G. Norris and Fred A. Colton.

SEPTEMBER

By Percy R. Bugbee

(Hanover)

Crisp and shorter are the days
While the nights are growing long
O'er earth there's a smoky haze
Birds have flown south with their song.

Sunny days with yellow light
When hills are veiled in a mist.
Autumn's harvest moon shines bright
While flowers by the frosts are kissed.

Acorns from the oaks are falling
The leaves are yellow and red.
Chipmunks to chipmunks are calling
Joyful thanks for their winter's bread.

By the wood's edge are asters blue
Around the elm, the woodbine's red,
The grapes are of a purplish hue,
Green summer is almost dead.

MORE QUILLS THAN NOSES OR MOUNTAINEERING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

By Gilbert Henry Knowles.

For more than a month, Lem and I had had our minds set on climbing Mt. Moosilauke. The idea of doing this little stunt, once inside of our heads, behaved as a seed sown in a fertile field. As the seed develops into a plant, so the little idea of climbing a mountain for the first time grew into a living passion. Finally there came a day when we could wait no longer.

"We'll go to-night," exclaimed Lem with decision.

"To-night!" I rejoined.

We were working as guides at Lost River that summer, and could not get away until five o'clock. All through the day the sky remained clear and blue. About four o'clock light clouds began to gather in the west and while it did not grow hazy, the clouds had, before we started away, formed themselves into what is termed a "mackerel sky." We were advised not to go that day. The weather was not favorable, they told us.

The sign of bad weather is usually enough to "queer" a mountain trip for me now-a-days, but then it was different. We were going to stay over night on the mountain and it was the sunrise that we wanted most; there was plenty of time for the sky to clear before morning; and we were simply bound not to give up, any how, when our plans were so well made.

Now this was our first climb and possibly some of my readers will be interested to know how we fitted ourselves out with food, clothing, etc. We had plenty of advice (Oh! yes!) but we weighed it all and took it at its true value, together with a little common sense of our own. We were going to be gone only one night, re-

turning quite early the next morning. Of course the main thing was blankets, of which we took two, each. They were made into long rolls and the rolls were doubled, and the ends tied together, so that they could be carried quite easily over one shoulder. We each, as I remember, had some sort of rain coat wrapped up in our blankets, and we had sweaters. Lem wore woolen socks and medium weight, pliable work shoes. I wore woolen socks and heavy, rubber soled canvas shoes. Lem's shoes were the best. We had two cakes of wholesome sweet chocolate in each of our lunch bags, together with sandwiches, doughnuts, etc., given us by the very kind lady who was cook. To all this equipment was added a drinking cup.

Of all things, don't forget the little tin cup, my friend;

And then when high on the mountain's breast,

At the bubbling spring you pause to rest,

Nature's magic drink, your weary soul will mend.

We finally started away, with our friends waving and laughing at us, and assuring us there would be no views. But that didn't worry us; we were very happy. Actually, we were going to the very top of Mt. Moosilauke.

I feel quite sure that at the time at which I write, only a comparatively small number of hikers in the White Mountains had ascended Moosilauke by the Beaver Brook trail. The trail starts at a point about half a mile above the Reservation buildings on the Lost River road which connects North Woodstock and Easton. It is not an easy trail, but is a most inter-



THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY
J. B. H. H. H.

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eating one. It is the one by which Lem and I climbed Moosilauke for the first time.

Leaving the road, the trail rambles over comparatively level ground for about a quarter of a mile, then it begins to ascend quite abruptly. The woods were very still on the night Lem and I started our trip, save for the glad notes of the White Throat and now and then the snapping of breaking twigs.

We had not gone far when we heard running water. Coming to a place where an abandoned logging-road leads off to the left and the trail goes to the right, we stopped, for both of us were breathing hard. We listened; the sound of running water was everywhere around us. From the right came the roar of the Beaver Brook Cascades, loud yet sweet and appealing. From the left, not quite as distinctly, could be heard the rumble of the falls on Moosilauke brook. We were between two distinct yet neighborly streams, pouring violently down over the foot-hills of the mountain. The waters from Beaver brook, which becomes the Wild Ammonoosuc river, flow toward Wildwood and finally empty into the larger Ammonoosuc, thence to the Connecticut. The waters of Moosilauke brook play hide and seek among the Lost River caverns, empty into the Pemigewasset at North Woodstock, thence to the Merrimack.

Indeed, this was very interesting. Two friendly little mountain streams, leading out in opposite directions and soon to be miles and miles part, but ultimately both would enter the great Atlantic. It was like Lem and me; there we were together having the time of our lives, and in only a few months we would be separated by the distance that stretches between the White Mountains and the Great Lakes. Still in the far future, perhaps we, like the waters of the two streams, would meet again. It is one of the ways of the world.

Soon we reached Beaver brook and beheld the beautiful Cascades, beside which we were to ascend. The most difficult part of the trail is up the Cascades, but this also is the most picturesque part. For nearly a mile the trail follows this wonderful series of water falls. There is something very friendly about little water falls, and if one has time, he can read in Beaver brook Cascades some of the profoundest secrets of life. There are the broad places, the narrow, perpendicular plunges, little fountains caused by curious water-carving in the ledge, which forms the stream bed; the white, foamy places and darker places over which shadows are cast.

"This is worth the whole trip," said Lem, "I'm glad we didn't give up."

And just then we reached out and let our tin cups be filled with the purest of beverages, mountain spring water. The cups were emptied at our lips and instantly we were filled with rapture; imagination was in our minds, our eyes saw as they had never seen before. In the ripple of the water and in the notes of the White Throat our ears heard the story of the limberlost, our hearts were whispering in friendship, and as it seemed, the spirit of the heavens had descended upon our souls. Truly, there is one thing of which I am certain; the inspiration which came to me as we stood beside the Cascades that night kindled within the fire which would send me hiking over many a mountain in the days to come; it linked me forever with that group of sight-seeing people known by the simple title, pedestrians.

Now we were clutching the branches, one after another, to aid us in creeping up a ledge. Next we were cautiously feeling our way along a decaying ladder. Soon we came to the old log bridge that spans the stream. We shifted our blankets from one shoulder to the other and looked back across the notch from



whence we had come. It was growing cloudy, but we could see the Franconia peaks with Mt. Lafayette rising in its grandeur above all the others. Then there was Kinsman and Wolf and in another direction, Mt. Osceola and the Waterville Range. We were the monarchs of all we surveyed.

Resuming our journey we shortly passed Camp 14, long abandoned, and the trail became much easier. After it leaves the brook the path follows a series of logging roads to within a possible mile and a half of the Summit. Up we went, stopping now and then to enjoy backward views; but we climbed very rapidly considering that we were beginners. Lem and I desired to reach the Summit before dark.

Almost before we knew it we had moved around the cone of Mt. Blue, and could no longer get views toward the Franconia region. The trail took us through a grove of spruce and fir. Shadows were playing among the trees and the clouds were getting thicker and thicker over head. On we went; the trees getting smaller and smaller at every turn, and then we got into scrub fir and knew that we were near the top. We could have seen the Tip-Top House some time before we reached it, if the sky had been clear.

Clouds were settling all about, and we hurried as fast as we could. Coming to a barren place, I told Lem that I could see the house just ahead through the fog and coming darkness. We made for it, but it was only the barn. The house was near by but could not be seen until one was right on to it, because the cloud hung so heavily over the mountain. The wind was blowing hard and we heard the rattling of the irons which helped to hold the house to the rocks.

Now the Tip-Top House was closed that season, which means that no one stayed there to look after the

public. The public looked after itself. There was a single window from which the shutter had been removed and the window itself was sadly broken.

"Shall we go in?" said I.

"Wait," was the answer.

We walked all around the building. We found the front door (boarded up) and frowned when we saw the many initials carved on the boarding by thoughtless imps. It was getting to be cold. The wind howled and the chains went, "rack-er-raker-er-rack." Lem and I were happy though. On reaching the summit and taking good deep breaths we both woke up to the fact that we had never felt so "peppy" in our lives. Finally it was decided to go into the house by way of the broken window. We did not wish to break in, but it did not seem altogether wrong to stoop and pass through an opening which someone else had made. Lem hesitated longer than I did, but he came "around" after a fashion and we entered by the broken window. Any way we couldn't sleep in that cloud without some shelter, and it was getting pretty dark.

Did I mention candles? Well, you know boys have a lot of room in their pockets and candles was one of the many things we had stuffed in ours. So once inside the house we turned on the lights. We were in what had been the big dining room. It was pitiful to see; the floor was warped and covered with broken glass and dishes, the walls were stained either by water that had leaked in, or by the melting of snow which had blown in during the colder seasons. There were several mattresses on the floor, probably dragged down stairs by previous callers. The chairs and tables were weather-worn and everything was "topsy-turvy." There was the remains of a croquet set here and there upon the floor. Also, Lem called my attention to several hundreds of hedge-hog quills.

We explored the interior of the house from kitchen to garret, and finally decided that the beautiful dining room was the best place to sleep. Indeed there were good beds and mattresses in many of the up-stairs chambers, but the windows were boarded up and we might not wake up in time in the morning. It was musty too, and Lem said the air was "rotten" to breathe and that we better be down where the window was out. I agreed. (I haven't told Lem how I slept in one of the chambers the next year under similar conditions) and we went back to our beautiful dining room. We got out our sandwiches and chocolate and, believe me, there was a real feast in the old house for once!

After supper the beds must be made up. (It was now pitch dark everywhere except from the glow from our candles.) We selected the driest mattress and spread our rain coats upon it. Next, Lem and I, made sleeping bags out of two of our blankets by ingeniously folding them and by fastening with large safety pins. The bags were placed close together on the mattress and the other blankets were put over the top. The next thing was to retire.

"The children were all nestled snug in their beds, while visions of sugar plums danced in their heads." In hurrying about in a busy town doing just what someone else higher up is directing us to do, we are, I think, often lead away from that truth which the great book reminds us of when it says, "Thou art born to freedom." If Lem and I had ever doubted this, all doubt was swept away on that first night in the clouds. We were sleeping, mind you, four thousand, eight hundred and eleven feet above the level of the sea! The world was at our feet; we were the masters while we were in possession. Nature had sent us a wonderful orchestra under the direction of Professor Wind; other members

were,—Irons and Chains, Warped Floors, and Door Up-Stairs.

"Whoo--u-oo--oooo--oo-o," went the wind; "rack-er-rack-rack," went the Irons and Chains; "cree-ak-cree-k--cre-eeek," went the Warped Floors, and "slam-bang!" the Door Up-Stairs. I have heard of a farmer who, when asked what instrument of the band he liked to hear best, quickly repounded, "the bass drum." I would not question the musical powers of the bass drum, but to me there is much more variety in the orchestra of Professor Wind. I am sure many would not have been affected in the same way as Lem and I, but to us the music was sweet, appealing, and restful; we entered dreamland with broad satisfied smiles upon our faces.

It was past midnight when we were next awakened. The orchestra was yet playing; but what new musician had joined it? He made at least three new sounds; first would come the noise like what the horse makes when he gnaws his crib, next a sound as if one were chatting his teeth together very rapidly, the third sound heard less frequently was like what would be made by the whisks of a broom if the whisks were pushed slowly over a rough floor. We listened; the new musician seemed to be stationed nearer to us than any of the others. Lem said he was coming in the window. I raised myself up and sure enough, there was a round, dark form on the broad sill. The house was so built that the sill was even with the earth on the outside and about a foot above the floor on the inside.

"Let's light our candles," I whispered.

"All right," Lem answered.

You will remember that we had made some of our blankets into sleeping bags, which bags fitted us rather closely. We struggled to free ourselves from the "tight jackets."

"Darn!" said I.

"Raspberries!" rejoiced Lem.

Naturally by the time we were free and the candles were going, Mr. Musician had disappeared into the darkness. I think it was mighty mean on us after we had gone to the trouble of getting out of those bags; any way, we made up our minds then and there, that this new musician was not the sort of character we wanted in the orchestra. We got into our sleeping harnesses again and were just beginning to dose off when the stranger came back.

"We must hustle!" I was saying under my breath.

"Raspberries!" said Lem, "keep still; he may come nearer."

So there we lay, listening to the new notes. Waiting is hard work, but cold revenge had taken possession of our hearts. The dark thing on the sill dropped to the floor with a *thump*. It came nearer and nearer playing its instrument all the while. Now it was making the noise like a horse gnawing its crib, and it was using a bureau near Lem's head for a crib.

Arise! Ye conspirators! We were not as long getting out this time. The candles were lighted and we had slipped on our shoes to prevent the broken glass from cutting our feet. The musician had retired to the farthest corner; he was huddled in a single dark, round, prickly ball.

"A hedge-hog!" How we laughed, that instant remembering that the authorities in the northern towns were buying hedgehog noses at twenty cents a piece. Lem commenced firing croquet balls at the thing, while I held the candle; and my breath, for I expected the air would be instantly permeated with quills. Imagine my surprise when not a one came! I was glad though, because we were clad only in our Summer undergarments and were not particular about being used for pin cushions. The animal died hard. Lem finished him with a mallet. It

was a shame to kill him, but twenty cents doesn't grow on every brush. Lem said we must next cut off his nose.

"Heaven sakes!" I exclaimed, "get back to bed! can't you see that both of us are shaking so we're making the same noise the hedge-hog made with his teeth! Besides, I guess that nose will keep 'till morning."

"Raspberries," said Lem, but he came to bed.

Next morning the clouds were still there and it was raining slightly. We couldn't hope for any views, but then that didn't worry us much. The next thing was to pack up and get down to camp in time to go to work. Lem spent about half an hour sawing that hedge-hog's nose off with a jack-knife. I said I didn't see why the authorities couldn't take a quill just as well and save us all that work. Lem agreed that it would be much easier for us, but a bit hard on the authorities, for in this case they would be paying us about nine million twenty-cent pieces.

We got down the mountain at eight o'clock. It had not rained much as we descended but the bushes were very wet, and so was the tall meadow grass near the lower end of the trail, which we had waded through. We were pretty well soaked from our necks down, but it didn't bother us one bit, and we had really had a *great* trip. We had finished our chocolate coming down and had drank again at the Cascades and at Lorgilancet Spring.

We must have looked like two drowned rats as we came into camp. Everyone was laughing at us and wanted to know if we weren't sorry we had gone. Think of that! They found out pretty quick, I can tell you. We wouldn't have missed that trip for ———for———well, for all the girls we guided that day, and there were one hundred and six of them.

As for the ducking, concerning myself, I told Lem it was no more than what he would have given me if we

had stayed at camp. And he said maybe I was right. Lem had the habit of concealing some very cold water in our "shack" each night; in the morning he would turn the liquid in my face (if I were not awake), or he would give me a shower as I was beginning to dress. One morning I got showered with what water was contained in one of my own rubbers. The rubber had been filled the night before and hidden under Lem's bed. Anyhow, I was glad to know it was a non-leakable rubber.

The hedge-hog nose brought its twenty cents. I told Lem he had earned the most of it, but he made me take half because I had held the candle and had also borne my part of the animal's distasteful music.

We surely had a wonderful trip, and if we didn't get much in the way of views, we had seen a lot of nature and had had a most interesting adventure.

In concluding, friends, let me assure you that this information is not given for the purpose of leading the public to climb mountains when weather con-

ditions are unfavorable. I give you the facts as they occurred; there has been no attempt at exaggeration. The trip Lem and I had up Mt. Moosilauke turned out to be more exciting in one respect, if less interesting in so far as views are concerned, than it could have been even had the weather been perfect. In this I feel certain, you will agree with me. A more unusual feat, although without adventure with hedgehogs or other animals, was my ascent of Mt. Moosilauke at midnight in late September, accompanied by another companion with a climbing disposition.

Editor's Note—Since Mr. Knowles spent the night he has described on the summit of Mount Moosilauke, the Tip Top House has been presented to the Dartmouth Outing Club by Edward K. Woodworth, Dartmouth '97, and Charles P. Woodworth, Dartmouth '07, and now forms a part of the chain of camps which that famous organization maintains. The climb taken by Mr. Knowles and his companion is now one of a series of regular trips taken from Lost River under the auspices of the management there, guides taking up parties every Monday and Thursday during the season.

THE MUSIC OF THE FOREST.

By Amy J. Dolloff

(Ashland)

There is music in the forest
That the waiting soul can hear
When attuned to God and heaven
And no mortal voice is near.

Sweeter than the liquid fluting
Of the silver throated bells;
Purer than the sparkling waters
Flowing through fern bordered dells;

As holy as a Mother's pleading
For the children of her care,
Is the music of the forest
To those who God's spirit share.

JOHN SADLER'S RETURN

By Charles Nevers Holmes

The clock in the tower of the old church at the village center, half-a-mile distant, was striking the hour of two, when John Sadler descended from the dingy local train to the platform of the little station at Holton. For six years John Sadler had been far away from Holton. He had left his native town to take a business position in a great city, and he had prospered far beyond his expectations. Now he was back again for a short visit. Indeed, it was really his first opportunity to return to Holton, for the business position he had taken confined him closely to his office; but after six years of incessant hard work, he decided to have a vacation,—a very brief one,—and he had come to spend a part of this vacation at Holton.

John Sadler glanced about him. The station-agent was a stranger, and he remembered that Mildred had written that old Mr. Sanborn had resigned. He did not loiter, but took at once the familiar "short-cut path" leading to the narrow road which passed Mildred Martin's house. He was going to call upon her, first of all, and then he would visit other former schoolmates and friends. Some of these schoolmates and friends had, like himself, departed from this quiet town to seek their fortunes elsewhere, but, somehow, he felt very sure that Mildred was still living in Holton.

John Sadler had not seen Mildred since his departure from Holton. On the afternoon of his departure, she and he had strolled together down the shady lane at the back of her mother's house. It had been a glorious morning, the afternoon was just as pleasant, and John remembered, as though it were only yesterday, how blithely the birds were singing all around them. When they reached the shadow of the old oak tree on the right of the lane, John suddenly stopped

walking, as though he had made up his mind to say something very important. And, at this moment, Mildred abruptly looked away, as if she saw some object in the lane which was far more interesting than the young man beside her. However, John Sadler uttered not one word, he remained absolutely silent. Although he had been president of the Holton Debating Society for several years, he acted as if his tongue had suddenly and completely lost its power of speech.

As he stood thus in embarrassed silence, Mildred seemed to lose interest in other objects in the lane, and she turned her attention to the young man beside her. "Isn't this a most *romantic* spot, John?" remarked she. "Do you know that mother always calls it the 'lovers' lane?'"

For a while, John remained as speechless as before, then, at length, some words crossed his lips. "Isn't it a pity, Mildred, that you are going to move away from this beautiful place, and live in your mother's old home?"

Mildred did not reply at once. At last she said, rather slowly, "I am not quite sure what mother will do. It may be that we shall stay here after all."

Then, suddenly, John looked at his watch. "Gracious!—I must be going! It will never do for me to miss my train. I guess we had better return to your house at once. I have just about time to say good-bye to your mother."

Mildred made no reply, and they hastened back to her home where John bade both herself and her mother a rather hasty farewell. He had not seen Mildred since that pleasant afternoon when she stood at her front gate, waving him a very mournful good-bye. They had exchanged letters, less and less frequently, for two

or three years, but for a long time John had heard nothing whatsoever from or about her.

John Sadler walked briskly along the familiar "short-cut path," and presently reached the narrow road which passes Mildred Martin's house. A few minutes later, he came in sight of it, a large, old-fashioned farm house, and it seemed to him as though he saw a dainty, youthful figure standing at its front gate, waving him a very joyful welcome. But John found more than one person standing at that front gate, and, all over the farm house grounds, indeed within the farm house itself, there was gathered a large and deeply interested crowd. It took scarcely a glance to perceive that an auction was in progress, and John recognized the auctioneer, a short, energetic man, as one of his former schoolmates.

John Sadler mingled with the crowd, and, presently, he was asking questions about this auction, of an old gentleman who stood beside him. The old gentleman looked him over, inquisitively, and replied, "I guess you are a stranger hereabouts. This property belonged to Mildred Martin—she died last March—and her heirs decided to sell it at auction." He said something further but John did not hear it. The surrounding crowd faded entirely from his sight, and he was standing speechless, once more, within a "lovers' lane," beside a pretty girl with golden hair and blue eyes, who was remarking in a low and sweet voice, "Isn't this a most *romantic* spot, John?"

gentleman if he knew what had become of Mrs. Mary Martin, Mildred's

Presently, he turned to ask the old mother, but the elderly man had disappeared in the crowd. "Probably," muttered John to himself, "both mother and daughter are lying side by side under the tall pine in the old graveyard." At that moment the clear voice of the auctioneer broke in sharply upon his sad thoughts,—“Five dol-

lars I am offered for this valuable heirloom—five dollars!—Ah!—five dollars and a half!”—Whereupon, John, not knowing for what he was bidding, almost without thinking, exclaimed, “Six dollars!”

When John Sadler made his first bid, the auction had scarcely begun, and it lasted more than two hours. During that time he bought article after article, scarcely seeing what he purchased, and not caring what price he bid. He also bought the farm house and land, including the “lovers' lane,” paying for the property a hundred dollars more than his nearest competitor. Of course it was not long before everybody at the auction knew the name and full biography of the gentleman who was buying so recklessly. “It's John Sadler,” remarked Deacon Brown to the new minister, “but I can't for the life of me understand where John has got so much money. None of the Sadlers in this town was ever wealthy.”

As soon as the auction was over, John Sadler pushed his way quickly through the crowd, and exchanged a few words with the happy auctioneer. Then, without speaking to anyone else, he passed hastily through the curious throng, and walked off in the direction of the shady lane at the back of the farmhouse. This lane led toward the old grave yard wherein was the family lot belonging to the Martins, and after he had entered the lane, John walked along very slowly.

When we reached the shadow of the old oak tree on the right of the lane, he stopped, and looked pensively around him. The oak tree, the “spot,” was absolutely unchanged, indeed the shady lane looked exactly as it did upon that pleasant afternoon, six years ago. John Sadler gazed about him, mournfully, and then he heard a voice behind him calling, “Do wait a bit, John!” The voice sounded very familiar, and a he turned quickly around, he found himself looking into the pretty and smiling face of Mil-

dred Martin, who was holding out her hand most cordially to greet him.

John Sadler gasped, then he shrank back as though he saw an apparition.

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired the "apparition," a look of surprise commencing to bedim the smile of welcome beaming in those bright blue eyes. "Aren't you glad to see me? Of course I haven't written you for several years but then you haven't written me. I heard that you bought almost everything at the auction—I wasn't there—and when I arrived I caught a glimpse of you walking toward this lane. I called out to you several times but you didn't hear me."

John gasped again. Then he asked, rather hesitatingly, "Is it really you, Mildred?"

"Certainly it is I!" exclaimed the young woman. "Who do you think it is,—a ghost?"

John reached out his hand and grasped the small one, which was just being withdrawn. "Why—I was told you were dead!" exclaimed he.

"Dead?"—Then her laugh, happy and musical as of old, rang out in the shady lane—"Dead? I don't believe so, John. Who told you that?"

"An old gentleman at the auction. He said that Mildred Martin died last March——"

"Mildred Martin?—O—I understand—Aunt Millie died last March,—Don't you remember that I was named for her, John? And two years ago mother and I left this farmhouse, to live in mother's old home. Then Aunt Millie moved in here. I guess you and I stopped writing to each other before that time."

John Sadler drew a long breath and smiled rather faintly. He had wholly forgotten that he was still holding Mildred's hand. "Well,—honestly," said he, slowly, "I thought you were dead."

Again he gazed pensively around him. Mildred and he were in the same shady lane, and there was the old

oak tree on their right, exactly as it had been six years ago. However, Mildred was not looking away from him, as though she saw some object in the lane which was far more interesting than the young man beside her. Indeed, her face was turned towards him, and even a chance observer would have detected a smile lurking about her lips. Once more the birds were singing blithely all around them, and the short lane seemed less shadowy and much brighter than usual, as the gorgeous afternoon sun shone through the pine trees upon their pathway. It was certainly a cheerful and beautiful moment. Evidently it appeared so to Mildred Martin. Isn't this a most *romantic* spot, John?" remarked she. "Do you know that mother always called it the 'lovers' lane?"

For a moment, John made no reply. Presently he spoke in a firm, affectionate tone, "Mildred, I want to tell you something,—"

But his companion interrupted him quickly. "John, I have *something* to tell you. It is very important. I'm—I'm not Mildred Martin at all!"

"You are not Mildred Martin?" exclaimed John Sadler, in amazement. "Of *course* you are Mildred Martin,—that is, if you are not dead, and you have assured me that you are alive."

"Yes, I am Mildred, but not Martin. You see, John, I was married, two years ago, to Arthur Jordan,—so—I'm Mrs. Jordan—now."

The birds were still singing blithely all around the oak tree, but John Sadler did not hear them. The gorgeous afternoon sun was still shining brightly through the tall pine trees, but John did not see it. Gently he released the small hand he was holding. "Mildred,," said he, "let me congratulate you!" Then, with a smile, he continued, "I shall miss my train *this* time—I must see Arthur, and congratulate him also."

A peculiar expression passed over

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Mildred's features. "John," remarked she, "you can't see Arthur—he has gone away."

"He has gone away?" exclaimed John Sadler. "Well, that's too bad. I should like to see him.. Arthur is

a mighty good fellow!—When do you expect him back?"

"No, John, you don't understand. Arthur has gone away for good. He died two years ago!"

THE WILL OF MILES STANDISH.

(1655)

By J. E. Bowman

(New Ipswich)

The Captain's battles all were done;
His fights in Flanders far away;
His victories 'gainst "the savage" won
By Massachusetts Bay.

The Captain looked into the face
Of his last foe; no trace of fear
In his; and then, in briefest space,
Disposed of earthly gear.

Near graves of those who cheered his life,
With tender love, his grave should be
In Duxbury fields; for child and wife.
He made his fond decree.

Moreover, to his eldest son,
He gave his lands, the schedule ran,
"At Ormstick, Borsonge, Wrightington
And in the Isle of Man."

The lands to which he might have claim
By virtue of his true descent,
In share of wealth that with the name
"Standish of Standish" went.

Stout Captain of the pioneers,
Like his their memory may last
Who, with a Faith in coming years
Claim treasure in the Past.

A COLLECTION OF OLD NEW ENGLAND RUGS

By Ella Shannon Bowles.

On the floors of the inn known as Pecketts-on-Sugar-Hill in New Hampshire lie the rag rugs of various kinds and designs representing the collection made by Robert P. Peckett. While roaming around the countryside and visiting the outlying farmhouses and village homes during his boyhood, Mr. Peckett became interested in the rugs which the women of the vicinity had been making for generations, and when he remodelled an old farmhouse into the present hotel with its antique furnishings, he began the nucleus of a collection which is among the best in the "Granite State."

The hooked-in or as they are sometimes called drawn-in and pulled-in rugs are the most valuable of the collection, for the supply is running low and comparatively few workers make them now. Buyers for antique shops, summer guests desiring them for country homes, and collectors have scoured the country for them, and the finding of a well colored, carefully made product of by-gone days is now quite a rarity.

During the long winters, the women of New England and the Provinces passed away many hours in designing and executing these rugs. The designs most commonly seen are divided roughly into three kinds, floral, conventional and animal. The floral patterns are varied and when mellowed by the passing of years the colors are exceedingly soft and beautiful. One particular rug which is considered the gem of the collection has a depth of coloring, a unity of design, and a fineness of texture rivaling that of an Oriental product, and inspires the feeling that the woman who made it in the days of

long ago was a true artist. Three particularly popular patterns among the conventional patterns are the diamond, the shell, and the small circle described by the wife of a noted French artist as being especially Puritanical in effect. The animal patterns are very unique and all kinds varying from horses to parrots are seen. One rug, belonging to Mr. Peckett, shows a frisky puppy advancing toward a bowl which one imagines contains his supper.

In making a rug the worker carefully sewed a piece of burlap into frames made for the purpose, drew on the selected design with ink or dye, and pulled the bits of colored cloth through the burlap with a hook resembling a crochet-needle. The work was hard and tedious, as the position at the frames was tiring, the motion of pulling the cloth through laborious, and the amount of work accomplished in a day, small.

The braided rugs in the collection are artistic and well-made, but with the exception of a few remarkably old ones are not nearly as rare as the hooked-in variety. New England women have made these braided rugs since early Puritan days, and in various parts of the country they are still produced in considerable quantities. The shapes most commonly seen are the round, the oval, the rectangular and the clover-leaf, and Mr. Peckett has splendid examples of them all. The real old-time braided rugs were made in stripes "three and three" as the workers called them, and these were followed by the shaded kinds.

Collecting New England rugs is a fascinating pursuit. It takes one to quaint out-of-the-way spots among

the hills and valleys, and oftentimes amusing as well as pathetic incidents are revealed. The collection belonging to Mr. Peckett represents many fascinating experiences and reveals

the hobby of a man who by various devices is trying to keep alive an interest in an American handicraft of the days of long ago.

WHERE THE HOME LIGHT GLEAMS.

By Ruth Ward Temple.

(Hillsborough)

You may roam the wide world over,
You may seek a distant strand,
And see wondrous things of beauty
That are shown at every hand.
But no matter where you wander,
Or how wonderful it seems,
Your thoughts just leave it all and fly
To where the home light gleams.

You may tire of the country,
To the city take your flight,
And mingle with the happy throng
Where lights are grand and bright;
But oft times when you grow weary
Of style and brilliant scenes,
Your heart just yearns and longs to be
Where the home light gleams!

When the shades of night draw closer,
And each busy day is through,
What a joy to know that loved ones
Are fondly waiting you!
And you thank God for your blessings,
Much more than wealth it means
To turn your steps and find your own,
Where the home light gleams!

And if our happy fireside
With one, homeless, we can share,
Who knows but it saves that mortal
From hunger and despair?
It often proves the life line,
Helps come true, one's fondest dreams
Of a smile that ever greets you,
Where the home light gleams.

There is a great deal of
work to be done in the
field of the history of the
United States. It is not
enough to know the facts
of the past; we must also
understand the causes and
consequences of the events
which have shaped our
country. This is a task
which requires the most
careful and thorough
research.

NEW HAMPSHIRE POETRY

In its August issue the Granite Monthly printed contributions, in competition for the Brookes More prize of \$50, from poets resident in 37 states. Since its publication others have been received from some of the states of the Union not there represented and from British Columbia. We are confident that before the close of the year every one of the United States will have made an entry in this contest. The quality of the verse which comes to us in this competition is quite as remarkable as its quantity and is the subject of comment from many of our readers as well as by the press.

We are limiting our selections of poems to be printed this month to those submitted by New Hampshire writers and believe that they will be found to be a credit to the literary

ability of the Granite State. None of them is by a professional writer, the interesting collection of authors including, instead, bankers, business men, housewives, school teachers, newspaper workers, farmers, clergymen, commercial travelers, government officials, students, etc.

Interest in the contest has spread so widely and New Hampshire poems will be so largely outnumbered in the collection upon which the judges, Professor Bates, Mr. Braithwaite and Governor Bartlett, finally will pass, that it will be something of a surprise if the prize comes to the home state of the Granite Monthly; but in this issue and in some previous ones of the magazine we have printed verse by New Hampshire writers worthy of consideration in any company.

AFTERMATH.

By Alice D. O. Greenwood

(Hillsborough)

A beautiful dawn so soft and tender,
 A golden haze in the Autumn air,
 O'er all the hills in his misty splendor
 The sun has smiled and the world is fair.

A tiny barque with white sails flowing
 Put out on the blue from a sunlit bay,
 And we from the shore watch it dimmer growing,
 Until in the distance it fades away.

The air grows chill, the sun is hidden,
 The wind from the sea hath an ominous tone,
 Tho bravely the barque the waves hath ridden,
 At eve a wreck drifts in alone.

And thus tho we walk thru life together,
 Your path the same that my feet hath known,
 It is Fate's decree "All ties must sever,"
 And into the harbor each drift alone.

STORM WARNINGS.

By M. E. Nella

(Portsmouth)

Somber and gray the storm clouds go scudding
 Across the dark water and rocks flecked with foam;
 Plaintive the sea gulls, call to each other
 As inland they fly from their wild ocean home.

Past jagged, black ledges the mad waves come dashing,
 Striking the beach with a low sullen moan.
 While high on the wave crest kelp streamers are floating
 Dragged by its force from the depths where they've grown.

Tall wire grass crackles, sways in the cold wind,
 Coated with ice like the low, scrubby tree;
 But my light, that's revolving, throws far through the dark-
 ness,
 A message of cheer to the sailors at sea.

SEPTEMBER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By Katharine Sawin Oakes

(Lancaster)

Cool mists of the morning, drifting thro the drowsy green;
 Vague color in the garden, gleaming, hiding, graying
 dim;

On the soft, chill grass, aglisten, patterned threads flash
 dew-drenched sheen;

 And the air crowds cold and vivid from the night's en-
 circling rim.

Sentient heat from unspaced heights of burning sapphire
 shimmers down;

 Far above earth's muted trees the winds of Heaven
 drive spotless sail;

Crouching to the maternal soil, a million tiny voices drown
 Hot silences of noonday in their intermittent flail.

Glorious clouds of tropic splendor trail across the western
 sky,

 And the eastern hills, opposing, glow God's jewels, in
 that light,—

Huge and tender, cooling slowly as the fires of Heaven die,
 Quenched by dew and dusk,— * * * * Earth
 drowns toward the deeper sleep of night.

MOOSILAUKE

By Grace Stuart Orcutt.

(Plymouth)

Often I've watched thee with a wond'ring eye,
Scanning thy heights upraised to the sky,
Watching thy moods, now playful, now sublime,
Pond'ring thy story from the birth of time.
O'er the deep valley and the eastern slope,
Ever I see thee like a ray of hope
Rising majestic, silent and severe,
Dwarfing all else by thy great image clear.

Shrouded in snow and storm bedecked thy head,
Still in thy shadow littleness has fled;
Still on thy heights when close the winter days,
Lingers the purple in the violet haze.
Sometimes art lost, thou, in the blinding storm;
Sometimes in vain we look to catch thy form;
Still it is there; unchanging, deathless stone,
Like God's great majesty, it stands alone.

In happier moods when sunshine floods the sky
At day's dawn, and the clouds come drifting by,
Some errant ones may linger near thy head
And catch the deep tinge of the morning's red
Grown ever deeper. From thy massive height
Stream all the colors of a rainbow bright.
The sky a palette and a brush thou art,
Painting the Heavens with an infinite art.

Once in the moonlight and the starlight too,
Came in the Heavens something strange and new;
Came without cause or so it seemed to be,
Straight through the clouds from Moosilauke to me.
Clouds were its substance; it was fashioned there,
Poised o'er the mountain, floating in mid air,
A large white bird with pinions far outspread,
And toward the mountain dipped its graceful head.

What was its message in this age and day
When all the nations on each other prey?
Could it be mockery that placed it there,
A bird of peace above the surcharged air?
Was it a vision conjured up to show
The heights and depth? Sublimity and woe?
No. 'Twas a starlit messenger of hope
Unto my eyes above that eastern slope.



NEW HAMPSHIRE GEMS

By Martha E. Brewster

(Concord)

In hand we hold a wonder lamp:
Its magic gleams may show
Thy wealth and beauty, fairest state,
Thy gems we wish to know.

Upon thy ledges scarred and worn,
We find in letters bold,
The history of ages past
Still waiting to be told.

No idle fancy of a maid
Imagines gems more fair
Than, sparkling on thy golden sands
The tiny wavelets wear.

Across the farmer's rolling lands,
Rich grains and fruits we see,
In woodland, hides the sunshine gold;
Bird songs ring clear and free.

Like crystal lockets, lovely lakes
Upon thy bosom lie,
Reflecting as they sparkle there
The colors of the sky.

Lofty, with beauty most sublime,
Thy granite hills ascend,
Encircled with life-giving woods,
From which clear streams descend.

Above the forests green and vast,
Behold, the great stone face,
Loved as a friend by those now gone,
The brave old Indian race.

See! ye who hold the magic lamp
And view the wondrous wealth,
Most precious are the girls and boys
Aglow with perfect health.

Protect the bit of precious shore,
Keep pure the lakes so bright,
Guard well the camp, for happy play,
That youth may have its right.

Look to the mountains, old and grand,
And there the lesson find,
That God has blessed His children all,
That they may serve mankind.

Then they were married
and lived happily ever after.
The end of the world
was not far off.
The world was a
very different place
than it is now.
The world was a
very different place
than it is now.
The world was a
very different place
than it is now.

THE STARS

By Stewart Everett Rowe

(Exeter)

In days now gone I watched the stars sail by,—

Yes, watched them dance and glitter in the blue,—

Watched them just as so many school-boys do

Who from their books spell out the dare to try.

But years have flown, as years are bound to fly,

And now the dare seems just too big for me,—

Though still I watch the stars and dream to be

All ready when it comes my time to die.

I dreamed about the famous and the great,

While all the time the paths through which I trod

Were choked with thorns that gave me cuts and scars;

Yes, thus I fought because it was my fate

Ordained for me by no one else than God,—

So,—I am glad I learned to watch the stars!

O TEMPORA, O MORES!

By Florence Hutchins McLain.

(Manchester)

Alas, the "heroine of yore defuncta est, she is no more;

We mourn her loss, we miss her very sadly.

She filled ten chapters or a score, or fifty, or perhaps still
more,

And what she did she didn't do so badly.

And yet the novel-maid to-day makes Her-of-Yore appear
passé—

In versatility seem sadly lacking;

For, when she spoke, she'd simply say, ask or reply, vous
comprenez?

And so the Six Best Sellers sent her packing.

Now, when she talks, she does such stunts as would have
taxed fair maidens once;

Instead of speaking words, perchance she "flushes"
'em—

She doesn't say 'em, a dunce, but after newer methods
hunts—

She twinkles, quivers, rallies, pouts or blushes 'em!



NOTHING COMMON OR UNCLEAN.

By Claribel Weeks Avery

(Rumney)

I said to Beauty, "Stand outside my door;
Let nothing that is common enter in.
Shut out the dreariness that makes men poor;
Shut out the ugliness than makes men sin."

I could not live forever in a house,
Fair though it was and sweet.
I went abroad beneath the midnight stars
To see what I would meet.

I saw until I wished to see no more.
I hurried home as stars grew pale and thin.
But Beauty stood on guard before my door
And would not let me in.

THE CAMPER'S RAIN SIGNS.

By Eleanor W. Vinton

(Concord)

There's a weird, uncanny whisper from the nodding pines
and hemlocks,

While the oaks are sobbing softly in the spell the
night winds weave,

For the trees are telling stories of unfathomable mystery
And the rain will fall tomorrow, without ceasing,
I believe.

Do they tell of warring Red Men they have sheltered 'neath
their branches,

Or of comrades crashing earthward in mad storms of
by-gone days?—

Round their feet the pygmy campers gather kindlings for
the fire-place

And prepare for rainy weather in a hundred little ways.

'Tis a sign among the campers by the beautiful Contoocook
When the trees are reminiscent as they hold their
heads aloof,

That before the morn's gray dawning they will hear the
sound of raindrops

With a dull, incessant rhythm, like a drum-beat on
the roof.



The theme of the first and second
part of the second is the same
The theme of the third is the same
The theme of the fourth is the same
The theme of the fifth is the same
The theme of the sixth is the same
The theme of the seventh is the same
The theme of the eighth is the same
The theme of the ninth is the same
The theme of the tenth is the same
The theme of the eleventh is the same
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The theme of the seventy-seventh is the same
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The theme of the eighty-seventh is the same
The theme of the eighty-eighth is the same
The theme of the eighty-ninth is the same
The theme of the ninetieth is the same
The theme of the ninety-first is the same
The theme of the ninety-second is the same
The theme of the ninety-third is the same
The theme of the ninety-fourth is the same
The theme of the ninety-fifth is the same
The theme of the ninety-sixth is the same
The theme of the ninety-seventh is the same
The theme of the ninety-eighth is the same
The theme of the ninety-ninth is the same
The theme of the hundredth is the same

MEMORY PICTURES.

By Lucy H. Heath

(Franklin)

Unbidden they come, before me they pass,
Memory pictures of that long ago,
They linger a moment, then fade away slowly,
Return again more vivid and boldly
Parade themselves to and fro.
Faces I see still glowing with lovelight,
Words of endearment I hear spoken low.
Faces and voices with love are commingled
In memory pictures of that long ago.

NIGHT AT OSSIPEE

By Alger S. Beane

(Manchester)

Bright the Northern Lights are shining,
Streaming up into the sky;
Rising slowly toward the zenith,
There to culminate, and die.

In the West, a glow empyreal
Luminates the heavenly arch;
Twinkling stars appear in myriads,
Rushing onward in their march.

Stars that glow with piercing brilliance,
Stars so faint they scarce are seen,
Fill the evening sky in winter,
When no moonlight dims their sheen.

Looking out across the hill-tops
Of that still New Hampshire town,
Toward the lofty peaks beyond them,
Glistening with a snowy crown,

One could ask no greater favor
Than that life should onward glide
Always with the calm and stillness
Of that peaceful countryside,

Where forgotten are the discords
Of the world that surges by,
Just beyond the zone of stillness
Underneath the star-lit sky.

SUNSET ON SHERWIN HILL.

By Albert Annett

(Jaffrey)

Monadnock's altar, lifted up,
Burns with a flame divine;
And in Contoocook's crystal cup
Is water turned to wine.

A land aglow, like a golden page
Ere the evil days befall;
And, oh like a voice from an olden age,
The hermit thrush's call!

TATERS.

By Edward H. Richards

(Exeter)

I planted me a tater-patch
With labor I'll be bound,
Some blew out fine and some were duds
In witch-grass all around.
And soon there was a battle on
Twixt taters and the grass,
But, like the French at old Verdun,
I cried, "They shall not pass!"
At once I wielded well the hoe,
While nabob friends drew nigh
And cracked a silly lot of jokes
On poor benighted I.
Just when I thought the fight was won,
Ten thousand million bugs
Descended on my verdant plants,
Like cruel city thugs.
Away I flew to find a guy
That didn't profiteer
But it cost me, for "pizen stuff",
My savings for a year.
But, after all, I saved my patch
And gloried in the fight
Until at last, I met my match
In what is known as "blight".
Then hastily I dug the spuds
And found some big and fair
But lots of 'um were rough and mean
And spotted here and there.
But as I turned 'em from the sod
I turned a thought or two:
Most human lives are like my patch,
A fight, twixt me and you.

THE SINGING HEART

By Lucy W. Perkins

(Londonderry)

What is it sends my heart
 A-soaring and a-singing?
 Perhaps when skies are gray,
 And little cares are stinging,
 There's something calls. "Away!
 Leave all the fret and sadness,
 Like lark at break of day
 Mount up on wings of gladness.
 What if the way is dark,
 And chilly winds are blowing?
 The heart that sings can rise
 Where sunlit heights are glowing."

O singing heart of mine,
 What flights we have together
 Out of earth's mist and pain
 Into joy's magic weather.
 The years may buffet me,
 Defeat and sorrow bringing,
 But praise God for the gift
 That keeps my heart still singing.

STEEPLE - BUSH.

By Sara R. Abbott and Alice M. Shepard

(Franklin)

Spiraea tomentosa, rose-flushed as the early dawn
 Growing not in formal garden
 But o'er Nature's spacious lawn,
 Pointing upward from the meadow,
 Accenting the common clod,
 As the church spires of New England
 From each hamlet, point to God.

Steeple-bush! thy name enkindles
 Burning thoughts of other days
 Of Pilgrim sires whose piercing vision
 On the wilderness could gaze
 And could see it cleared and builded
 Into meeting house and school,
 Where man's conscience was the teacher
 And the word, sufficient rule.

Steeple-bush, whose slender spike
 Blushes as it still aspires,
 Real and ideal truth alike
 Light thy modest altar fires!

THE DANCE

By Emily W. Matthews.

(Concord)

Your arms about me in the dance,
I gave my body to your mood
To sway, to turn, whate'er you would
And once, when I had met your glance,
So near, so full of quiet fire,
I knew that, wonderingly, we loved:
And afterward, where'er you moved,
To follow was a sweet desire;
A happiness that brought strange tears—
A quick contraction of the throat—
A knowledge, sudden and remote,
Of women's hands through all the years
Reaching to mine in fellowship.
Then, when your cheek just brushed my lip,
In your soft touch there came a sense,
Of pain, that yet was recompense.

GODDESS-MOON.

By Louise Patterson Guyol

(Concord)

The gold-haired Evening waits upon the Moon!
She fills the air with peace and calm delight,
Fit for the coming of the holy Night;
She dims the dazzling sky of afternoon,
And calls the thrush to sing his hymnal tune.
And sorrow slumbers in its own despite.
The fair-haired Evening waits upon the Moon!

The black-browed Night is priestess to the Moon!
The silent world is altar for her rite,
The million stars as tapers doth she light,
For choir the little winds that tend her croon.
The perfume of the garden sweet with June
Rises like incense from the censers white
Swung by the flowers that glimmer softly bright.
The dark-browed Night is priestess to the Moon!

The grey-robed Dawn is vestal of the Moon!
She veils the flickering stars from human sight,
Hiding their radiance in the far dim height
Whence blue-eyed Day steals upon silver shoon,
Leading the Sungod through the gates rose-hewn
Of massive cloud—the god before whose might
The startled goddess hurries as in fright—
The pale-robed Dawn is vestal of the Moon!

The following table shows the results of the experiments conducted on the effect of the various factors on the rate of the reaction. The rate of the reaction was measured by the volume of gas evolved per unit time. The results are given in the following table:

Factor	Rate of Reaction (ml. gas / min.)
1. Temperature	1.5
2. Concentration of Reactants	2.0
3. Surface Area of Solid Reactant	3.0
4. Presence of Catalyst	4.0

The results show that the rate of the reaction is affected by all the factors mentioned above. The rate increases with an increase in temperature, concentration of reactants, surface area of the solid reactant, and the presence of a catalyst.

EDITORIALS

There was in evidence, last month, a revival of interest in the Old Home Week festival which augurs well for the success of the celebration of the 300th anniversary, in 1923, of the first settlement of New Hampshire. The Legislature of 1921 decreed that this observance should take place during Old Home Week of 1923, and Governor Brown has named a competent commission to arrange the details of the celebration. This commission has organized and arranged to begin the work of arousing public interest in the event, with such success that already there is considerable discussion of the form the celebration should take, some proposing a pageant at Portsmouth, written by Percy Mackaye, of Cornish or Prof. Geo. P. Baker of Madison, with exercises on the following day at Dover to include an oration, poem, etc., in the usual manner. However, there need be no haste in deciding as to these details. The important thing at present is to get the state in a celebrating mood, and for this result the Old Home Week record of 1921 was, as has been said, very promising. The wonderful weather, unprecedented in its unbroken series of lovely early autumn days in August, helped a great deal in the enjoyment of this year's festival, and more different towns celebrated, in one way or another, than for a decade past. In Pittsfield and some other places there were elaborate observances with parades, etc., but the general tendency is towards a simple reunion picnic with good speakers and music and baseball and sports for the young folks.

The state Old Home Week association, a smoothly working organization, with adequate machinery for its purposes, will see to it that the interest manifested this year increases further in 1922 and reaches a pitch in 1923 worthy of the occasion then to be commemorated.

E. V. Wilson writes us from Athol, Mass., in reference to the article in the June number of the Granite Monthly about the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Franklin, that his uncle, the founder of the home, was Daniel Alvah Mack, not Daniel Augustus Mack, as given in our pages and in other prints; he receiving this middle name for his mother's brother, Alvah Ayers.

A paragraph from a letter in today's mail: "I thought I could not afford the Granite Monthly again, but the August number was so good I must. This is likely to be my last, as I am very old (83) and my sight is failing."

Friends of the Granite Monthly can confer a favor upon the editor and publisher by sending him names of their friends within or without the state who might be interested in our publication, to whom we will be glad to send sample copies with the hope of lengthening our subscription list. The quality of this list is of the finest, but its quantity is not all that might be desired.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

AMY LOWELL'S "LEGENDS"

When Miss Lowell first appeared in print she was thought of primarily as a disciple of free verse, and as such she was accepted. Dilettanti in verse made what they considered witty remarks concerning "Miss Lowell's shredded prose". The reading public hid their amazement in a wonder of silence. It was with the publication in quick succession of "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds," "Men, Women and Ghosts", "Con Grandes Castle", and "Pictures of the Floating World", that Miss Lowell was acknowledged a powerful and unique personality, a poet in verity. Her last book has confirmed her position as one of the few great poets of the age.

Miss Lowell has in her amazing love of peoples stretched out and gathered together between the same covers the quaint and poignant folk stories of many countries. She interprets with the same keen perception, tales of China and New England. So deep is her insight, so true her vision, that these tales beat with the heart of their time. The first poem, "Memorandum Confided by a Yucca to a Passionvine", abounds in variety and richness of detail with here and there flashes of an inimitable humour.

The next poem takes us to China and there by the "great wall" "the crawling river", and the "ceaseless seas" we are told the "Legend of Porcelain", the weird story of Chou-Kiou who forgets to hang the spears of sweet-flag on the door. This poem especially reveals the grace and delicacy of Miss Lowell's poetic brush. We are ravished by the exotic beauty of the Chinese life which she reveals to us in breathless and taut gusts of wind, now cold as ice, now hot as fire. We find ourselves reflecting the love

Miss Lowell feels for the exquisite porcelains:

"The leopard spotted yellows,
The blues, powdered and infinite as a
mei plum!

Glubular bodies with bulbous mouths;
Slim, long porcelains, pale as the morn-
ing sky

Fluttered with purple wings of finches!"
Small wonder the color has caught
and held us.

In "Many Swans" Miss Lowell reverts to the use of polyphonic prose as in "Con Grandes Castle", but one here finds the repetition of rhyme less frequent. "Many Swans" is woven around a North American sun legend and we are seared by the splendor and horror of fire. The poem progresses with a surprising up-rush of color and movement like a wave—until it breaks gray and spent—
*****"I tried to love you; I tried to
be kind to your people; why do
you cry?"*****

"The Witch Woman" throbs with a dark inbent passion. "**** she was sweeter than red figs." Sharp silhouettes glance off from the page, the moon shudders and pulses with color—"rose"—"lily"—"purple orchid." The Witch Woman dances naked—the sea foam alive and cruel—she dances—
***** A skeleton mounts like a great grey ape—the sea moans! Seven pages are hardly done. It is the end—the end of a brilliant, extraordinary poem, one of the best in the book, one of the finest written by any modern.

We have slipped by the "The Funeral Song For An Indian Chief." It undoubtedly is a true picture of an ancient custom, but this poem does not measure up to the beauty and to

the reality of the other poems. But on to "The Ring and the Castle." Here is a ballad liltily haunting, human to the finger tips.

"Gavotte In D Minor" whispers eerily into ones' consciousness, chimes dimly—its perfume now warm, now cold, holding one breathless an entranced.

"The Statue in the Garden" interprets Julius, its hero, in a psycho-analytical fashion. It progresses now directly to a sharp etched emotion, now stealthily to the foot of the statue but always the choking voice of Insanity calls and calls until at the last Julius breaks his bonds and forever escapes the mad Voice.

"Dried Marjoram" tells the same story as Rizpah. It is sad and human. When it appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* it was praised and re-praised, loved for its intense human quality. We sometimes wish Miss Lowell would write more often with her heart rather than with her eyes.

The last two poems are about New England. The first—"Before the Storm," Miss Lowell says "**** was, an abiding fear of my childhood." And well it might be. We find ourselves all of a tremble as we read, our ears strained to hear the fury of the storm and the pathetic ghost-like voice of the old man. The second poem, "Four Sides to a House," shows great technical dexterity; it carries us forward with a rush and a sickening plunge of horror to the last line.

Looking back on the book as a whole we are consumed with admiration. Miss Lowell has flung a girdle of words about the earth, China **** Europe ****—America. And the wonder of it is that she has interpreted each legend with the particular fineness that each country offers to the legends of the World.

—Leighton Rollins

It is good news that the handsome, interesting and valuable brochures is-

sued by the State Street Trust Company of Boston, to commemorate the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims, under the title of *Towns of New England and Old England, Ireland and Scotland, Parts I and II*, are to be published on a commercial basis by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and thus become generally available to many who are interested in their attractively presented subject matter.

Mr. Allan Forbes, the president of the Trust Company, is responsible for the good taste and good sense displayed in the substance and form of these publications, the latest and most ambitious issues in a series which forms an important addition to the bibliography of New England history, and in these two brochures links us with the old country in bonds of increased mutual knowledge and appreciation. Exeter, Portsmouth, New-castle, Rye, Dublin, Londonderry and Manchester are New Hampshire places to receive the most attention in the handsome pictures and text of the two volumes and the selection must be considered excellent, though of the towns chosen from other New England states to be linked with old English companions Andover, Bath, Bedford, Bridgewater, Bristol, Chatham, Dorchester, Dover, Groton, Haverhill, Lancaster, Newbury, New London, North Hampton, Plymouth, Salisbury, Sandwich, Springfield, Stratford, Winchester, Windsor, Woodstock, are also New Hampshire names.

It is not surprising that The Flaming Forest (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation) took its place, immediately upon publication, at the head of the list of "best sellers." Its author, Mr. James Oliver Curwood, has established in the last few years a clientele of readers who need only to be assured by the publishers that a book is "Curwood at his superb best" to flock to the dealers

for copies. And they will not be disappointed; for those hundreds of thousands who liked "The River's End" and "The Valley of Silent Men" will find "The Flaming Forest" even "more so" and therefore entirely to their taste. There is nothing subdued, reserved or repressed about Mr. Curwood's literary manner. He does not hint, he hits—and scores a knock out, with an ease almost as marvelous as that of his hero. It is an omnivorous American reading public which makes "Main Street" the best seller of one month and "The Flaming Forest" of the next; but we do not know that we feel like expressing with any regret our belief that more of

those who read "The Flaming Forest" will really enjoy it than of those who read the other book, greater literary achievement though it doubtless is.

The Tuttle Company of Rutland, Vermont, in its recently issued catalogue, advertised in the Granite Monthly, of books, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., "old, rare, curious, unusual and important, useful and useless," has made a valuable addition to the available authorities upon Vermontiana, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Tuttle may decide to do as much for the sister state of New Hampshire in the near future.

HOMESICK.

By Dean T. Wilton

(Manchester)

I'm lonesome and homesick and weary,
And the heart within me thrills,
For a stroll thru the wooded pastures,
Of old New Hampshire's hills.

Just a walk by the little red school-house,
Just a glimpse of the old-fashioned mill,
Just a whiff of the apple orchard,
Just a night at the farm on the hill.

Just to talk with the birds by the roadside,
Just to hear my friend whip-o-will,
Just to hear the chirp of the cricket,
On a night that is peaceful and still.

Just to hear the swift running water,
Of the brook that runs thru the lane,
Just to stand on the bridge and listen,
To the sounds of the forests again.

For I'm lonesome and homesick and weary,
And the heart within me thrills,
For a stroll thru the wooded pastures,
Of old New Hampshire's hills.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

NATHANIEL W. HOBBS

Nathaniel W. Hobbs was born in Boston, November 1, 1873, the son of the late Horatio and Armenia (White) Hobbs and the grandson of the late Nathaniel and Armenia S. White, and died in Concord, August 2. He was educated in the schools of Concord, at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., Yale University and the Harvard Law School, and after admission to the New Hampshire bar practised law in Concord, for a time in association with Hon. Henry F. Hollis. He was interested in public affairs and served, successively, in the old common council of the city, as a ward alderman and alderman-at-large, and from 1916 to 1918 as mayor of Concord. He was an active Republican; a member of various social organizations, affiliated with the Masonic fraternity and the Universalist church. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary L. Leaver of Concord, by his mother, and by his sister, Miss Anne W. Hobbs.

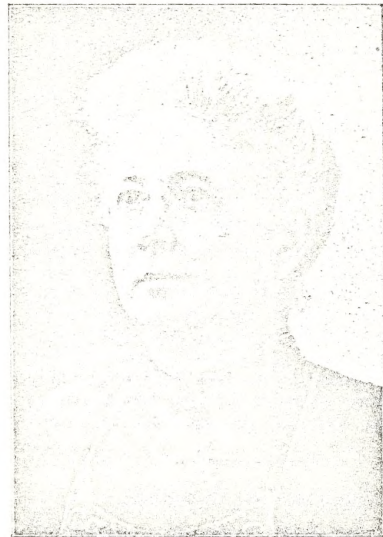
GEN. HERBERT E. TUTHERLY

General Herbert E. Tutherly was born in Claremont, April 5, 1848, the son of William E. and Loretta C. (Rossiter) Tutherly, and died in the same town August 13. He attended Kimball Union Academy before entering the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1872. He was assigned to the First U. S. Cavalry and was attached to that regiment for nearly 30 years, being detailed for service several years as professor of military science and tactics at the University of Vermont and at Cornell and receiving the degree of M. A. from the former institution. During the Spanish American War he saw service in Cuba, participating in San Juan and other battles. Transferred to the inspector general's department, he served four years each in Alaska and the Philippines and was promoted to lieutenant colonel, the rank which he held upon his retirement, by his own request, in 1906. During the world war he returned to the active list and was commissioned colonel. In 1911 he was appointed adjutant general of the state of New Hampshire by Governor Robert P. Bass and continued in that position until 1915. General Tutherly was an authority on military strategy, tactics and science and was the author

of a textbook on those subjects for the use of National Guardsmen. He is survived by a son, George, three grandchildren, and a brother, Major William Tutherly.

DR. FLORENCE H. ABBOT

Dr. Florence Hale Abbot died August 1 in Brookline, Mass. She was born in Wilton, Oct. 20, 1867, the daughter of Harris and Caroline Ann (Greeley) Abbot. She attended the public schools of Wilton, Pembroke Academy and Cushing Academy, was graduated from



THE LATE FLORENCE H. ABBOT.

Smith College in 1891 and from the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, with the degree of M. D., in 1896. She made a specialty of work with the insane and was associated with various state and private institutions as physician. She was a member of several professional and collegiate clubs and associations.

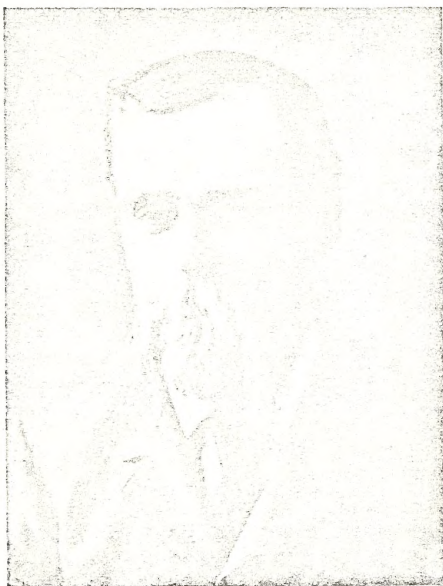
STEPHEN KENNY.

Stephen Kenny, born in Meredith in 1840, the son of Trueworthy and Lettice A. (Bean) Kenny, died at his home in Colorado Springs, Colorado, August 5. He was a wagon master in the quarter-

master corps during the Civil War, and in 1865 went to Colorado and built the first telegraph line from Denver to Santa Fe. Later, in the San Luis valley, he was one of the largest cattle ranchers in the state. He retired in 1908 on account of ill health and had since lived in Colorado Springs. His body was brought to Meredith for burial.

JAMES T. WESTON

James T. Weston, composer, and writer of prose and poetry, a former contributor to the Granite Monthly, died at his home in Hancock, August 23. He



THE LATE JAMES T. WESTON.

was born in Stoddard, May 25, 1860, the son of William and Sarah (Wilder) Weston, and had lived in Hancock since 1867. In 1891 he married Emma Coolidge of Hancock, by whom he is survived.

JOHN C. WESTON

John Copeland Weston, born in Hancock, October 12, 1835, the son of William and Mary D. (Copeland) Weston, died recently in Clinton, Iowa, where he was first cashier and then president for many years of the Clinton National Bank. As a boy of 16 he went around

the world as a sailor before the mast and later spent 15 years in gold mining in California and Oregon.

DR. WILLIAM W. HAYES

Dr. William W. Hayes was born in Dover, June 6, 1847, the son of George W. and Mary (Wood) Hayes, and died there June 11. He graduated from the Dover High school in 1865 and in 1870 began the practice of dentistry, actively continuing until his last illness. He was the president of the county dental association, a Mason and for many years deacon in the First Parish church, also singing in the church choir. June 30, 1891, he married Susan B. Morss, daughter of the late Joseph B. Morss of Newburyport, Mass., and she survives him.

GEORGE WENTWORTH

George Wentworth of Brookline, Mass., author of the Wentworth series of mathematical textbooks, who died August 26, at his summer home in Oakland, Me., was born in Exeter, Jan. 8, 1858, the son of Prof. George A. and Emily (Hatch) Wentworth. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard and lived in Exeter until a few years ago, serving as a member of the school board and being prominent in the life of the town. A wife and daughter, brother and sister, survive him.

GEORGE K. WEBSTER.

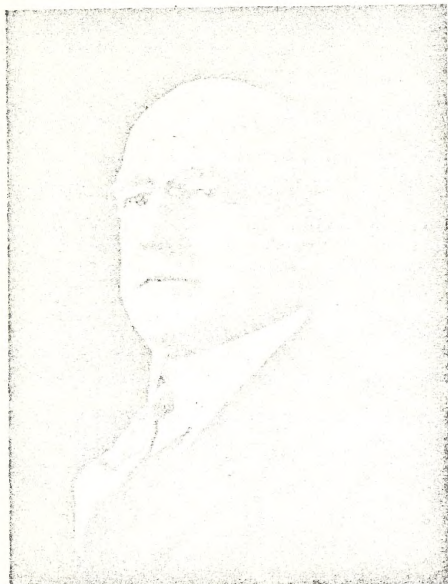
George Kendall Webster, donor of a public library to his native town of Wentworth, died June 4 at his home in North Attleboro, Mass., in his 72nd year. He was the president of the Webster Company, one of the largest silver factories in the country, and was noted for his generosity and public spirit. Two daughters survive him.

MRS. LUELLA M. WILSON

Mrs. Luella M. Wilson, born in Lyman in 1841, died in California, Nov. 20, 1920. She was well known as a traveller, lecturer and educator, having taught continuously for 57 years and being the first woman in the United States elected superintendent of Schools, an office to which she was chosen in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1884.

CLARENCE M. WOODBURY

Clarence M. Woodbury was born in Paxton, Mass., August 29, 1855, and died at Manchester, August 24. He entered the employ of the Manchester Mills, afterwards merged with the Amoskeag Corporation, in 1874, and for many years was overseer of cotton spinning. A staunch Republican in politics, he



THE LATE CLARENCE M. WOODBURY.

served in both branches of the city government and of the legislature, being senator from the 17th district at the session of 1919. He was a member of the Old Fellows and Red Men. His mother and one brother, Hon. Edward B. Woodbury, survives him.

WILLIAM H. PLUMER

William H. Plumer, born in Rollinsford, Sept. 4, 1842, the son of William and Pamela (Waldron) Plumer, died at his home in Costa Mesa, California, June 18. Most of his active life was spent at Maxwell, Nebraska, where he was engaged extensively in the hay and cattle business and for years vice-president of the Maxwell State Bank, of which his daughter was cashier. Since retiring from business a few years ago he had lived in California. Mr. Plumer married Elizabeth C., daughter of Oliver and Mary (Cressy) Yeaton, of Rollinsford, and she survives him.

GEORGE W. CLYDE

Judge George W. Clyde died suddenly at his home in Hudson, June 21. He was born in Dracut, Mass., Oct. 23, 1865, the son of the late Wilse and Hannah J. B. Clyde, and was educated at Dean Academy, Tufts College and the Boston University Law School. He had practiced his profession for 25 years in Nashua and was judge of the Hudson police court. He was a delegate to the recent constitutional convention, had served in the house of representatives and was the Republican candidate for the state senate in 1920. He is survived by a widow and five children.

ERNEST L. GRIFFIN

Ernest L. Griffin, born in Franklin, June 20, 1870, the son of George W. and Adelaide (Burgess) Griffin, died at his summer home at Rye Beach, Aug. 13. He was educated at Franklin High school, Dean Academy and Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1895. He then was associated with his father in the manufacture of the latter's invention, the Griffin hack-saw. At college he was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity and Sphinx senior society and later became a 32nd degree Mason. He played on the varsity baseball team at Dartmouth and afterwards was a golf enthusiast. He is survived by his wife, and one daughter and a brother, Ralph B. Griffin, of Franklin.

Dr. FREDERIC W. JONES

Frederic William Jones, M. D., was born in New Ipswich, Jan. 9, 1848, and died there July 1. He was educated at Appleton Academy, Dartmouth college, class of 1869, and the Harvard and New York medical colleges. He was a member of the legislature of 1903, president of the Mason Village savings bank and interested in many local good works, the public library, lecture course, schools, etc.

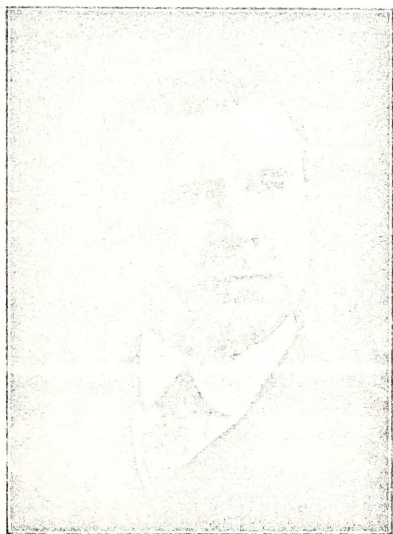
ELISHA F. LANE

Elisha Frederick Lane one of Keene's oldest and wealthiest residents, died July 15. He was born in Swanzeey, April 29, 1826, the son of Ezekiel and Rachael Thayer (Fish) Lane. He was early engaged in the manufacture of pails at Marlboro, but since 1859 had

resided in Keene, where he was largely interested in real estate, railroads and banking. During the Civil War he was an assessor and deputy collector of taxes and from 1870 to 1873 was sheriff of Cheshire county. He was a member of the Masonic order and of the Congregational church, which he liberally supported, as he did the Y. M. C. A. By his will his large estate goes eventually to these and other religious and philanthropic agencies.

JAMES B. CROWLEY.

James Benedict Crowley of Nashua died suddenly, August 29, at the home of a friend in Bethel, Me. He was born in Nashua, Nov. 19, 1866, the son of Timothy B. and Mary F. (Danahy) Crowley, and graduated from the high school of that city, where he was subsequently engaged in the insurance business to the time of his death. For four years he was chief clerk in the U. S. pension office at Concord. He was for



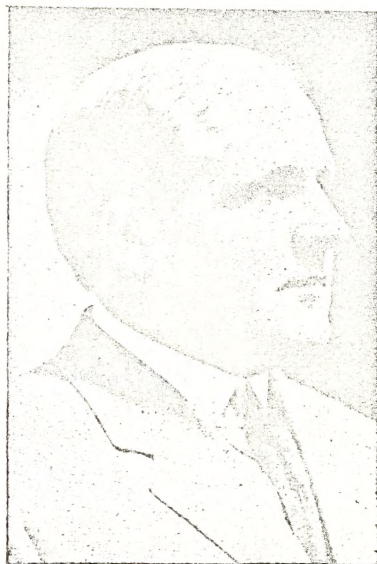
THE LATE JAMES B. CROWLEY.

12 years police commissioner of Nashua and from 1915 to 1920 the mayor of the city. He was past state deputy of the Knights of Columbus; member of the Foresters of America, Ancient Order of Hibernians and Sons of Veterans; president of the Nashua Oratorio Society, treasurer of the Nashua Hospital Association and O'Donnell Memorial Asso-

ciation, director of the Second National Bank, trustee of the City Guaranty Savings Bank, member of the Nashua Country Club and Rotary Club. He is survived by his brother, Timothy A. Crowley of Nashua, and two sisters, Miss Sadie J. Crowley of Nashua and Mrs. Peter Reilly of Lowell, Mass. He never married.

NORMAN H. BEANE.

Norman H. Beane, born in Newington, June 13, 1876, the son of Henry and Marguerite (Newhall) Beane, died at



THE LATE NORMAN H. BEANE.

Portsmouth, July 1. He succeeded his father as superintendent of the Rockingham county farm at Brentwood and conducted that office successfully for 10 years, when he resigned, in 1907, and engaged in the men's clothing and boot and shoe business in Portsmouth, where he was a popular and prominent citizen. A Republican in politics, he was elected county commissioner for nine years from 1911 and served as chairman of the board. At the time of his death he was serving his third term in the city council and had been mentioned for mayor.

Mr. Beane was a member of the various Masonic bodies, of the I. O. O. F., Grange, Elks, Jr. O. U. A. M., Yacht and Gun Clubs, the Portsmouth Ath-

letic Club and the Congregational church. It is said of him that he was "a man of capacity and worth, genial, of attractive qualities and a citizen of public spirit." Mr. Beane married Miss Belle Prescott, of Epping, who survives him, as do five sisters and a brother.

MALCOLM L. BRADLEY

Malcolm L. Bradley, widely known as an actor, especially of Shakespearean roles, died July 7 at Manchester. He was born at Keene 69 years ago, but came to Manchester as a boy and was educated there. His most notable stage appearances were in support of Southern and Marlowe. During the past year he had taken part in some important moving pictures, including Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." He is survived by a sister, Mrs. L. B. Bodwell, of Manchester.

JOSHUA W. HUNT

Joshua W. Hunt, 77, well known Nashua grain merchant for 30 years and prominent in the Masonic order, died August 16. He was a native of Pennsylvania, but had lived in Nashua since childhood. During the Civil War, he was a member of the First N. H. Heavy Artillery. He had served in the city

council and legislature; had held the highest offices in the various Masonic bodies of the city; and was a member of the I. O. O. F., and Methodist church.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, Lieutenant Colonel William E. Hunt, U. S. A., of Washington, D. C., and Major Charles E. Hunt, U. S. A., of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas and three grandchildren.

CHARLES T. McNALLY.

Charles Thompson McNally, born in Springfield, Ill. Sept. 5, 1853, the son of Parker Thompson and Sarah (Bennett) McNally, died suddenly at Berlin, June 14. For nearly 40 years he was a prominent citizen of Groveton, engaging in the wholesale and retail meat and grain business, in lumbering and hotel management, in the installation of the electric light plant and water works, and in banking, being the organizer and president of the Coos County National Bank. He served in the Legislature and for many years as selectman. A few years ago he removed to Berlin because of business interests. He is survived by his widow and three children, Elbert N., of St. Johnsbury, Vt., Mrs. Thomas Donohue of Berlin and Charles C., of Groveton.

AN ODE TO NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Louise Piper Wemple

(Concord)

From the swirling sands of the desert,

From the storm tossed northern sea,

From flower decked tropic jungle,

Homeward, our thoughts turn to thee.

There is peace in the fragrant meadows,

With daisies and buttercups strewn,

Where the only sounds are the wild birds' notes,

And the brooklet's plaintive croon.

There is rest in each white village,

That slumbers a top of the hill,

Where the old time church holds memories,

And simple faith lives still.

There are quiet woods by the crystal lakes,

With pine sweet banks, where shadows lie,

And each little leaf and twig and flower

Reflected, blends with the azure sky.

But fairer still are the mountains,

From man aloof,—apart,

Snow crowned and Heaven aspiring,

New Hampshire's rugged heart.

See Proprietor's report
2000 to 1900 and 1900 to 1900
I am now about 1900
The house will be the mountain

OF INTEREST TO RESIDENTS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
THE AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER ISSUES OF
PHOTO - ERA MAGAZINE

Published monthly at Wolfeboro, New Hampshire

Will contain an entertaining, illustrated article, "A Pilgrimage to Wolfeboro, New Hampshire" by Herbert B. Turner and Ralph Osborne, internationally known travelers and writers. It is an account of a motor-trip made from Boston to Wolfeboro, illustrated by photographic "impressions" made along the way.

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New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

CONSTITUTION DAY

JOHN MASON and JOHN WENTWORTH

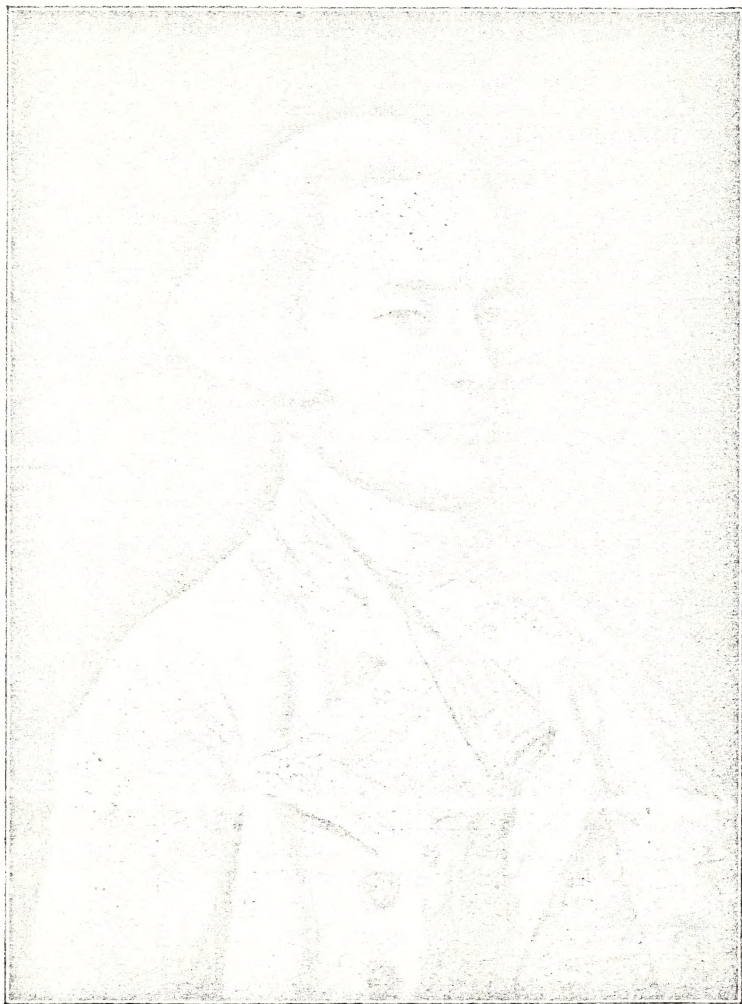
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No. 10

CONSTITUTION DAY

Celebration by the New Hampshire Society, S. A. R., Sept. 17, 1921

The National Society of the patriotic order, known as the Sons of the American Revolution, has been deeply interested for some years past, in promoting, through the various State Societies, the appropriate celebration of "Constitution Day," on the anniversary of the adoption and signing of the Constitution of the United States by the Convention which framed it, at Philadelphia, Pa., September 17, 1787.

Several of the State Societies had already established the custom of properly observing the memorable day, which is of equal importance in American history with the Fourth of July or "Independence Day," but it was not until the present year that the New Hampshire Society took action in the premises.

At its last annual meeting, April 17, the society voted to hold a formal celebration of the day in Concord, and a committee of three, consisting of Henry H. Metcalf, Charles E. Staniels and Will B. Howe, was appointed by the President—Ashley K. Hardy of Hanover—to make the necessary arrangements. The committee proceeded to the performance of its duties, the most important object being to secure the services, as orator of the day, of a competent person for the performance of the task. Hon. Edgar Aldrich, Judge of the U. S. District Court for New Hampshire, had tentatively accepted an invitation to perform the service in question, when he met with the accident that eventually resulted in his death and it was not till shortly before the recent recess of Congress

that he finally gave notice of his inability to render the service required.

The Congressional recess, liberating from the public service for a time the members of the New Hampshire delegation, opened the way for securing a substitute for the service, in the person of Hon. Sherman E. Burroughs of Manchester, representative in Congress from the First New Hampshire District, whose legal training, scholarly attainments and an intimate knowledge of state and national history, admirably qualified him for the work.

The hall of the House of Representatives, in the State House, was decided to be the proper place in which to hold the observance and His Excellency, Governor Albert O. Brown, kindly consented upon invitation, to serve as president of the day.

The co-operation of Rumford Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. E. Scott Owen, Regent, was secured, which organization, through the chairman of its music committee, Miss Ada M. Aspinwall, arranged the musical part of the programme. The hour of 11 o'clock, a. m., was fixed for the opening of the exercises, which had been extensively advertised in the press and otherwise.

Shortly after the hour designated the audience assembled in the hall, which, it must be admitted was disappointingly small, was called to order by the president of the society, Prof. Hardy, who said:

Before I have the honor of presenting Governor Brown as the chairman of this occasion it will, I think,

be appropriate to say a few words regarding the origin and purposes of Constitution Day.

The year 1917, in which we entered the World War, witnessed a very general and salutary reassertion of basic American principles. Loyal, thoughtful Americans, from whatever race descended, of whatever religious creed and political affiliation, found a common rallying-point in the doctrines and form of our national government. It was in that year of

appropriate exercises has spread rapidly, until now the occasion is marked by many thousands of local celebrations.

Today we hold the first formal public observance of Constitution Day in New Hampshire, and we trust it will be the precursor of many annual commemorations in this and other cities of the state.

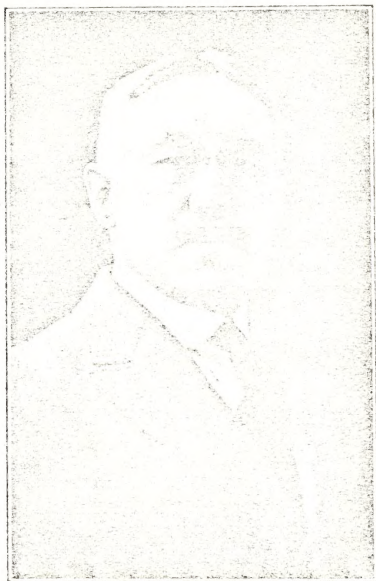
I now take pleasure in introducing as President of the Day, His Excellency, Albert O. Brown, Governor of New Hampshire.

Prayer was then offered by the chaplain of the society, Rev. Joseph Presbey of Grasmere, following which Mrs. Josephine J. Rolfe of Concord, contralto of the Hanover St. Congregational church of Manchester, sang effectively two solos: "The Americans Come" (Foster) and "There Is No Death" (O'Hara,) accompanied by Miss Ruth Bailey.

Governor Brown then gave the following introductory address:

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

A little more than a year and a half ago, standing in this very place, but acting in a different capacity, I made these remarks: "New Hampshire enjoys the unique distinction of having possessed the first written constitution adopted by any of the American colonies. This was followed in a few months by a Declaration of Independence, which was the first authoritative and formal statement on the part of any colony to renounce allegiance to the British crown. At the time these instruments were promulgated, the war of the revolution had long been in progress. Major Sullivan and his men had made the first armed attack upon the military power of England. They had reduced Fort William and Mary at Newcastle, imprisoned the garrison, removed the guns and transferred a hundred barrels of powder to Durham. And this powder later conveyed to Cam-



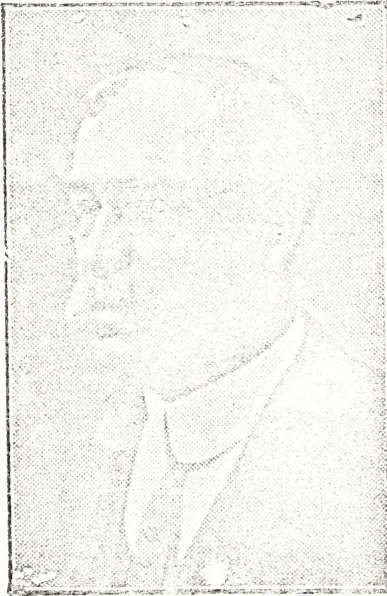
PROF. ASHLEY K. HARDY,

President of the N. H. Society, S. A. R.

1917, when we all at last saw that the heritage handed down from the fathers of the republic was in danger from a foreign enemy, that the Sons of the American Revolution inaugurated the observation of Constitution Day, September seventeenth, the day on which one hundred and thirty years before the great work of creating the Constitution of the United States was brought to a close. The idea of commemorating this most significant anniversary in our national life by ap-

bridge, had been burned at Bunker Hill, where New Hampshire farmers and woodsmen constituted a majority of the Colonial troops." It may now be added that to them, more than to all others engaged, belongs the glory of that victory in defeat.

As New Hampshire began the opening of the war at Portsmouth, so, also she began its closing at Bennington. It was there that resistance to our arms reached its peak and began its decline. New Hampshire men fought



GOVERNOR ALBERT O. BROWN.

in every campaign and almost every battle of the Revolution. Considering the character and the timeliness of their services, it may well be doubted whether the people of any state did more than those of our own to gain independence and pave the way for the Constitution. And none were more faithful in the convention that drafted that instrument. Therefore it was not inappropriate that to them should fall the high privilege of casting the deciding vote for its ratification. That vote was soon

followed by those of the four remaining states. "Thus was achieved," says Judge Story, "another and still more glorious triumph in the cause of national liberty than even that which separated us from the mother country."

But, as adopted, the constitution was in a practical sense largely "without form and void." It remained for New Hampshire's, I had almost said America's, greatest son, to convert it, after a generation of weakness and comparative failure, by a series of immortal arguments covering many years, into an instrument of the highest utility and importance. One by one, in a sympathetic court, a reluctant Senate, or the wider forum of the people, Mr. Webster undertook the great problems of construction and carried them to a wise and permanent solution.

If it was difficult to formulate a fundamental law out of compromises, it was next to impossible to interpret it correctly. This task could only be performed, we may be excused for believing, upon a background of birth, education and intellectual power and aptitude such as the "great expounder of the Constitution" alone possessed.

New Hampshire, conspicuous in the events that led up to the Constitution, faithful in the convention that framed it, timely in its ratification and eminent in its interpretation, may well celebrate this day as an anniversary of one of the greatest achievements of the world.

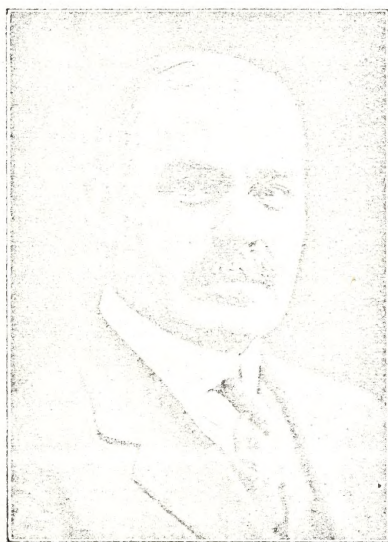
Following the address of the president, Mrs. Rolfe and Miss Martha L. James sang as a duet, "Good Night," by Moore, after which, in felicitous terms, the president introduced the orator of the day.

He said: I have known the orator of the day for many years. I long practiced law with him as a member of the same bar. Sometimes we were associated in the trial of cases. Much

more frequently, however, we were opposed to each other in that gentle exercise. I have followed his career in public as well as private life and I have learned to respect him for his character and to admire him for his ability. I am sorry that because of his preference, already expressed, I shall not have the privilege of again supporting him as my candidate to represent the first district of New Hampshire in the Congress of the United States. I present the Honorable Sherman E. Burroughs.

Mr. Burrough's Address.

It is indeed singularly fitting and appropriate that this New Hamp-



HON. SHERMAN E. BURROUGHS, M. C.

shire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution should observe this day. No State in the Union has a more splendid record in connection with the establishment and maintenance of constitutional government in America than the State of New Hampshire. It was here that the earliest expression of the growing sentiment for independence was proclaimed,

Here was committed the first act of open defiance, of armed resistance, to the pretensions of British rule. It was here that the first constitution known in America for the government of a free people was formulated and established. Here, too, within a few feet of where we are now assembled, was taken the momentous action that made certain the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the consequent development in territory and population and wealth and power and glory of the Great Republic. Nor should it be forgotten that when the great principle of nationality, supposed to have been written into this Constitution, was challenged in the great forum of the Nation, it was a son of New Hampshire whose luminous and eloquent exposition gave form and expression to the national sentiment of his people. As the Marseillaise, in words and music, burned with the spirit of the French Revolution and inspired the armies which swept over Europe, so the logic and eloquence of the Great Exponent of the Constitution were heard again in the deep roar of the Union guns from Sumter to Appomattox.

When the New Hampshire Convention, on June 21, 1788, voted to ratify the new constitution, the decisive step was taken toward the formation of "a more perfect Union" between the States. Few realized the full significance of what had been done. Nine states had voluntarily withdrawn from one government and transferred their allegiance to another. Two others soon did likewise, but Rhode Island and North Carolina refused to give their assent to the Constitution and until June, 1790, remained outside the Constitution as sovereign, independent states. The articles of Confederation had purported to be "Articles of Perpetual Union" and might be amended only by the unanimous ac-

tion of all the Confederate States; hence this action of the eleven states in making radical revision of the Constitution and excluding their associates for refusal to assent, was revolution pure and simple. It could be justified only upon the the ground of the urgent necessity of the case, and was in fact placed upon that ground by Hamilton, Madison and others. Hamilton had in truth stated the case none too strongly when he said that we "had reached almost the last step of national humiliation. Constant and unblushing violation of the most sacred obligations; important posts in the possession of a foreign power which ought long since to have been surrendered and neither troops, treasury nor government adequate even to remonstrate with dignity; excluded from a free participation in the navigation of the Mississippi river to which by nature and compact we were entitled; public credit gone, commerce at the lowest point of declension, our ambassadors abroad the mere pageant of mimic sovereignty," those are a few only of the particulars in what Hamilton calls the dark catalogue of our public misfortunes. What wonder then that he boldly declared that something was "necessary to be done to rescue us from impending anarchy." These, too must have been some of the things in the mind of John Quincy Adams, when he said at a later time that the Constitution "had been extorted from the grinding necessities of a reluctant people."

Eleven years after the colonies declared their independence; twenty-six years after James Otis in the Superior Court at Boston, speaking in opposition to Writs of Assistance, delivered the oration wherein, John Adams declared, "American independence was born"; twenty-two years after the passage of the Stamp Act, when Patrick Henry in the Virginia House of Burgesses, hurled

back at the British King the defiance of these colonies; one hundred and thirty-four years ago today, the present Constitution of the United States was adopted at Philadelphia. The deliberations of the convention there assembled were begun nearly four months earlier when the delegates from seven States had organized and chosen George Washington as their president. The convention was in session one hundred days.

Of the fifty-five delegates comprising its membership, twenty-nine were university men, graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Oxford and Edinburgh. Washington and Franklin, for supreme intelligence and distinguished service to the patriot cause, were easily at the head. Washington, to whose earnest efforts the Convention was largely due, was then 55 years old; Franklin was 81. The two most profound and original thinkers were yet young men. Hamilton was 30, Madison 36. The delegates from New Hampshire were John Langdon and Nicholas Gilman, the latter at 25 being the youngest member of the Convention, and the former already known as one of the two most influential citizens of the state, and later to be its Governor and first United States Senator. Among others in the Convention who possessed force, learning and ability were Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, the two Morris from Pennsylvania, and John Randolph and George Mason from Virginia. Altogether it was the most remarkable group of men ever associated in any governmental activity. James Madison, who knew intimately almost every member of the Convention, who was never absent even for a single day from its meetings and whose journal is the only authoritative record of its proceedings, near the close of his life thus wrote of its membership:

"I feel it my duty to express my

solemn conviction, derived from my intimate opportunity of observing and appreciating the views of the convention, that there never was an assembly of men, charged with a great and arduous trust who were more pure in their motives or more anxiously devoted to the object committed to them than were the members of the Federal Convention of 1787."

The utmost anxiety attended the meeting of the delegates, many of them were slow to arrive. It was a week after the day fixed before even seven of the thirteen States were represented. Members who came appeared anxious and apprehensive. They realized fully that the work they were undertaking was vitally important and of tremendous difficulty. Indeed the difficulties to be overcome seemed insurmountable. The Confederacy had failed. Its requisitions had been refused by the States. Commercial rivalry and discord were pronounced. Open rebellion had appeared, treaties had been violated and some of the States were threatening foreign alliances.

Confidence grew in the Convention, however, with conference and debate. Evidences of impending anarchy drew the delegates together. There was great divergence of opinion, but there was also complete singleness of purpose. Compromise ended every serious disagreement. The wonder is not that differences existed, but that concessions on such great issues should have been so easily obtained. No other assembly of like character in all history ever exhibited greater wisdom, moderation, courage or more unselfish patriotism.

Once when the prospect seemed dark, Washington, addressing his associates, said:

"It is possible that no plan that we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If to please the people we

offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us here raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

Such was the spirit and such the high resolve of the Convention, and out of it was born the Constitution.

It will not be expected that I should attempt a detailed analysis of the Constitution in this address. A general characterization will be sufficient.

The great, distinguishing characteristic of our nationality, proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence and established in the Constitution, was that all legitimate power resides in, and is derived from, the people. This sublime truth, to us so self-evident, so simple, so obvious, was before that time measurably undeveloped in the history of the world. As has been well said.

"Philosophers, in their dreams, had built ideal governments, Plato had luxuriated in the happiness of his fanciful republic. Sir Thomas More had revelled in the bright visions of his Utopia. The immortal Milton had uttered his sublime views on freedom, and the great Locke had published his profound speculations on the true principles of government. But never, until the establishment of American independence, was it, except in very imperfect modes, acknowledged by a nation and made the corner-stone and foundation of its government that the sovereign power is vested in the mass."

The makers of the Constitution set up a democracy and at the same time created a strong government. They made the President responsible to the people, but they gave him more power than is exercised by English Kings. They sought always to secure the free exercise of the people's will, but at the same time

they placed obstacles in the path to sudden action impelled by passion, great excitement or deep resentment. They made the will of the people supreme, but they were careful to provide that their real will and considered judgment, and not transient impulse should be ascertained. They had for their oracle of political philosophy the treatise of Montesquien on the Spirit of Laws, which had been published anonymously at Geneva forty years before, and had won its way to an immense authority on both sides of the ocean. But these men were not mere theorists. They knew the history and experience of the democratic movement in Europe, and they undertook to establish here a form of government that should be practical and workable. They adopted neither the extreme theory of liberty nor the extreme theory of democracy. On the contrary, they set up barriers against the excesses of individual liberty on the one hand, and still more important, against the excesses of unrestricted powers of the majority on the other.

They kept the Executive, legislative and judicial functions of the government separate and distinct. They set up a law making body with two chambers and gave the President a limited veto power. They made the adoption of amendments to the Constitution a slow and difficult process to prevent hasty and illconsidered changes in our fundamental law. Beyond question their most unique and original work is found in the Supreme Court, that "peaceful and venerable arbitrator" designed to keep the executive and legislative departments within their constitutional bounds, and to protect the rights of the people from usurpation and encroachment. De Tocqueville said that a more imposing judicial power than the Supreme Court of

the United States was never constituted by any people.

It has been said that ours is a "government of laws and not of men." This means that no man's authority, no exercise of power of any sort shall deprive the citizen of his life, his liberty, or his property without "due process of law." It denies the right to exercise arbitrary power. It places the law above kings and governors and presidents above generals and armies and military power; above all earthly authority not exercised under and in accordance with the Constitution.

Judged by accepted standards our Constitution is the most scientific of any ever created. It is the strongest charter of liberty that ever was written. It has long been the acknowledged model of fundamental law. Never before was a system of government so wisely conceived, so comprehensive in its scope, so democratic in its operations, so regardful of the rights of the people, so adjustable to the progress and expansion of a great Nation.

Abraham Lincoln said of it:

"A majority held in restraint by Constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinion and sentiment is the only true sovereign of a free people."

Again he said:

"Nowhere in the world is presented a government of so much liberty and equality. To the humblest and poorest amongst us are held out the highest privileges and positions."

Mr. Gladstone, the greatest English statesman of the last century, characterized our Constitution as the "most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

Mr. Bryce, author of the best commentary ever written on Ameri-



can institutions, said of the Constitution:

"It deserves the veneration with which the Americans have been accustomed to regard it*** After all deductions, it ranks above every other written constitution for the intrinsic excellence of its scheme, its adaptation to the circumstances of the people, the simplicity, brevity and precision of its language, its judicious mixture of definiteness of principle with elasticity in details." Of the government created by the Constitution he says:

"It is the first true Federal State founded on a complete and scientific basis."

Heavy responsibilities were assumed and serious dangers confronted in departing from the theory that government must come from above, that the selfishness and cruelty and lust of mankind can be successfully controlled by a class of superior men, qualified experts in the art of government, bred to power and trained in its exercise; and in adopting in place of it the idea that the great masses of men who had always been subject to repression, control and direction, could be trusted to govern themselves; that by a process of evolution, through education and practice, the popular mass would acquire the self-restraint, the soberness of judgment, the loyalty to the fundamental principles of justice and liberty necessary to stable and effective government. There was widespread belief, even among the wisest and best of mankind, that the control of democracy would turn out to be the tyranny of the mob.

We have been accustomed to flatter ourselves that the great American experiment has been successful. It has indeed carried the demonstration of popular capacity of the people to rule themselves far beyond the point which originally seemed possible to the enemies of

popular government. It is indeed true that for more than a century and a quarter peaceful industry, respect for law and individual freedom have been maintained under popular government in the United States. It is also true that all this has been accompanied by extraordinary material prosperity.

Nevertheless, we must not delude ourselves with the idea that the American experiment in government is ended or that our task is accomplished. Our political system under the Constitution has proved successful under comparatively simple conditions. It still remains to be seen how it will stand the strain of the vast complication of life upon which we are now entering.

Perhaps never before in our history has there been so much criticism of the Constitution or so many attacks upon it as now. In various forms, with different motives and from many quarters they come. There are those who would utterly destroy it. There are others who would change its essential features and retain little more than the form. Perhaps this ought to be expected.

We are living in an era of mighty changes. The great war has made a new map of the world. Empires have fallen. New nations have been born in a day. Thrones are overthrown and their former occupants have suffered death or fled to exile. Everywhere the spirit of revolt is manifest. Everything established is challenged. Even anarchy is praised by those who live where men are free. Restraint, even for the protection of the poor and weak, is condemned and defied. Any barrier against selfish aggrandizement is attacked. While such conditions exist abroad it is not surprising that a spirit of protest and revolt should make itself manifest in our own country.

Complaints against our Consti-

tution are never justified so long as it is subject to amendment. The right of amendment is absolute and extends to every part of the instrument. Any change may be lawfully made in the Constitution that the people desire to make. If changes are not made, it is simply proof that the people do not desire them.

It is complained that amendments should be made easier. But it should be remembered that the Constitution is our fundamental law. It is the foundation upon which the entire governmental structure rests. It rests upon great principles; their abandonment or their modification should be fully understood and fully considered. There are always people who have theories and desire changes, and they are more numerous now than ever before. Over 100 amendments to the Constitution have been proposed to Congress within the last three years, involving 27 different subjects.

Glaring inequalities of condition, the insolence of wealth, the growth of luxuries, riotous living, the misuse of money and its reckless squandering on pleasure and pride—these are doubtless some of the causes which are contributing to the feeling of more or less angry discontent, that looks not to social reform but to political and social revolution. Social programs unknown to the fathers and wholly impossible of Constitutional sanction are pressing for determination. Objects meritorious in their nature are being urged, and if the Constitution stands in the way of easy and early accomplishment, the Constitution is denounced and derided and declared to be obsolete.

The spirit of unrest consequent upon and probably the inevitable result of the war has strengthened the feeling of injustice which always abides with the unfortunate and improvident. The bitter strife

which sometimes awakens between workmen and their employers is intensified. The continued increase in the cost of the necessities of life as well as the increased demands for those things, heretofore considered as luxuries, furnishes still further argument for the destructive voices that are urging the overthrow by violence if necessary of the foundations of society and the marvellous civilization it has taken us centuries to build.

The chairman of a legislative committee in New York a short time ago reported that there were from 300,000 to 500,000 people in New York alone who were advocating forcible seizure of private property. He said there were 2500 trained agitators of this propaganda and no less than 265 publications in the United States spreading this revolutionary doctrine abroad.

Now, I am not one of those who believe that the world has come to a full period in our institutions.

"I have no dread of what

Is called for by the instinct of mankind.

Nor think I that God's world would fall apart

Because we tear a parchment more or less."

It may well be that changes, possibly of a fundamental and radical character should be made in our political and social structure at the present time. I do not assert such to be the fact. I simply state that if under the greatly changed conditions brought about by the world-war, modifications in our form of government and society are found to be necessary, it would not be at all surprising. Certainly the mere suggestion of change should not create among us panic or alarm.

John Bright used to say that the first instinct of an English workman on hearing a new idea, was to

"leave 'arf a brick at it". Now, that is not a safe or a wise attitude to take towards new ideas. It certainly never has been the American attitude. Our custom has been to welcome them, to examine them with sympathy, and take from them whatever of value they had to offer. Let us not then be afraid of the new idea. A little examination may show us it is not new at all. As President Butler of Columbia College has said, it is not the novelty of the idea but the truth of the idea that should concern us. Let us therefore test it, let us examine it, let us analyze it, let us prove it as much as we please, but let us not dismiss it without a hearing. It is the glory of America that we have free speech, a free press and a right of assemblage that make it possible for us to winnow the chaff from the grain and save all that is true and all that is useful in the new idea.

But just as you must have a yard-stick in order to measure cloth, just as you must have a bushel basket in order to measure grain or potatoes, so you must have some definite and fixed standard in order to measure and determine the degree of truth and utility of an idea. Fortunately we have such standards in those principles of enduring application that were wrought into the great charter of our liberties and which in more than one hundred years of our existence as a nation have made here a great, free and prosperous commonwealth. What are those principles? What is the foundation on which has been created this great structure?

The very essence of American Government and American life, is the political, religious and civil liberty of the individual citizen—his right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, his right to participate in a government of his own choice, his right to acquire, to dispose of

and to possess property. This is the stone on which the corner of our national temple stands and where the heaviest timbers rest. This is the base without which the edifice itself must fall. This is the foundation whose weakness or decay would bring all the glory standing over it to ruin and despair. Destroy this and we will have wrecked the constructive work of centuries. Destroy this and we will have shattered the last hope of humanity in its age-long struggle against autocratic power. Destroy this and we will have proved recreant to the high trust committed to our hands by those who in privation and sacrifice built here upon what they fondly hoped to be enduring foundations, the shapely columns of the great Republic. Destroy this and America will no longer be America.

The proponents of the new idea are, and ought to be welcome in the great American forum. Our sense of fair play and our love of the truth should suffice to grant them a hearing and opportunity to discuss their plan and submit their cause. But if they come into our forum let them abide by the rules prescribed for all alike. Let them not abuse the hospitality so generously accorded them. If you invite a guest to your home, you do not expect him to maltreat your child or attempt to burn down your dwelling. If he does he forfeits all rights under your invitation and you are entirely justified in treating him no longer as your friend and guest, but as, in fact, your deadly enemy. What then will you say of the man who, under protection of the right of free speech, stands on an American platform and advocates the overthrow of the American government by force and violence? I say he too has violated his right to protection. He too has abused the hospitality which a generous people has given him, and if



I had my way about it, if he was an alien he would be immediately deported and if he was a citizen he would be put in jail.

We are quite ready and willing to listen with sympathy to the new idea but we are not yet ready to Russianize America. We are not yet ready or willing to haul down the Stars and Stripes and run up in its stead the red flag of revolution.

All of us who are in our right minds are anxious to improve social conditions. We want to better the public health, we want to decrease the long hours and hard conditions of labor, we want to increase its rewards and so far as possible add to the satisfactions of those who do the hard manual work of the world. We want to build good roads and multiply school houses, improve conditions of housing in large cities, and see to it that such essentials of life as water, light, food and transportation are furnished of the best quality and at the lowest practicable cost. Of course, we sometimes hear it said that those who advocate such ideas are socialists, but that should not disturb us at all. Names are not important. If that were all that socialism meant, we might well be proud to call ourselves socialists. What I have described to you, however, is not socialism at all. What I have described to you aims at reform and readjustment of our social organization, but it is utterly opposed to the destruction and complete overthrow of that organization. Socialism on the other hand—I speak of the political socialism of Karl Marx—involves not social reform but political and social revolution. It is the name for a definite public policy which rests upon certain historical and economic assumptions, all of which have been proved to be false. It proceeds to very drastic and far

reaching conclusions, all of which are in flat contradiction to the basic principles upon which the American Government rests. Instead of readjusting American institutions and American Government to new conditions, the socialist would utterly destroy them. His hand is raised against the home, the institution of marriage and the courts of justice. He would lay the heavy hand of force upon civil liberty itself and destroy its root and branch for a despotism of his own making. He counsels and advocates revolt but it is the revolt of the inefficient. It is not the revolt of skilled labor; it is not the revolt of the brain worker. It is the revolt of the men who cannot do things and never have done things, who want to pull down the men who can.

He preaches and teaches the justice and the necessity of a class struggle between those who have little and those who have more, between those who work with their hands and those who work in other ways. Like his twin brother, the bolshevist, with whom he has now made common cause, he knows no law, no statute, no ordinance and no constitution. He knows no sect, no creed, no religion, no altar. He stands for a program that recognizes no family tie, and no limitation save that of might and the unbridled will of those who for the moment wield its power.

This is not an American doctrine. It was made in Germany. It is a doctrine of envy and hate and those who advocate it, whatever they may say, are not believers in democracy at all as we understand it. They do not believe in the equality of all men before the law and equal opportunity for all men and all women. Their program leads not to democracy in industry, but to dictatorship by a class. It differs from the program of the most reactionary old-style capitalists merely in re-

versing the position of the two parties. It does not aim to lift all men up. It is bent on pulling some men down. It is a program of destruction, not construction; of reaction, not progress.

Such a program should have no appeal to those who love America. The thing that should interest us is, not whether we are to have one form of despotism in industry or another form of despotism in industry; but how can we make our industrial institutions truly democratic and American in their form and spirit of management. The thing that should interest us is, not how can we overturn and destroy the Government and social organization we now have; but rather how can we develop our American system of democracy without surrender of any of these great principles to which we have committed the fortunes of the Republic, how can we keep our Government from becoming too strong for the liberties of the people, and yet strong enough to maintain itself in times of great emergency. What can we do to improve our present methods of distribution so as to afford better and greater opportunity for the physical, mental and moral development of all the people.

These are the questions, these the problems that should engage the best thought of patriotic Americans to-day, and not at all those wild and revolutionary schemes that can only mean for us, as they have meant for everybody else who has ever listened to them, untold suffering, disaster and despair.

In striking contrast with the efforts of Americans and indeed of all English-speaking peoples, to state the problem of production or work as a human problem, to find a firm foundation for common prosperity in a genuine co-operation or partnership which recognizes the claims and interests of all parties

in industry, are the experiments of those socialist and other extremists, in Russia, in Hungary and elsewhere, with their revolutionary short-cuts to prosperity. Wherever their program has been tried out, as it is now being tried out in Eastern Europe, the results stand out strikingly in the absolute stagnation of all industrial activities, the utter collapse of credit and exchange, the spread of unemployment, the unwillingness of any to work when they know not who will receive the fruits, the steady growth of crime, chaos, starvation and compulsion of labor.

As we honor to-day the men who, revolting against privilege and all forms of arbitrary power, laid the foundations of the State and Nation upon the principles of order, liberty and law, it behooves us to bear in mind that it is as vitally important to oppose tyranny in this form as when it comes clad in imperial robes and accompanied with all the instruments of militarism. It behooves us to bear in mind that under the American principle of equal opportunity and fair play for all, it is not material success that we should seek to abolish. It is poverty and wretchedness and ignorance and justified discontent that we should seek to abolish. The American idea is not to destroy, but to build. Not to pull everybody down to a common level of mediocrity, which in the end means a common level of wretchedness, but to help everybody up. Let us ever remember that there is no more subtle and dangerous enemy of the American democracy than he who, in a mad rush along the swift and fiery track of the Red Terror, would "wreck the world's efficiency in order to redistribute the world's discontent."

The people of this country are just beginning to get a vision of public interest or welfare as distinct

from private interests or welfare. This is seen in many of the great fundamental questions with which industrial, equity, political and commerce are today vitally concerned—questions of social righteousness, industrial equity, political and commercial honesty and honor and economic justice. Great movements, essentially religious in their character, for the establishment of those ends have in recent years been sweeping over the land, and you can no more stop them, believe me, then you can stop the down rushing of the rivers from the mountains to the sea. But we should never forget that our social organization in the main is, and must continue to be, based on the individual. Some things he cannot himself do as well as they can be done for him. These are, however, and must continue to be the exceptions and not the rule. As a general rule, we still hold to the doctrine of the builders and framers of the Republic, that it is wiser for each man to own and control his own home, run his own business, fight his own battle and pay his own bills.

In this time of profound upheaval, when the hurricane is passing like the rushing of the sea, we need as never before those sterling qualities of heart and of mind that gave to Washington and his fellows the inspiration and the strength to build a free state in a new world. Now is the time to see if the American democracy can maintain its sanity and poise in the midst of these perilous surrounding. Now is the time for love of justice and fair play, respect for order, liberty and law, to stand on guard. These are the qualities that stand the test when clouds threaten and lightning shoots across the sky. These are the joints of oak that ride the storm. Other anchors have snapped and broken in the fury of the gale, other timbers have strewed the bottom of

every sea on which the ship of human government has ever sailed; but not these. In all the confusion of conflicting counsel we need today, as never before, the sane idealism of Washington and Franklin and Madison and Langdon, not the mushy sentimental sort we have heard so much about of late—an idealism that has the clearness of vision to see things in their true relations, to see democracy as it is—its defects, as well as its virtues—and best of all and greatest of all, to see the splendid opportunity in this time of readjustment, for American democracy to lead the way, as it has never yet failed to do in a century and a half, along the difficult and tortuous path that ever ascends to higher and yet higher levels of popular rule. Today as never before, we need that sort of idealism that on the one hand is bold enough to send to the discard Eighteenth Century forms and formulas that have long since outlived their usefulness, and, on the other hand, is brave enough to stand firm against the clamor of the crowd and hold fast to those undying principles that have made America great and free.

As there is a difference between tinsel and pure gold, as there is a difference between music and ragtime, so I think I can see a real and a true distinction between a democracy that has fixed standards of right and wrong and holds that nothing is settled until it is settled right; that creates leadership by its confidence and trust and follows it; that stands for equality of all men before the law; equality of opportunity, equality of right, the liberty of every man to use his faculties as he may choose, limited only by the like rights of others; and a democracy that has no standards except for the moment; whose only compass is a weathervane; that decries its leaders and exalts demagogues,

and attempts to hold all men down to a dead level of accomplishment within the reach of the least intelligent and the least fit. The one form of democracy is true and genuine; the other is false and spurious. We need the voice of a sane idealism to emphasize that distinction in these critical days when, having measurably succeeded in making the world safe for democracy, we are engaged in the scarcely less difficult task of making democracy itself safe for the world.

There can be no possible excuse for the mischief-maker, much less the anarchist or terrorist in this country. There is ample opportunity afforded for any change or reform that the people desire. The difficulty is that this class of men do not believe in a government of the people. They are unwilling to submit to the decision of a majority. It is minority rule, not majority rule that they demand. They rail at the tyranny of the majority, and seek to substitute the tyranny of a minority. They denounce the autocracy of a government, and demand the autocracy of a faction. It is not the people's rule it is class rule that they seek to establish.

There is no justification for disobedience to or defiance of the law in a country where the people make the law. There is no excuse for terrorism where free speech and a free press are guaranteed. There must be no submission to demands backed by threats when the way is open to secure the things demanded by peaceful means.

The late Chief Justice White, in a recent address said:

"Look around in this great land to-day. Where is there a country like this? The world has never seen the equal of it."

And he adds—

"Many thoughtless persons today suppose that everything that is

wrong is wrong in the institutions when without the institutions there would be no right and everything wrong."

And James Bryce, in summing up his review of American institutions, said,

"That America marks the highest level, not only of material wellbeing but of intelligence and happiness which the race has yet attained, will be the judgment of those who look not at the favored few for whose benefit the world seems hitherto to have framed its institutions, but at the whole body of the people."

And this highest level of material well-being and of intelligence and happiness the whole body of the people have attained under the Constitution, under American institutions, beneath "the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored through the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in all their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured."

To that Constitution, to those institutions, to our beloved country, we may well on this day pledge anew our devotion and fealty:

"What were our lives without thee?

What all our lives to save thee?

We reck not what we gave thee;

We will not dare to doubt thee;

But ask whatever else, and we will dare."

Upon the conclusion of the address, which was heartily applauded, Maj. Charles E. Staniels moved a rising vote of thanks to Congressman Burroughs, for his very able and illuminating oration, which was promptly given.

The exercises were concluded by the singing of "America," by the audience, with Miss Aspinwall at the piano, and the benediction by the Chaplain.

Although the number in attend-

ance was small, as has been said, there were included, aside from a good representation of the ladies of Rumford Chapter, many prominent citizens, among whom were noted Hon. Wilbur H. Powers of Boston, representing the Massachusetts Society; Judge Charles R. Corning, Prof. James A. Tufts of Exeter, President of the State Senate, Col.

Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover, Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee; Rev. Harold H. Niles, Chaplain of the N. H. Legislature; Hon. George H. Moses, U. S. Senator, Hon. Henry E. Chamberlin, Mayor of Concord, and Past Presidents McKinley of Manchester and Stanclis and Patterson of Concord, of the N. H. Society, S. A. R.

ROSES

By Frances Parkinson Keyes.

The garden lies

Shimmering in the sunshine, green and gold,
Purple and yellow, crimson and amethyst.
A fountain splashes, bubbling the quiet surface
Of a clear pool where water-lilies bloom,
And friendly pansies, welcome on their faces,
Border the gravel walks and edge the grass.
While in the distance, seen through trellised arches,
A naked, marble boy, age-yellow, watches
And waits, graceful and patient and serene—
The God of Love——

And walking slowly down

Through these same arches, past the lovely bloom
Of larkspur, lilies, pinks and hollyhocks,
Of dahlias, foxgloves, canterbury bells,
I came to the inclosure where the roses
Grow—and stopped——

Roses, rambling in pink profusion,
Or clustering, thick and thorny,
And yellow as the gold that Midas sought.
Roses, blushing faintly,
Roses, blushing deeply,
Roses, scentless and still, or fragrant,
And blowing in the breeze.
Roses—buds, just opening,
Full-blown flowers scattering petals,
And, side by side, loveliest of all—
One white, one crimson rose.

The white rose stands erect upon its stalk—
Its thick, strong stalk, healthy and vigorous—
Full in its pure perfection, flawless, scentless,
As cold, as white, as still and passionless
As the carved marble of the sepulchre
Of some great queen, or as the molded snow
Shining upon a distant Alpine peak,
And beautiful—beautiful as a still, pure woman,
Perfect and passionless too—who dwells apart
Immaculate—that she may be untouched
By all the want and misery and turmoil
And all the sadness of this wretched world—
That she may save her soul, and does not know
She has no soul to save———

And close beside her droops
Her crimson sister, velvet to her marble,
Fire to her snow, and bending,
Till dust and pebbles from the gravel walk
Are on her petals, and her fragrance sheds
Most of its sweetness down beneath her, where,
Without it little sweetness would be found.

And her radiant color
Is flawed by blemish, purple on her red
And whose golden heart
Is hidden by her bruised and bleeding leaves.
But whose glory
Is splendid and magnificent,
Deathless and everlasting.

Is she too like a woman?

I picked the flowers and laid them
As votive offering at the shrine of Love
That quiet boy who waits and waits and watches
In the still garden shimmering in the sunshine.
I laid them at his feet, and left them, wondering,
Which of the offerings would please him most.

A FAMOUS ADVENTURER

THREE CENTURIES AGO.

By Fred'k George Wright, D. D.

(St. John's Without-the-Northgate, Chester, England.)

"Litera scripta manet"—writing lasts—so it does. So does print, sometimes.

From the yellowing files, of many an old newspaper, can be gained very much of interest and of profit; historically.

A notable case in point, is that of the *Boston Journal* of December 4, 1874, which reminds us of a man who left his mark on Old Portsmouth, England, and also upon Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, the state of his own foundation.

Little did he think, when he trod the cobblestones of old High Street, of England's great arsenal, that the Town Hall of those quaint days would some day become a museum.

Less still could this worthy predict that among its greatest treasures would be what it still possesses, one of the thirteen original copies of the great Declaration of American Independence.

In 1620, John Mason, a captain in the Royal Navy, obtained from "The Council established at Plymouth, in the County of Devon, in England, for the planting, ruling, ordering and governing New England in America" a grant of "all the land from the river Naumkeag—now Salem—round Cape Ann to the River Merrimack, and up each of those rivers to the farthest head thereof; then, to cross over from the one to the head of the other, with all the islands lying within three miles of the coast." This grant was called Mariano.

In 1622 Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Captain Mason obtained from the Council a grant of land "situated between the rivers Merrimac and Sagadahock, extending back to the great

lakes and rivers of Canada." This tract was called Laconia. Thus Captain Mason became the founder of the colony of New Hampshire, which he named after old Hampshire in England, of which he had previously been Governor.

In the Spring of 1623 two settlements were made, one of which was at Dover Neck and the other upon a point of land now known as Odiorne's Point in Rye. At the latter place a Fort was built, and a large building was erected to be used for trading and the general purposes of the Colony. The latter building was known as "Mason Hall."

"About a year ago" continues the *Journal*, "Rev. H. P. Wright, M. A., published in London a handsome volume entitled "The Story of the Domus Dei commonly called the Royal Garrison Church of Portsmouth, England." "The book is a history of the church connected with the arsenal and other public buildings of Portsmouth. It was founded in the year 1205 by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester."

"About two years ago the church was completely restored by the aid of contributions from the citizens of Portsmouth and from officers of the Navy and Army and other distinguished persons in England.

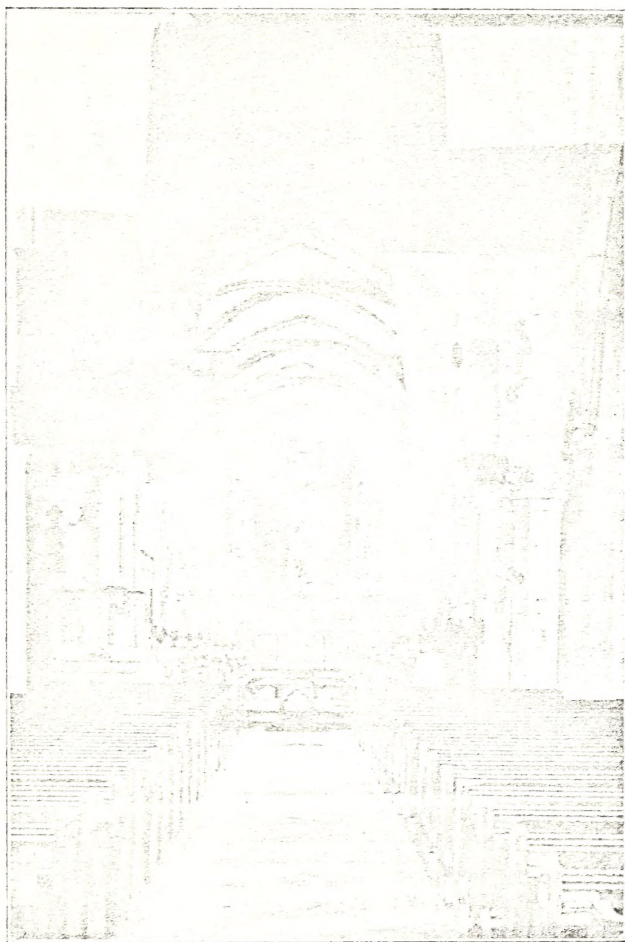
"The church contains a very large number of Memorials in honor of deceased officers of the British Army and Navy, and others. These memorials consist of sculptures, paintings, illuminated windows, tablets, benches, etc. Among the great heroes who are thus honored are Admiral Nelson, The Duke of Wellington, Generals Sir John Moore, Sir



Charles, Sir William and Sir George Napier, Lord Raglan, Generals Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Cathcart. The memorials are the gifts of the friends or admirers of the deceased."

Portsmouth, Sept. 11, 1874.

Sir:—It has been my privilege to live with many Americans around. In California and British Columbia as well as in the Western States and



DOMUS DEI, GARRISON CHURCH, PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

(Bright spot on right wall denotes position of tablet)

"A few days since, His Excellency Governor James A. Weston received from Chaplain and Archdeacon Wright a letter and also a copy of his book. The following is a copy of his letter which explains itself:

Canada, I have received from Americans the greatest kindness.

You will therefore, I am sure, pardon my writing to you on a subject of interest to both America and Great Britain and especially to the



State of New Hampshire. Captain Mason was "Captayne" of Southsea Castle, in other words he was Governor of Portsmouth in the time of Charles I. He left the Port of Portsmouth in the Isle of Wight and went with a body of kindred spirits and endured with them the perils and hardships which attended the noble fellows who founded the now renowned State of New Hampshire.

A highly intelligent American, named Jenness has lately been at Portsmouth seeking information about Captayne Mason, in order that an accurate history of the great man may be written. He visited our world-renowned church, the story of which I forward to you with this letter. In it we have memorials of England's noblest soldiers and sailors, as you will read in the story. Now only one object for a memorial remains—the four gas standards lighting the 42 stalls, of which the first on one side is to Nelson's memory and the other to that of Wellington.

I want in a solemn and marked way to connect New Hampshire with Old Hampshire—the hero who was one of the Founders of New Hampshire and a Governor of Portsmouth with the heroes, several of whom have been Governors of this vast Arsenal.

I write, therefore, to ask if you, Mr. Governor, and your many New Hampshire friends, will present the four Standards at a cost of £100 (including the Brass Plate and its Inscription on the wall of the Chancel) to the memory of Captayne Mason.

If so, Sir Hastings Doyle, our present General and Governor, and the President of our Committee, will gladly communicate your desire, and our Secretary of State for War will, I am sure, rejoice in accepting so gratifying an offer.

I need hardly observe that it is not the money we seek, for had we a

hundred memorials they would speedily be applied for:

No; what I want is a holy link between Old Hampshire and New Hampshire, old Portsmouth and new Portsmouth, old England and a new and already mighty people whom I have learned to honor and esteem.

I am, sir, yours faithfully and obediently,

H. P. WRIGHT.

Chaplain to H. M. Forces and
Chaplain to H. R. H., the Duke of
Cambridge K. G.

To The Honorable

The Governor of New Hampshire—
United States.

"Governor Weston desires us to say" (continues the "*Journal*") that he will gladly co-operate with any parties who are disposed to take action in the matter."

Correspondence of the

Boston Journal

Manchester, N. H., Dec. 4, 1874

"The publication in *The Journal* and also in several other newspapers of the recent letter of archdeacon Wright to His Excellency Governor Weston, suggesting the propriety of erecting in Portsmouth Garrison Church a Memorial of Captain John Mason, the cost thereof to be borne by citizens of New Hampshire has awakened considerable interest among the people in various sections of the State, especially in Portsmouth and Dover. Governor Weston has called the attention of many prominent citizens of the State to the suggestion of the Archdeacon and there is no doubt that funds for the payment of the Memorial will be raised without difficulty.

The following is a copy of a letter upon the subject which Governor Weston received from John S. Jenness Esq., a prominent citizen of Portsmouth, who is greatly interested in our Colonial history and who

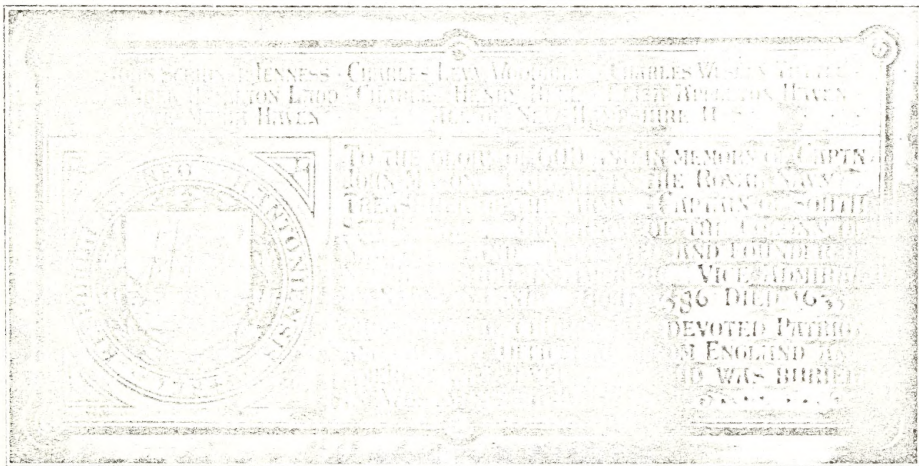
was referred to by Archdeacon Wright in his letter to His Excellency as a gentleman who recently visited Portsmouth, England for the purpose of gaining materials for a Biography of Captain Mason.

Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 2, 1874.
Sir:

The recent letter to your Excellency from Archdeacon Wright of Portsmouth, England, tendering to the People of New Hampshire the privilege of furnishing the Garrison Church with four gas standards and a suitably inscribed Tablet as a Memorial of Captain John Mason,

turer in founding the first English Colony on our coast, and for several years he maintained that colony, almost single-handed and at a vast pecuniary loss amid the fluctuating fortunes of the Council of New England and against the encroachments of rapacious neighbors as long as he lived. The sole proprietor of the future Province, he gave to our State its name, and its name of our City of Portsmouth is borrowed from that of his residence.

The well earned tribute to his memory, proposed now to be placed in the beautiful chapel, where he worshipped, in the midst of mem-



THE MEMORIAL TABLET.

contains an allusion to myself which seems to justify me in adding a few words on the subject of the letter.

The public spirited citizens of New Hampshire cannot fail to be moved by the Archdeacon's proposal. Our State owes a heavy debt to Captain John Mason, no part of which has ever been discharged.

For many years of his active life though actively engaged in the military and naval service of Great Britain, he relaxed not the most incessant efforts for the development of this Province. He was the chief adven-

torial to the most illustrious of British heroes, such as Nelson, Wellington, Raglan, Hill and the Napiers will be of a kind to attract at once the special attention of visitors and honorably perpetuate his name and glory, while it marks the generous gratitude of New Hampshire for his signal services to her in her earlier days.

The friends of the proposal may confidently rely in the erection of these standards, upon the best services of the Archdeacon, a gentleman of high social standing, refined cul-

ture and extensive learning. The money, remitted to him will be expended to the best advantage in carrying out the purpose of the subscribers.

It would perhaps be a simpler and speedier course, in the present emergency to solicit subscriptions of sums of fifty or a hundred dollars each, if the needed amount—about \$500—can be obtained in that way; especially if the Archdeacon should see fit, as the usage is, to engrave the names of the donors on the memorial tablet.

For my own part, I shall be pleased to make one of five or ten New Hampshire men to defray the cost of the proposed Standards and tablet; and, if desired, will lend my best endeavors to the procuring the co-operation of other gentlemen in carrying out the Venerable Archdeacon's suggestions.

I am, your obedient servant,

JOHN S. JENNESS.

To His Excellency
Governor Weston.

The project was successful and to-day three massive and graceful memorials which are now electroliers,

bear testimony to the famous founder of New Hampshire and to those patriotic citizens who so willingly united in thus perpetuating his memory.

During the (all but) half century which has elapsed since its erection, the Memorial tablet has been read by many thousands of British and American visitors, who have cordially admired it. John Mason worshipped there 'ere ever he "adventured" to the New England of the future, then all unknown to him.

Only a few years after his death the king he truly served was put to death because he tried to rule our people without Parliament, in other words he insisted on taxation without representation. The same immoral doctrine was exploited upon the people of the New World and John Mason's Province, with a dozen others rebelled against a German king and secured their independence—a century and a half later—and later still the great Republic of the West joined hands with the Mother country and her allies in fighting unto victory for World Freedom. The spirit of liberty shone brightly in all these momentous events.

IF WINTER COMES

By Gordon Malherbe Hillman.

If Winter comes before our love is over
And the drift of shifting snow blots out the sun,
If the wind has reaped the columbine and clover,
And flames of fern have flickered one by one,
Then shall our great love, silent but ever strong,
Blow like a flower, leap like a flaming song!

If Winter comes before our love is ended,
Winter drifting white on farm and fence and wire,
Then shall our passion leap up, strong and splendid,
Leap like dawn across the hills, leap like crimson fire,
Burning like a high-held torch, steady, strong and sure—
Winter will pass with April but our love will endure!

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S FIRST LIVE WIRE *

By Harlan C. Pearson

New Hampshire's first forester.

New Hampshire's first builder of good roads.

New Hampshire's first "summer home" proprietor.

New Hampshire's first patron of the higher education.

This quartette of qualifications we advance in support of applying the title of this article to Sir John Wentworth (1737-1820), who, though first in so many things, was last in the line of royal governors of New Hampshire.

It is true that Sir John left his native and capital city of Portsmouth, in August, 1775, the traditional "one jump," or, to be exact thirty minutes, ahead of a band of townspeople bent on the destruction of the "castle" which had been his shelter.

It is also true that although the years of his life were then not one-half numbered, he never returned to his well-loved New Hampshire or saw it again, save for a characteristic exploit when he sailed from Boston in a small schooner to Gosport, on the Isles of Shoals, and from that detached portion of New Hampshire soil, or rocks, issued a proclamation as Governor proroguing in advance the meeting of the Assembly.

Most of the remainder of his life he passed in comfort and with credit, though without especial distinction, as governor of Nova Scotia.

But New Hampshire, though her farewell to Governor Wentworth, lacked both ceremony and courtesy, has not failed in later years in due appreciation of his work and honor to his memory. His portrait, a copy by U. D. Tenney of the original by

John S. Copley, painted in Portsmouth in 1769, hangs in the south corridor of the second floor of the state house in Concord, close by those of his chief political opponents, John Langdon and John Sullivan.

Of this portrait it is said: "It shows us the face of a handsome, intelligent aristocrat, giving the general impression of amiability, but saved from weakness by a resolute New England chin. One would expect such a man to be the best of good company on almost any occasion, but one would be careful not to take undue advantage of his good nature. . . . It certainly emphasizes the qualities which we inevitably associate with John Wentworth, — amiability, intelligence, resolution, and physical vigor."

His grandfather, John Wentworth (1671-1730) and his uncle, Benning Wentworth (1696-1770), both chief executives of the Province of New Hampshire, have the higher honor of full-length portraits, hung on the same wall with Washington, Webster, Pierce, and Hale in the Hall of Representatives; but this fact does not accord with the comparative place in our history of the several Wentworths.

All of our state historians, from Dr. Jeremy Belknap, his personal friend, to Henry H. Metcalf, who edited the published volume of State Papers covering the period of Sir John's administration of the province, have given him credit for his good work as governor, his creative foresight, his activity and enterprise, his genuine affection for and devotion to the best interests of New Hampshire, and his attractive personality. They seem not to have

* John Wentworth. By Lawrence Shaw Mayo. Cambridge, Mass.; The Harvard University Press.

Illustrated. Pp., 208. Half Cloth. \$5. Cam-

been prejudiced against him by the fact that he was a thorough-going Tory, never wavering for an instant in his allegiance to the King who honored him.

Another distinguished John Wentworth, mayor of Chicago and congressman from Illinois, in his history of the Wentworth family, recognizes appropriately the only baronet in the long and luminous genealogical line.

But the present autumn sees the appearance of the best biography of Sir John thus far published and one of the best with which any of the Loyalists of that period has been blessed. It is contained in a handsome volume, made by the Harvard University Press at Cambridge, beautiful in typography and including a few choice illustrations. Mr. Bruce Rogers, to whom credit is given for the format of the volume, shows himself a master of the book-maker's art.

It is pleasant to be able to say that the manuscript thus sumptuously presented was worthy of the dress. The author, Mr. Lawrence Shaw Mayo, has labored diligently, it is evident, to collect all available material from original and contemporary sources, and has had valuable assistance on both sides of the ocean. The archives of our state and the collections of our Historical Society have yielded much to his research.

But he has done more than to collate facts, establish dates and set down a chronology of events. With a literary style that is clear, cogent and readable he makes real to us the England Old and New, of the last half of the 18th century and shows us as in a mirror the lively young Governor, in many respects the T. R. of his day; the beautiful widow of 24 who became the Governor's lady ten days after the funeral of her consort; thrifty Uncle Benning; rebel Uncle Hunking; the "opulent" Paul Wentworth; Holland, the

mapmaker; the Earl of Dartmouth; Peter Livius, and many more.

Mr. Mayo is to be congratulated upon the success of this, which we understand to be his first important published work; and it is to be hoped that he will follow it with other studies of New Hampshire history, a field but little tilled and rich in possibilities for interesting and valuable research and narrative. How few, when we stop to think of it, are the worthy biographies of New Hampshire's great men of the eighteenth century.

Sketching briefly the Wentworth ancestry in America from William of the Exeter Combination (1639), Mr. Mayo shows us the subject of his and our study born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the son of Mark Hunking Wentworth, one of the richest merchants in the new country.

We see him entering Harvard at 14, classmate of John Adams, second president of the United States. At 26 he went to England as his father's representative. There his charming personality made him the close friend of his distant relative, the powerful Marquis of Rockingham and gave him such social and political success that when he turned homeward in 1766 he bore the honorary degree of Doctor of Common Law from Oxford University and commissions as governor of the province of New Hampshire and surveyor general of His Majesty's woods in America.

New Hampshire's first forester.

In pursuance of this latter duty, he sailed first to Charleston, S. C., and then journeyed overland, viewing the primeval forest of the South and enjoying the hospitality of the Byrds, the Bayards, the Randolphs and their like. A splendid welcome home awaited the new Governor at Portsmouth where he at once began the execution of plans for the benefit of New Hampshire. First, he

accomplished a long-needed division of the colony into counties. Next, he proposed the construction of four great highways to connect tidewater with Charlestown on the Connecticut, Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College, Haverhill in the "Lower Cohoss" and Lancaster in the "Upper Cohoss," with a further vision of a Canadian connection at Quebec, which, if realized, might have made Portsmouth, instead of Boston, the

known as Lake Wentworth, and to pounds in the erection of "one of the finest houses in New England" and the suitable development of the surrounding estate.

The first and one of the best of all New Hampshire's "summer homes."

Wentworth Hall, in the historic "row" at Dartmouth College, and Wentworth Street, at the north end of the campus, preserve at Hanover the memory of the man who, next



LAKE WENTWORTH, WOLFEBORO, N. H.

(Kindness of the Photo Ira Magazine)

commercial capital of New England. Several hundred miles of these highways he actually constructed, not of macadam, but so that they were passable.

One of the first of these roads connected Portsmouth with the township of Wolfeborough, of which Sir John had been in youth one of the grantees and where his love of country life led him to secure some 4,000 acres on Smith's Pond, now

to Eleazar Wheelock, is responsible for the founding of what was for more than a century New Hampshire's only college. The further credit for the location of that college in this rather than another state is without question almost entirely his.

From the day in September, 1766, when young Governor Wentworth met Samson Occum in England and gave him 21 pounds for Wheelock's

Indian school, until that later day in August, 1771, when the Governor and a merry party journeyed through the woods to attend the first Commencement at Dartmouth College, Wentworth never faltered in his helpful interest in the project. The silver punch bowl which he and his companions gave to President Wheelock to commemorate their visit, and which is still preserved at Hanover, might not be considered a highly appropriate gift for such an occasion today, but it was characteristic of the donor and in its way one of many proofs of his position as New Hampshire's first patron of the higher education.

Governor Wentworth had completed his work in New Hampshire before his 40th birthday. The Sir John of later years belonged to Canada and not to New England. So that our picture of him is wholly one of youth and vigor; activity and animation; disgust at the dullness of life in Portsmouth; desire to be

"doing something;" ambition for himself and his province. In his liking for a good horse and a pretty woman, a glass of wine and a game of cards, he was more cavalier than Puritan in spite of his ancestry and place of birth; but in his broad vision for the future, his reading of character, his management of men, his love of the pioneer life in the open, he showed himself to be truly of that New England stock which later led the builders of the nation and the winners of the west.

Speculation upon what might have been is idle, but a study, with Mr. Mayo, of Sir John Wentworth's career, leads to the belief that if the War of Independence had not given us a more glorious destiny, he would have laid deep foundation in New Hampshire for a material and cultural development which would have been more rapid than was possible in the poverty-stricken days of the new nation.

THE RECKONING

By Helen Mowe Philbrook.

Clear from its wharf of gold the ship of day
Is launched in majesty with rose-lit sail,
And lies at anchor while the hours trail
Restless along its prow, and glide away.
It takes its load mid dancing breezes gay,
In sun or cloud or ruthless battling gale;
And when the first sweet star is glimmering pale,
Slips down Time's river in the twilight gray.
O Soul, freight thou each treasure-ship with care,
Love that forgives and bears, and selflessness,
Chaste thought and kindly deed, and honor fair;
Choose thou the gold and burn away the dross:
Remember that thy fleet shall wait for thee,
Somewhere in God's well-planned eternity!

MAN'S LOVE FOR PINE-TREES

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer.

While our sister state, Maine, enjoys the proud distinction of being called "The Pine-Tree State," yet her pines are no more friendly than can be found in New Hampshire, nor is the pine any more characteristic of her soil. In fact her honor is one that we thoughtlessly let fall from our hands here, for in very early days we were called "The Pine-Tree colony," our flag had a pine for its slogan, and when Paul Jones sailed out from Portsmouth to whip the British navy he carried at his mast-head "The Pine-Tree Flag." In the middle of the eighteenth century the British king ordered all pines in New Hampshire over 160 feet in height, blazed and preserved for masts in "His Majesty's navy."

In 1907 I went out and cleared up a little grove of second-growth pines in Kensington, and there pitched my tent. Each year since I have camped there in July and August, and I have come to see the friendliness of the tree, and to see how splendid a gift God gave to us when he gave us New Hampshire, covered with the gigantic pines which the settlers found, and which have passed on to us the more intimate and companionable smaller pines. The white pine of New England is the most beautiful, friendly and useful tree that grows upon the earth, not even excepting the palm-tree of ancient history. If growing in an open place the pine grows to become a beautiful and graceful thick green spire. If growing in thick lots it becomes a tall, dignified parasol. If left out on a bleak hill by itself it becomes the rugged bull-pine, but wherever it grows, it is always beautiful, it is always a shelter for life. Its branches run out straight from its trunk in horizontal position, giving a thick and extended shade and shelter beneath.

Its dropped needles make the most exquisite carpet that Nature provides. And under such protecting arms not alone man, but birds, squirrels, rabbits, smaller animals, delight to nestle and make their home. The squirrel feeding on the cones above, the hare and chipmunk digging among its roots, the birds chirping among the branches—and I camped beneath—we all testify to the delights of the pine-tree. Nature seems to have designed this tree above all others to be the shelter and protector of animal life.

To one who comes to know the pines intimately, it must come that they learn to love them above all other trees. Man's heart responds to the loving protection and companionable murmur of these beautiful trees.

The treatment of the pine in the writings of mankind is evidence that what I say is true. No tree has created so deep and lasting an emotion as the pine. Literature is the expression of man's innermost personality, and in the literature of the world is abundant evidence of the feeling of man for the pine-tree. Turning to the poets who reflect our deeper feelings, we find time and again the pine-tree celebrated.

THE PINE TREE IN EARLIER WRITERS.

"Sweet are the whispers of yon pine
That makes low music o'er the spring."

So sang Theocritus, the first of the writers to appreciate the out-door things.

"Neath a waving sea of gentle pines"
Is a line in Horace which expresses what so many have noted, that the pine woodlands in both sight and sound are verily like the majestic ocean. One can appreciate this if he climb a little to where he can look down upon a waving sea of pine tops. In 1909 when I built my little

Thoreau Cabin, I used to sit on the roof and look down on the little pines and my feelings were ecstatic.

"Sit by this high-leaved vocal tree. The breeze
Stirs in the branches, while the streamlet
flies
Chattering along; and to Pan's melodies
Shall slumber fall on thine enchanted
eyes."

So felt Plato, whose prosaic soul was touched by the tree.

"Roland, mortally wounded, laid himself down under the pine,
With his face toward Spain and the enemy.
And there he called many things to remembrance,
The lands his valour had conquered,
Pleasant France and the men of his kin."

So runs the great song of the middle ages, and Petrarch who heads the revival of letters, often speaks of the beauties of the pine.

Spenser speaks of the "rough-rinded pine," and Milton impressively refers to it in "Paradise Lost." Ruskin, who deprecates Shakespeare's lack of love for Nature, admits that the pine-tree seems to have really stirred his soul. Shakespeare makes the pine the home of Ariel, and in other of his plays gives evidence of the impression made upon him by the pine. In some of his plays we clearly see that Shakespeare appreciated the nobility and dignity of the pine, and at least in Cymbeline he feels something of its tenderness.

Pope and Cowper speak of the pine, and the latter says "the music of the spreading pine might heal a soul less hurt than mine."

Thomas Warton tells the one-time thrilling experience of the rural lad, when he tells how—

"He climbs the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest."

Coleridge speaks with Horace of the similarity between the surge of the pine and that of the sea. Byron,

Shelley, and Tennyson enjoyed the pine, and "Shelley's Pine Tree and the Ocean" is a classic poem.

"We wandered to the Pine forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep,
The smile of heaven lay."

EUROPEAN WRITERS.

The spell of the pine is not confined to the English. Rousseau said his soul must have the rocks and pines, and the death-sick but sweet-voiced Heine celebrates it. And Schuman in his "Evening Song" catches the appropriate lullaby of the pine. He says:—

"Now reigns silence over hill and plain,
The weary world is fast in slumber lain,
While thru the pines soft murmurs the
evening breeze."

But the great European tribute to a pine comes from the pen of Ivan Vazoff, the Bulgarian poet, who at the age of 20, wrote his fine tribute to the pine tree. Vazoff tells of the giant pine, centuries old, at last dying by the blast of the lightning, which is generally the fate of the pine which survives its fellows and stands out alone.

OUR AMERICAN WRITERS.

As the white-pine is the glory of the species we may well expect that American writers will pay the best tributes, and we are not disappointed. Longfellow liked the "Pine Groves with soft and soul-like sounds." He speaks of the "sea-suggesting pines," and reaches the apex of his treatment in the poem "My Cathedral."

Lowell treats of the pine but thinks it melancholy. Whittier of course loved the pine, but felt something like Lowell. That many-sided intellectual giant Theodore Parker, in

his love-sonnet, pays a fine tribute to the pine, where he says, "My love is pure, like a pine-tree in a waste of snow." Higginson's "Snowing of the Pines" is a sweet poem. Burroughs has a fine little essay on "The Spray of Pine," and Watson Gilder tells us what a fine place for a camp is the pine-grove. But the greatest-lovers of the pine, are the great Concord pair, Emerson and Thoreau. Thoreau tells us the pine points straight to heaven. And he had a lasting quarrel with the timid Lowell, who cut out his statement that the pine-tree is immortal and will go to as high a heaven as man, there to tower above him.

Emerson tells us the pine trees talked to him and were the inspiration of his philosophy. His stately Concord home was beneath a group of pines which murmured their music

into the room where he spent his mornings with his books. And it was the half grown pines at Canterbury where he loved to lay and brood and from whence he hurls his defy at the world to disturb him, when he says—

"O, when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man."

With this age-old joy in the pine before me: with this history-old celebration of its delights by the writers of the world: it is no wonder I feel that heaven can have no greater joys than come to me as I camp in the pines in southern New Hampshire. I have a good right to feel—

I am the happiest feller that God ever
made,
Here at the door of my shack in the
pine-tree's shade.

CANOEING ON GRANITE LAKE

By Fanny Lunnells Poole.

Sailing in the twilight dream-enchanted,

While the flame is dying in the blue,

Conscious of my paddle music-haunted,

And the tender eyes of you.

Perfect is our spirit's twin communion;

Let no strange word desecrate the hour;

Never comes in stress of day such union:

Body's ease and spirit's power.

Now the holy calm of heaven is suited

To the trance-like dream of lake and shore.

Rapture of the hermit thrush is fluted.

Would we might for evermore—

At the paddle I, and you, dream-lover—

Glide and glide, with never grief for you.

I re-name this lake, where angels hover,

Lake of Angels.....then.....adieu!



11

For the first time since the war
to the public the reason of his
departure from the army is stated
without any delay or evasion.
At the same time Lord Bessborough
has not given any more details
of the case, which might be
of some interest.

EDITORIALS

One of the most interesting and important gatherings of the year in New Hampshire was the annual session of the National Tax Conference held for the first time in New England, at Bretton Woods in September. The several hundred delegates and guests in attendance included representatives from most of the states in the Union and from several Canadian provinces and the papers presented on the carefully prepared program gave the views of experts and authorities of international fame upon some of the most pressing problems of the day.

It was due to the initiative of Governor Albert O. Brown, for many years chairman of the New Hampshire tax commission, that the conference came to the Granite State for its meeting and he was constant in his aid to the present members of the commission, ex-Governor Charles M. Floyd, John T. Amey and Fletcher Hale, in the work of arranging for the meeting. The Governor contributed in person to the program an address of welcome and a discussion of attempted tax reform through constitutional amendment in New Hampshire which was one of the notable papers of the program. In it he made evident that his faith is unshaken in the proposition that this state must have and should have a state income tax.

The visitors from without the state were given a ride to the summit of Mount Washington on the cog-wheel railroad and had other opportunities for viewing the scenic beauties and enjoying the manifold pleasures of the play ground of the East and they were enthusiastic in their appreciation of New Hampshire's natural and acquired attractions and of the hearty hospitality extended to them. The holding of such gatherings in the Granite State is one

of the best advertisements which can be given the commonwealth and it is to be hoped that future years will see more of them brought to New Hampshire.

The Roosevelt Memorial Association, Inc., of 1 Madison Ave., New York City, asks the Granite Monthly, in company with the other historical magazines of the country, to aid in gathering material on the life of Colonel Roosevelt. The Association suggests that any one who knew Colonel Roosevelt personally should write out the story of that acquaintance for the Association, omitting no detail of dates, places, anecdotes, etc., and that any unusual books, pamphlets, cartoons, magazine articles, clippings or photographs, dealing with Roosevelt's life or interests, will be welcome.

Mrs. Bruce Carr Sterrett, whose poem, "Phases," was printed in the August number of the Granite Monthly, with the address, Pelican, Louisiana, writes us that while that is her present, temporary home, she is a native and during most of her life a resident of North Carolina, which state, she thinks should be represented by her verse in the Brookes More contest.

The phrase, "machine-made poetry," is used frequently, but as a matter of fact that wonderful modern invention, the linotype machine, is no friend of the poet, and in spite of the greatest care it often succeeds in destroying the rhyme, rhythm, meter or form of some carefully constructed verse. Some contestants in the Brookes More tournament of poets have been thus handicapped, but where the error has been one obvious to the judges, we have not attempted correction. In Miss Louise

Patterson-Guyol's poem, "Goddess-Moon," in the September issue, however, an entire line was omitted, and in justice to her and because the beauty and charm of the verse are worthy of repetition, it is reprinted in this number, correctly, we hope.

The November issue of the Granite Monthly will be devoted, in large part, to an account of the Old Home

Week celebration in the town of Pittsfield, which held the most elaborate observance of the present year. The account will be prepared by the officers of the Old Home Week association and will be well illustrated. Those who may wish extra copies of the number are requested to order them in advance so that the size of the edition may be determined seasonably.

GODDESS-MOON.

By Louise Patterson-Guyol.

The gold-haired Evening waits upon the Moon!
 She fills the air with peace and calm delight,
 Fit for the coming of the holy Night;
 She dims the dazzling sky of afternoon,
 And calls the thrush to sing his hymnal tune.
 Discord with harmony she puts to flight,
 And sorrow slumbers in its own despite.
 The fair-haired Evening waits upon the moon!

The black-browed Night is priestess to the Moon!
 The silent world is altar for her rite,
 The million stars as tapers doth she light,
 For choir the little winds that tend her croon.
 The perfume of the gardens sweet with June
 Rises like incense from the censers white
 Swung by the flowers that glimmer softly bright.
 The dark-browed Night is priestess to the Moon!

The grey-robed Dawn is vestal of the Moon!
 She veils the flickering stars from human sight,
 Hiding their radiance in the far dim height
 Whence blue-eyed Day steals upon silver shoon,
 Leading the Sun god through the gates rose-hewn
 Of massive cloud—the god before whose might
 The startled goddess hurries as in fright—
 The pale-robed Dawn is vestal of the Moon!



BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

David Rowland Francis, mayor of St. Louis, Governor of Missouri, president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, Secretary of the Interior and ambassador to Russia, has been for many years one of the most prominent and popular members of the brilliant summer colony in our seacoast town of Rye, and not only his friends and neighbors there, but all the people of New Hampshire have watched with interest and appreciation his distinguished career and will read with deepest interest the handsome volume (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$3.50) in which he describes "Russia from the American Embassy, April, 1916-November, 1918."

During this period he was credited to the Monarchy of Russia 13 months; represented the United States with the Provisional Government of Russia for eight months; and remained in Russia from the inception of the Bolshevik usurpation until within five days of the Armistice, when he went to a London hospital for an operation; upon his recovery attending by direction of the Secretary of State the Peace Conference in Paris.

A remarkable opportunity thus was afforded to a keen observer and thoughtful student of world problems to see and to ponder at close range the events which made Russia the most perplexing puzzle and threatening problem in all this Twentieth Century upheaval. Perhaps no one man can understand the Russia of today. Certainly no one man can explain clearly to others the situation and conditions obtaining there today and for the past five years. But very great assistance is afforded by Mr. Francis in this volume to the reader who really desires to get as much truth and as little of the op-

posite as possible concerning the land which the Czar lost.

In making his book Mr. Francis has adopted the method of quoting literally and liberally from his official dispatches and from letters written from Russia to his family and friends in this country. This shows how people, places and events registered themselves on his mental film at the time of exposure. These extracts he connects with a running story of explanation and comment, showing their relation to and bearing upon the subsequent course of events and present conditions. The result is not remarkable from a literary standpoint, but it is readable and memorable.

Answering at once the question which always is asked first in regard to Russia the author says in his introduction: "Bolshevism began to show itself within eighteen months before my departure from Russia. I saw its spasmodic manifestations through the summer of 1917, its usurpation of power in the autumn of that year. I was in the midst of Lenin's experiment in government for more than a year. I have seen this monstrosity run its course, to become the world wide danger which my observation at close hand had convinced me it would become."

On the final page of his "retrospect" he declares "Russia was the chief victim of the world war. We owe her a duty which gratitude should prompt us to discharge. But beyond that, if we could but realize it, we owe it to ourselves, if we would preserve our institutions, to eradicate this foul monster—Bolshevism—branch, trunk and root. We owe it to society. We owe it to humanity. If we would save society from barbarism and humanity from slaughter. America saved

civilization and thus became the moral leader of the world. Let us retain this leadership by saving Russia, because we are the only government on the face of the earth that can do it."

The deservedly popular Booth Tarkington novelist and dramatist, who made his first essays in literature as a student at Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, rings the bullseye bell on the target of success so frequently that we are hard put to it in keeping up to date with the sounding of his praises. The copy of "Alice Adams" (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.75) which we have in hand is marked "third edition," and very likely this numeral will be out of date before these words appear in print. This is somewhat the more remarkable because "Alice Adams" does not in any way bid for popularity. It is not written by the Tarkington of "Penrod," "Seventeen" and "The Wren", but by the Tarkington of that splendid story, "The Turmoil," and the Pulitzer prize winner, "The Magnificent Ambersons." It is "realism"—much abused word—of the clean American brand. You and I know every character in it. Alice Adams just went by the window. Her father's story was told again today before our referee in bankruptcy. We have pitied other mothers as senseless in their sac-

rifices as her's. To tell an every day story of "just folks" with such art as to please the captions critic and arrest the attention of the casual reader is the substance of this latest Tarkington triumph.

Peter B. Kyne's latest novel, "The Pride of Palomar," (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York, \$2) is frankly propaganda and the fact of its frankness neutralizes to some extent the dislike which most of us feel for fiction thus dosed. Up in this corner of the country we cannot understand or appreciate the bitter anti-Japanese sentiment which seems to permeate the Pacific coast and which has been able to enlist the services of such notable press agents as Mr. Kyne and Wallace Irwin. So we are inclined to discount the devilishness of Mr. Okada et als as set forth in regard to Palomar and Don Miguel Jose Maria Federico Noriago Farrelle.

But it adds to the lively movement of a very good story and furnishes an excellently black background against which to display the superlative virtues and accomplishments of Don Mike and his more than superlative race horse, Panchito. Mr. Kyne always is a good story teller, whether he sails the sea or rides a ranche, and "The Pride of Palomar" does no injury to his record in this respect.

THE OLD CANALS OF ENGLAND

By Helen M. Campbell

The old canals
Of England
Wind gently,
Grown rough and soft and green
Along the edges
Where paths are gone, but seen
Sketched in
With hedges.

These old canals
Bear lilies;
And the wild-fowl,
Lone craft to sail or float
The sluggish surface,
Feed idly.
Perhaps a worn-out boat,
All torn and battered,
Half sunk in mud and sand,
And so bespattered
Its outlines merge and blend
Into the landscape,
Affords a place to rest,
Or hidie-hole to nest:
And so,
Sleeps kindly.

A turquoise bird
Gives colour,
And a thorn tree
Casts petals pink and white
Which softly mingle
With shadows.
Tall trees against the light
Filter protection
With bars of black and gold
Of their reflection,
And screen against the cold
The coral lillies;
While blue-bells in the grass
Nod to the winds which pass
By them
From meadows.
No other work is done
Than that of Nature,
And rest is surely come
To every feature
Of England's
Old Canals.

OCTOBER

By Katharine Saxein Oakes.

Jubilant October, the year's mardi-gras!
Merry days a-tingle with color, life, and sun!
Revellers from fairyland have lightly run,
Ribboning the nearer woods and hills afar
With fluttering, bright streamers out of rainbows spun;
Winds off the high peaks, from amethystine jar,
Dip the swirling brilliant drops that, one by one,
Patter down a-rioting—Flame's avatar!

Frolicsome October,—with carnival gay,—
On it breaks November's sullen, sodden dawn;
Chillingly she smooths till all earth's tints are drawn;
Trees lift up bare limbs and fallen leaves turn gray;
Fled are youth and blithesomeness; the year puts on
Sackcloth and ashes; sad Winter has her way.

OCTOBER

By Frances Wright Turner.

Over the valley in garments of flame,
October comes laughing and dancing;
And down in the brook, where she pauses to look
Soft colors, like dreams go a glancing.

She has touched all the trees with her sweet finger-tips
Till they riot in scarlet and yellow;
And the golden-rod tall, by the old meadow wall,
She touches with tints rich and mellow.

She kisses the sumac with scarlet-red lips;
And hiding deep down in the grasses,
The blue asters lie, and reflect back the sky
As she wakens them all, when she passes.

She covers the hills with a deep, hazy blue
That at night, when the shadows come falling,
Is a soft, tender mist, of pale amethyst,
That hushes the nightingale's calling.

She fills all the world; this great spirit of flame,
With a music like wonderful singing,
For her mystical fingers, wherever she lingers,
Touch her keys that set nature a'ringing.

THE ROAD

By Z. G. D.

The Road winds down the Bethlehem Hills
Through wooded twilight of grey beeches
Where, like slim candles, here and there
Shine stems of white and yellow birches.
It skirts around rough-pastured knolls,
Both near and far-off summits sighting,
To visit upland farmsteads where
Good cheer and grim content are biding.

Now on the verge of steeper grade,
'Twould fain go leaping down the mountain,
Past ancient forest, robbed and shorn,
By ruthless, unskilled hand dismantled,
Still tuneful with each Spring's return
Of whitethroats and sweet thrush-bells ringing,
The cuckoo's call, the whippoorwill's
Sad cadence and the veery's pleading.

Through twilight stretch of beech and birch,
By scant fields vexed with mossy boulders,
Past tattered hem of ravished woods,
Watched ever by yon peering summits,
The Road winds down the Bethlehem Hills
In steeper grade and swifter windings
Until with sudden fling it lies
Uncoiled and flat along the valley.

A narrow valley broadening out
Like opened palm outspread and gracious;
A fairy interval to hold
The village green, with church-spires pointing,
Elm-shadowed homes and busy mills
That range along the river's wending.

Through sunny glade or shade of bough
The Road is ever by the river;
Like weathered gossips sauntering,
One listens while the other chatters.
Where ends the valley's even trail,
One, garrulous, keeps age-worn channel;
The Road climbs beckoning heights alone,
For loftier trend must needs be parting.

HE DREAMED OF BEAUTY.

By Leighton Rollins.

This was his hope Elysian,
This was the dream he saw,
Shining hope was a vision,
A vision of gleaming awe,

That Beauty the living glory,
Is born in the heart of all joy,
Living the sacred old story
As Galahad, the knight from the boy.

Then might you believe in the comer,
Who sings between dawn and night's doom,
When Winter and Spring are Summer,
When song springs forth into bloom.

There by the flowers near the Wayside,
Who sing to the pilgrims on Earth,
Of the joy and beauty of old Maytide,
When all the folk did dance on Earth.

Beauty dwelt in music enthralling,
Piped from the reeds of the streams,
Found ever in echoes calling,
Calling to bygone dreams of dreams.

He saw beauty blest for tomorrow,
And beauty kissed for to-day,
He cared not secrets to borrow,
For beauty lives always.

Now was it he knew that he would not perish,
For he held the life of all lives,
For ever and ever to cherish,
With truth which ever survives.

This was his hope Elysian,
This was the dream he saw,
Beauty, an incarnate vision,
A vision of holy awe.

SILENCES

By Joseph Henry Ayers.

The sea hath silences!
 Beneath the ocean waves which sigh and roar,
 Unfathomable depths in stillness rest—
 Tho billows toss and surge forever more,
 And storms may beat upon the ocean's crest!
 The sea hath silences!

The hills have silences!
 Secluded glens, where wild flowers love to grow!
 The eagle as it soars on noiseless wing—
 Majestic peaks crowned with eternal snow—
 And forests wild, where sparkling waters sing!
 The hills have silences!

The fields have silences!
 Valleys fair, where ripening harvests stand—
 Or fragrant with the breath of new-mown hay!
 The shaded path which winds across the land—
 The twilight hush—as daylight fades away—
 The fields have silences!

The night hath silences!
 Vast solitudes, in distant realms of space—
 Where wondrous worlds, beyond our ken and
 sight,
 Move ever on, each in its path and place—
 Omnipotence doth hold the stars of light!
 The night hath silences!

The heart hath silences!
 Its secret room within of mystery,
 Where longings, hopes and griefs and joys abide
 The soul's still place of calm and sanctity—
 Held sacred from the curious world outside!
 The heart hath silences!



HOUSE OF DREAMS

By Mary Ica Whittier.

In the land of our dreams there's a little house—
A dream that perhaps will come true.
Half hidden somewhere among the flowers—
A sweet little nest for two.

And oh, it is full, so full of love;
And in at the open door
The bird songs float with a happy sound
And the sunbeams dance on the floor.

Just a little low house, nothing grand perhaps,
But the best in the world it seems;
Our nest half hidden among the flowers—
Our dear little house of dreams.

HOPES UNFULFILLED

By Martha S. Baker.

It is not hard to thank thee, Lord,
For gifts that please, for friends who love;
Companionships in sweet accord;
For aspirations born above;

For sunlit days and star gemmed nights;
Abundant harvests, needful showers;
For all earth's varied charms, delights,
For landscape beauty, birds and flowers.

But, Lord, when shall we reach this height,
To thank thee for our loss and pain;
For pleasures that have taken flight,
Hopes unfulfilled, ambitions slain?

For dreams that never will come true;
Defeated aims we shall not know
Save as in other lives we view,
See them develop and in beauty grow.

In hours of triumph faith is sweet,
God's love and mercy underlies;
The spirit crushed finds courage meet,
For what life brings, of joy denies.

For what the bridge of his nose
The spirit crunched buds courage
God's love and mercy made
In hands of timorous faith
See them develop and to be
There is no other way
Defiant eyes and shell eyes
For dreams that never will come true

Higher the lifted comfort of
For what the bridge of his nose
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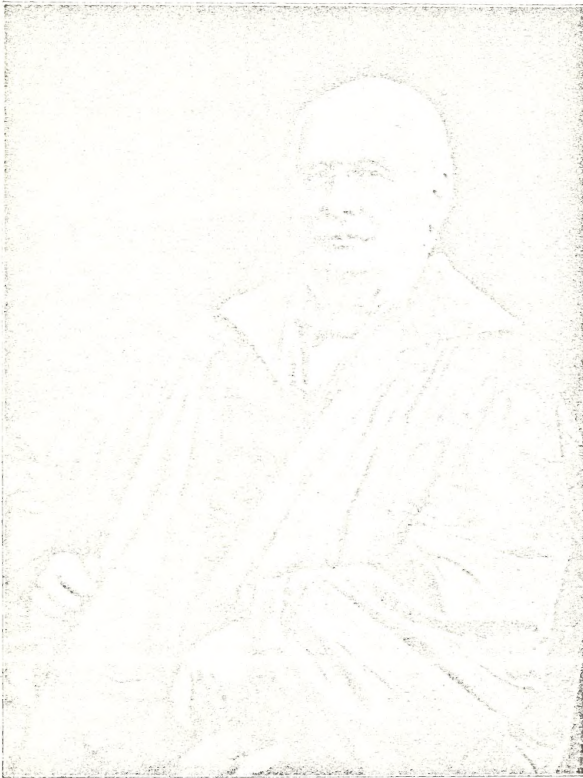
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For dreams that never will come true

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

JUDGE EDGAR ALDRICH.

Edgar Aldrich, distinguished jurist, publicist and historian, was born in Pittsburg, N. H., Feb. 5, 1848, the son of Ephraim C. and Adeline Bedel (Haynes) Aldrich. He was educated in the public schools, at Colebrook Academy and at the law department of the University of Michigan, where he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1868. He was admitted to the New Hampshire bar

bench of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the First Judicial Circuit. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1902 and to the very last manifested a deep and helpful interest in the affairs of the state. During the present year he had carried to successful completion the project of naming the first built of our principal state roads the Daniel Webster Highway. Judge Aldrich was a student of history, to whose literature he had made many valuable contri-



THE LATE JUDGE EDGAR ALDRICH

in the same year and practiced in Colebrook from 1868 to 1881, serving as solicitor of Coos county, 1872-4 and 1876-9. In 1881 he removed to Littleton, which has since been his residence and where he died Sept. 15. In 1885 he was chosen to the House of Representatives from Littleton and was elected its speaker. In 1891 he was appointed judge of the United States district court and held that position until his death, serving also extensively on the

contributions in the form of articles and addresses. Several of the former the Granite Monthly has been privileged to print. Judge Aldrich received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth College and that of LL. D. from the Universities of Michigan and Colorado. He married, Oct. 7, 1872, Louise M. Remick, by whom he is survived, with their daughter, Florence M. (Mrs. Howard S. Kniffin.)

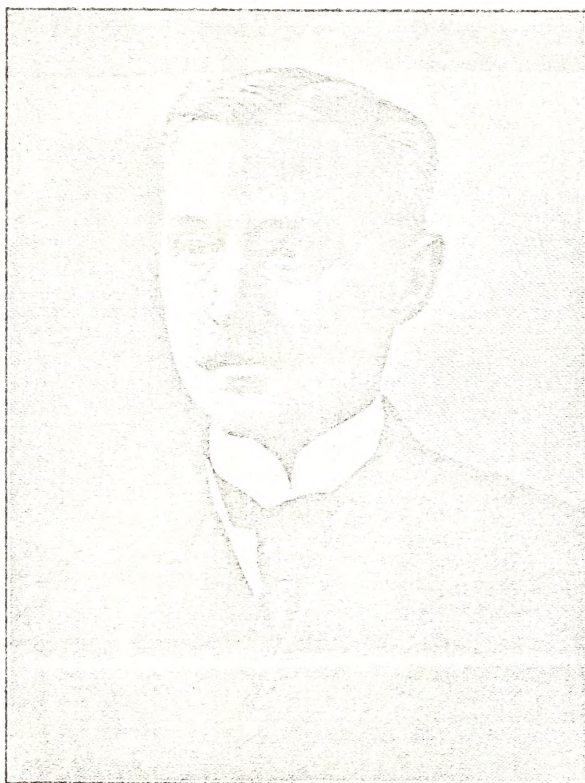
IRA F. HARRIS.

Ira Francis Harris, banker, author, traveler, lecturer, was born in Nashua, Nov. 9, 1855, and died there Sept. 18. He was the son of Robert and Mary (Glines) Harris and was educated in the schools of Nashua. In 1877 he entered the employ of the Indian Head National Bank and so remained until his death, having been cashier since 1895. In addition to extensive travels on this continent, he went around the world in 1913 and described his journey in a book, "Breezes from

etc. He was a 32d degree Mason; leader in the First Congregational church; and member of the Nashua Country Club. June 7, 1881, he married Mary C. Proctor of Nashua, by whom he is survived.

ABBOTT H. THAYER.

Abbott Handerson Thayer, famous artist and discoverer of the law of protective coloration in nature, died at his home in Dublin, May 29. He was born in Boston, August 12, 1849, the son of Dr. William



THE LATE IRA F. HARRIS

the Orient." He also was the author of many monographs and historical addresses and had prepared and delivered illustrated talks on travel and history with much success. He was the president of the Edgewood cemetery Association, to whose grounds he recently gave a handsome entrance; first president of the Nashua Rotary Club; treasurer of the city and state boards of trade; vice-president for New Hampshire of the American Bankers' Association; trustee of Nashua public library;

Henry and Ellen (Handerson) Thayer. As a boy he determined to make painting his life work and studied for several years with Gerome in Paris. His earlier work was in portraits and landscapes, followed in late years by ideal figure pictures. During the war he worked abroad in the development of the principles of camouflage. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and for two years president of the Society of American Artists.

THE LOST CITY

The LOST CITY, the first of the modern
type, was built by the Government of
the United States, and was the first
of a series of ships of this kind.
It was built at the Naval Yard at
Washington, and was the first of a
series of ships of this kind.
It was built at the Naval Yard at
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series of ships of this kind.
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series of ships of this kind.

WINTHROP E. STONE.

Dr. Winthrop Ellsworth Stone, president of Purdue University, who lost his life on Mount Eanon in the Canadian Rockies last July, while endeavoring to rescue his wife from a perilous position, was born in Chesterfield, June 12, 1862, the son of Frederick L. and Ann Butler Stone. He graduated from the Massachusetts Agricultural College in 1882 and did post-graduate work at Boston University and Göttingen. He was a chemist at the Massachusetts and Tennessee state experimental stations until 1889, when he joined the faculty of Purdue University and had been its president since 1900. He was a member of the Indiana State Board of Education and of many learned societies. He published books on researches upon the carbohydrates. He was an active member of the Alpine Club of Canada, the American Alpine Club and the Mazamas.

JOHN P. TUCKER.

John Prentice Tucker, well-known Boston newspaper man, was born in Concord, July 17, 1864, the son of Josiah P. and Hannah R. Tucker, and died in Boston, Sept. 9. He was a graduate of Dartmouth college, class of 1886, and of the Harvard Law School, but during most of his life was engaged in journalism as editor of the "Senn and Heard" column of the Boston Record and later "The Whirling Hub" of the Boston Traveler. He is survived by two sisters and a daughter.

JEREMIAH SMITH.

Judge Jeremiah Smith, born at Exeter, July 14, 1837, the son of Jeremiah and Elizabeth (Hale) Smith, died at St. Andrews, N. B., Sept. 3. His father served under John Stark in the Revolution and Judge Smith was probably the last surviving "real" Son of the American Revolution of New Hampshire ancestry. He graduated from Harvard in 1856 and received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Dartmouth in 1883. He was admitted to the bar in 1861, practiced in Dover and was a judge of the New Hampshire Supreme Court from 1867 to 1874. From 1890 until his resignation in 1910 he was Story professor of law at Harvard. He was for some time a member of the board of visitors to the Chandler Scientific School at Dartmouth and was trustee of Phillips Exeter Academy for 10 years. He is survived by one son, Jeremiah, a prominent member of the Boston bar.

EDWIN H. TAYLOR.

Edwin Hubbard Taylor, born in Hinsdale, October 25, 1833, died at Peterborough, April 11. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1856 and taught for many years in the South and West. In 1881 he was principal of the Peterborough High school and the next year entered into a general store partnership with Andrew J. Walbridge, which continued for 35 years. He was for 21 years a member of the town school board. At college he joined the Psi Upsilon fraternity.

HERMAN L. HORNE,

Herman L. Horne, born in Wolfeboro, February 6, 1852, the son of John L. and Hannah (Wallace) Horne, died at Norway, Me., July 9. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1874 and was a prominent citizen of Norway through life, establishing the electric lighting plant there, carrying on a successful furniture business and being deacon in the Congregational church. He was a fine bass singer and much interested in the Maine chorus, whose annual festival he always attended.

WILLIAM G. LIVINGSTONE.

William Gardner Livingstone was born in Peterborough, February 26, 1840, the son of Frederick and Lucy (Law) Livingstone, and died there June 13. He was educated in the town schools and at New Hampton Institution and from 1862 until his death was connected with the banks of Peterborough, as president of the National bank since 1894. He was a member of the Masonic lodge and chapter and of the Unitarian church. He is survived by a son, Frederick G., of Peterborough, a daughter, Mrs. Alice Dean of Malden, Mass., a brother, George F. and a sister, Mrs. Mary Ella Templeton, both of Peterborough, and three grandchildren.

JOHN M. HOWE.

John M. Howe was born in Newport, September 22, 1855, and died at Claremont, August 16. He was in business in Claremont from 1883 to 1918 when he retired, but was sought by his townsmen for public service and was selectman at the time of his death, having been previously representative in the legislature and town treasurer. He was a trustee of the Claremont savings bank and of the Methodist church. His wife, who was Miss Delia L. Quimby, and two sons, Earl and Arthur, survive him.

EDWARD O. FIFIELD.

Edward Oren Fifield, born in Hopkinton, August 25, 1848, died at his home in Milford, July 15. He was educated in the schools of Londonderry and during his active life was the proprietor of successful box factories in several places. He had served as representative in the legislature from the town of Lee and had held various offices in the city of Nashua. He was prominent in all the Masonic organizations, up to and including the 32nd degree, and also was a member of the I. O. O. F. and the Baptist church. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Grace Hopkins of Nashua, and a sister, Mrs. Fannie Colson of Salem, Mass.

MAJOR JOHN F. HAZELTON.

Major John Frank Hazelton was born in Chester, May 9, 1836, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hazelton, and died July 20 at the Soldiers' Home in Bath Me., where he had been since 1918. He was educated at Pinkerton Academy, Phillips Andover and Union College and studied law with his brother, Gerry in Wisconsin, where he recruited a company for Civil War service. After the war he was a lawyer and editor in New York, served ten years as collector of internal revenue and held places in the consular service in Greece and Canada. One son, Henry Isham Hazelton of Chicago survives him.

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Volume 53

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 11

The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TOWN OF PITTSFIELD

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

CONCORD, N. H.

This Number, 20 Cents

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PROMINENT PITTSFIELD CITIZENS OF THE PAST.

JOHN BERRY
(1792-1880)

REUBEN L. FRENCH
(1818-1896)

HIRAM A. TUTTLE
(1837-1911)

LOWELL BROWN
(1807-1892)

THOMAS H. THORNDIKE
(1835-1888)

GEORGE F. BERRY
(1830-1897)

WILLIAM H. BERRY
(1833-1894)

SHERBURN J. WINSLOW
(1834-1919)

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. LIII.

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 11

150th YEAR CELEBRATION, PITTSFIELD, N. H.

Old Home Week, 1921

The Pittsfield Old Home Day Association has had charge of the observance of Old Home Day from the beginning and it has received the hearty co-operation of the town authorities and the people. It is an association of residents with no membership fee which meets early each year to arrange for Old Home Day. The officers for 1921 are as follows: President, E. P. Sanderson; Vice-Presidents, N. S. Drake, W. Scott; Secretary, C. M. Page; Treasurer, H. B. Fischer.

Early in 1921 a meeting was held to arrange for the observance of the settlement of the town or locality. It should be noted that various accounts are given as to the precise year of settlement. This matter is discussed in the historical address of Hon. John King Berry herein printed in full. All interested, however, agreed to celebrate the event during Old Home Week of the present year. At the meeting referred to and subsequent meetings the following committees were arranged.

Executive Committee: Dr. F. H. Sargent, chairman, N. S. Drake, C. F. H. Freese, E. P. Sanderson, F. S. Jenkins, H. B. Fischer, C. M. Page.

The names of chairmen of the various other committees follow: Finance, H. B. Fischer; Invitation, F. S. Jenkins; Sunday, Rev. W. I. Sweet; Advertising, Natt Jones; Editorial, Rev. W. Scott; Sports, G. F. Freese; Parade, N. M. Batchelder; Banquet, J. T. Harvey; Music, Mrs. Newman Durell.

In due time the program of the celebration was completed and its general outline was as follows:

Sunday, August 21, 1921.

10.45 a. m. Religious Service at the Congregational Church. Music by Lotus Male Quartette of Boston.

7.00 p. m. Sacred Concert at the Opera House by the Lotus Quartette and Brief Addresses by Local Ministers.

Wednesday, August 24.

6.00 p. m. Old Home Day Supper with After-dinner Speeches and Music.

Thursday, August 25.

8.30 a. m. Historical and Decorative Parade. Open to All.

12.00 m. Basket picnic in Academy Park.

1.00 p. m. Band Concert by the American Band of Pittsfield.

1.30 p. m. Address by the President and Historical Address by Hon. John King Berry.

3.30 p. m. Sports at Drake Field, Prizes Awarded. Open to all.

8.00 p. m. Concert by the American Band in Academy Park.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

Sunday, August 21, was bright and beautiful. At the morning service the Lotus Quartette rendered several selections. Mrs. W. B. Ely, organist. Appropriate hymns also were sung by the congregation which filled the main auditorium and overflowed into the adjoining vestry. The floral display about the pulpit was very attractive. The Rev. W. I. Sweet of the Congregational Church, Rev. W. H. Getchell of the Baptist and Rev. W. Scott participated in the service. The sermon was by the Rev. H. A. Remick of the Episcopal Church and was as follows:

"Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth to those that are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 3: 13, 14.)

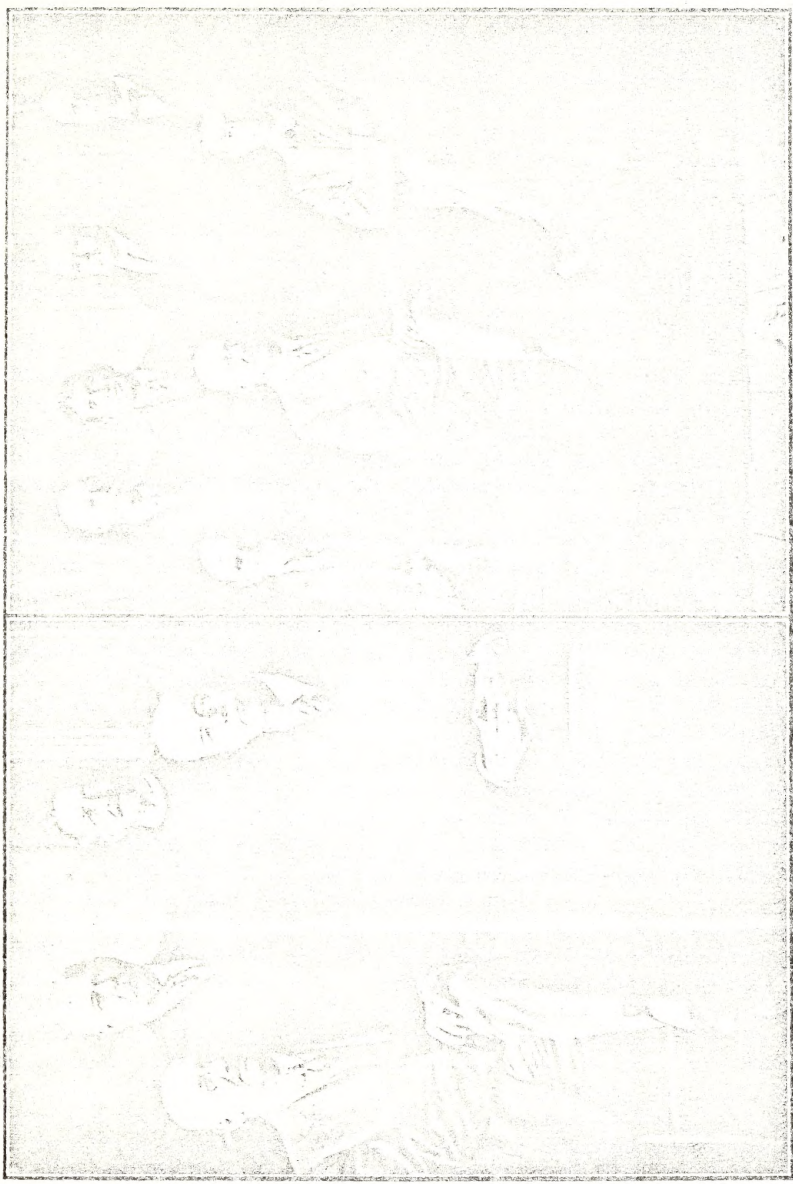
"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." (Exodus 13: 14.)

It may be that from his prison in the Palatine, St. Paul heard shouts that rang from the Circus Maximus beneath him. It may be that looking through the grated lattice he saw the wild-eyed charioteers bending over their steeds with twisted lash, and this undaunted, brave-hearted warrior for Christ hands down to us another of his immortal metaphors.

There are scarcely any avenues of research that possess so many attractions to our minds as those which lead us back into the dim, misty past. It seems to be a characteristic of our human nature to clothe persons and events that are behind us in the pathway of Time with a radiance or glory that seldom finds realization in sober, prosaic fact. We go to two extremes just as mental bias or prejudice may lead us, magnifying faults, or exaggerating virtues. This morning I would leave to those who are more familiar than myself with the events leading up to the incorporation of Pittsfield in 1782 and the years full of toil and sacrifice that immediately succeed and deal with a few great, fundamental truths more appropriate to this day and occasion when we are here assembled to worship God, and return our thanks to Him for the infinite love and protecting care that has overshadowed all our days.

We are heirs to the combined wisdom and experience of the countless generations that have played their part and disappeared. Believe me this legacy does not fall to us, bringing with it an increase of knowledge, an increase of power, without bringing also in its train an awful increase of responsibility. We are debtors—moral, spiritual debtors to a vastly greater extent than were they who five or six generations ago began carving out a home for us in Pittsfield.

What an infinite span is embraced in the significant words Yesterday-Today-Forever and they are condensed into the single word TIME. In the words of a noted English preacher "What have we to say in respect to this strange, solemn thing Time? That men do with it through life just what the Apostles did for one precious hour in the Garden of Gethsemane, they go to sleep. Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden which art has so fashioned into a perennial fountain that through the lips, or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream—on and on forever, and the marble stands there passive, cold—making no effort to arrest the gliding water? It is so that Time flows through the hands of men, never pausing until it has run itself out, and there is the man, petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is that is passing away forever. It is so—just so—that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself, slipping away from them aimless, useless until it is too late. And this asks us with all the solemn thoughts that crowd around an approaching eternity what has been our life and what do we intend it to be? *Work for Eternity.*"



STANDING: DR. F. H. SARGENT, CHAIRMAN;
 REV. H. A. KEMICK, PREACHER.
 SEATED: E. P. SANDERSON, PRES.; J. K. BERRY,
 HISTORIAN.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
 STANDING: N. S. DRAKE, NORMAN DURELL,
 F. H. SARGENT, C. F. H. FRESE.
 SEATED: F. S. JENKINS, E. P. SANDERSON
 H. B. FISCHER.

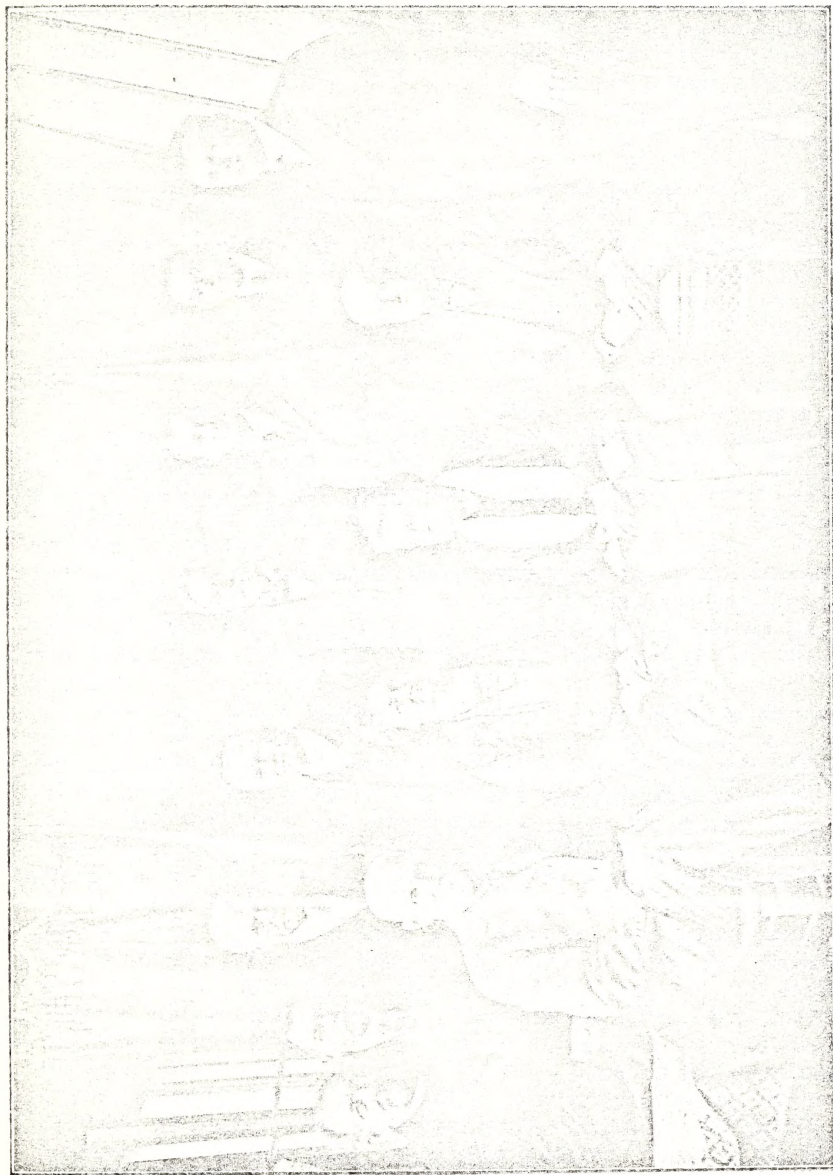


There come great crises when we look out upon humanity in the mass and feel that it has arisen from its slumber, taking vast strides towards a realization of the true dignity of manhood and womanhood, shaken off the bonds of mean selfishness, greed, ambition and conceit, and in our march forward is entering that glorious realm where God is love, where our fellow man is our brother or our sister, subjects indeed of our God and his Christ in His blessed kingdom. Did you not dream, nay pray, that the awful carnage of the late war would become an important factor in leading the human race nearer to God than ever before? As the days go by are we not in danger of allowing this lesson which God read to the world to slip away without grasping its priceless possibilities, and drift back into the old time careless stupor? Isolate it from the aggregate, bring it down to the unit, how is it with you—and you—and you—and me? That is the important, personal question demanding a decisive answer today. Shall we go forward, or shall we stand still?

I am not a pessimist, I am decidedly, optimistical. I believe better times under God's providence are coming. Who can look at this entangled web of human affairs in which evil struggles with good, good gradually and slowly disengaging itself, without having a hope within him that there are better times to come? Who can see this evil world full of envy and injustice, and be content to believe that things will remain as they are, even to the end? Who can see the brilliancy of character already attained by individuals of our race, without feeling that there is a pledge in this that what has been done already in the individual will yet be accomplished in the nation and in the race? If I did not respond with all my soul to that I would close the Bible tomorrow. For from the first to last the Bible tells of better times. It came to our first parents and spoke of the Serpent Evil, crushed not without suffering under the foot of man. It came to the Israelite, mourning under political degradation, and consoled by the vision of a time in which kings shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment. It came to true, brave men, who groaned over the hollowness and hypocrisy of all around them, the false glare and brilliancy which surrounded the great bad man, and told of the day when the vile man should no longer be called liberal. It spoke in the clearer language of the New Testament promise of this actual world becoming a kingdom of peace and purity, of justice, brotherhood, and liberty. It irradiated the last moments of the first martyr with a vision of the Just One at the right hand of power.

We do not mean by better times, times in which there shall be a general scramble for property; we do not mean the time when there shall be obliteration of all distinctions, no degradations for the worthless, no prizes for the best. We do not expect a time when government shall so far interfere to regulate labor that the idle and industrious workman shall be placed upon a par, and that the man who is able to think out by his brain the thought which is true and beautiful shall not be able to rise above the man who is scarcely above the level of the brute. Those would not be better times. They would be the return of the bad, old times of false coercion and brute force.

But we do expect a time when merit shall find its level, when all falsehoods and hypocrisies shall be consigned to contempt, and all imbecility shall be degraded and deposed, when worth shall receive its true meaning, when it shall be interpreted by what a man is and not by what he has, nor by what his relations have been. We want the restitution of all things to reality. Those are better times.



SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES AND CHAIRMEN SUB-COMMITTEES.

First Row: F. S. JENKINS, MRS. N. DURELL, MISS A. S. BUNKER, N. M. BATCHELDER
Back Row: REV. H. A. REMICK, N. JONES, REV. W. I. SWEET, W. H. GETCHELL, W. SCOTT,
H. B. FISCHER, C. M. PAIGE, G. E. FREESE

I stated a few moments ago that an increase of knowledge and an increase of power was our bequest from those who years ago sacrificed for us of to-day. Go with me a step further. It is glorious but at the same time terrible. Knowledge is power. It is a power that may elevate a man by degrees up to an affinity with his Maker; it is a power that may bring him by degrees down to the level of Satanic evil. Good at one end of the pole, evil at the other. Good in this world cannot be done without evil. Evil is but the shadow that inseparably accompanies good. You may have a world without shadow but it must be a world without light, a mere dim, twilight world. If you would deepen the intensity of the light, you must be content to bring into deeper blackness and more distinct and definite outline, the shade that accompanies it. He who feels timid at the spectral form of evil, is not the man to spread light. There is but one distinct rule for us to lay down for ourselves, that is to do the good that lies before us, and to leave the evil that is beyond our control to take care of itself. In this world the tares and the wheat grow together, and all that we have to do is to sow the wheat. If you will increase the rate of travelling the result will be an increase in the number of accidents and deaths; if you will have the printing press, you must give to wickedness an illimitable power of multiplying itself. If you will give Christianity to the world, He who knew what His own religion was, distinctly foresaw, and yet foreseeing did not hesitate to do His work that in giving to the world inward peace, it would bring with it the outward sword, and pour into the cup of human hatred, already brimming over, fresh elements of discord, religious bitterness and theological asperity. It seems to be a law of our humanity that a man must know both evil and good, he must know good through evil. There never was a principle but what triumphed through much evil; no man ever progressed to greatness and goodness but through great mistakes. Some one has written that blunder is but the figure-head to success.

And now finally in the few points I can touch on in our onward march—we look—we are bid to look—towards that new heaven and that new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness. We have lifted our eyes and have beheld the vision of that glory when all will be knit into that new Man who bound them together into that body with which He rose from the grave. But between us and that vision stands out, we know well, the black arms of the cross on Calvary. Back then we shall turn to examine our own lives in the secret places of the soul. It is sin that chokes and throttles our common brotherhood in man, and as for sin, the great thing is to begin with ourselves, not spend ourselves with hoarse railings at the gross sinfulness of the world at large, but patiently and humbly ask, in resolute and serious silence: What is my sin that makes me selfish? What is my sin that holds me back from the duties that I clearly recognize I ought to fulfil? Why am I so lazy, so careless, so ready to satisfy myself with the gratifying emotion of pity in my own home, in my own house? What am I doing there to create this warmth of brotherhood, to live in the spirit which is the bond of peace? No amount of loose compassion for others will excuse me from my own proper task. How goes it there? What is the secret of my ever recurring failure? Why is it that each year finds me enwrapped as of old in layers of comfortable selfishness, which I forever deplore, and yet forever fail to loosen? Why is my wrath at others' wrong-doing so ready and so eager while my own will is so sluggish, so timid, so inert? What is it that dulls my resolution and deadens my spiritual nerve? Why cannot I be braver to do my

own little part in practical action for the good of those who are close at hand to me, in breeding loving kindness there, in keeping down my own petulant self assertion? These are the pressing questions for each one of us, questions keen surely as barbed arrows, searching out those places where we most fear they should come.

Now just a few words as to the future. Dismiss the thought that we do not know the future. Nay we know it. If we be Christians we know it; not indeed this little future of joys that break as the bubble breaks, or of brief afflictions that are but for a moment; not that little future of diseased egotisms and contracted selfishness which is not life, but that great future of the single in purpose and the pure in heart, that great future which blooms to infinitude beyond the marge of death, that, if we be children of God, we know. For we are pressing forward to the mark of the prize of our high calling, and that mark we cannot miss, and there it shines forever before us—a crown of life, a crown of glory, a crown that fadeth not away. The true Christian need know no fear. Be true to yourselves, be true to God, be true to the kindred points of heaven and home, and then amid the crash of a universe smitten into ruin "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

SUNDAY EVENING.

In the evening at the sacred concert by the Lotus Quartette the Opera House was overcrowded. The Quartette sang fifteen numbers, Mrs. Ely, accompanist. Brief addresses were made by local ministers.

The Rev. W. I. Sweet presided and spoke of "Music as a Unifying Force." He said:

Music, the moods that produce it, the ills that respond to it, the good that it does, its blessings to this world of ours can never be measured. It is the hand-maid of religion, touching the heart, calming life's fret and fever, solacing sorrow, rousing spiritual sensibilities, elevating thought, stimulating aspirations—in a word helping to create a devotional atmosphere. This Carlyle had in mind when in answer to the question: "Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has upon us?" he said, "It is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the Infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that."

There has been an effort to create a universal language. We have heard of Volapuk. And recently there was a convention in Boston in the interests of Esperanto. Whatever is done, or not done in that line, it is certain that music—the language of the angels—is universal in its concept, and all understand and appreciate it.

The hymns are international, inter-racial, and inter-religious. Hence music is a great unifying force. Every hymn book of every denomination contains hymns from all the great nations, and by hymnologists of varying religious sects. What book would be complete without Luther's, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," Wesley's "A Charge to Keep I Have," Toplady's "Rock of Ages," Watts' "Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed," Perronet's "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," Heber's "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," Ray Palmer's "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," Cardinal Newman's, "Lead Kindly Light," and Harriet Beecher Stowe's, "Still, Still with Thee?" Thus as we sing the hymns of varying ages and various denominations, the churches in their prayers and their hymnody are quite one. Shall not these forces thus bring the religious sects into greater unity and harmony?

The Rev. W. H. Getchell spoke as follows on the theme, "The Religious Element in New Hampshire."

An examination of the fascinating history of New England reveals the fact that its early settlers possessed in large measure the spirit of adventure, courage, determination, fortitude, and love of freedom. Combined with these splendid qualities, each of which is well worthy the most careful attention of every thoughtful person, those sturdy pioneers were also imbued with the religious element; an element which appeared in, and helped to shape and control all of their plans for the welfare and extension of the Colony.

Denied in their native land the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, the Pilgrims fled first to Holland, hoping to have in that country freedom to worship God, and not finding it there, they came to the New World to establish for themselves and their descendants religious freedom.

William Cullen Bryant spoke of the forefathers of New England as,—

"The Pilgrim bands who crossed the sea to keep
Their Sabbaths in the eye of God alone,
In His wide temple of the Wilderness."

"The famous Mayflower Compact, written and signed on shipboard before they landed at Plymouth, shows the religious element in the Pilgrims, and was the foundation upon which they established their laws for the government of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; thus verifying the law that, "It is the first permanent settlers of any land who impress themselves and their character on the future. Powerful influences may, in later years, produce important modifications; but it is early influence which is farthest reaching, and is generally decisive."

On Nov. 7, 1629, what is now the State of New Hampshire was separated from the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In 1734, one of the towns in Merrimack County was settled by a company of Massachusetts people. Scarcely were they settled in their new homes when they took steps to establish a school, and resolved to secure, "Some suitable man, and a Christian learned" to preach the gospel. The original stock was good, and the formative influences of the town were Christian. Its collegiate and professional record contains more than 150 names, among which are those of two missionaries, six journalists, twenty-one lawyers and forty-two ministers.

Did time permit, other instances might be cited showing the power of the religious element of New Hampshire's early settlers on the history of our well beloved "Granite State."

In times past this religious element may have been somewhat intolerant and narrow in its views; but at the present time it has become wonderfully broadened and tolerant so that all shades of religious belief are found within the borders of the State.

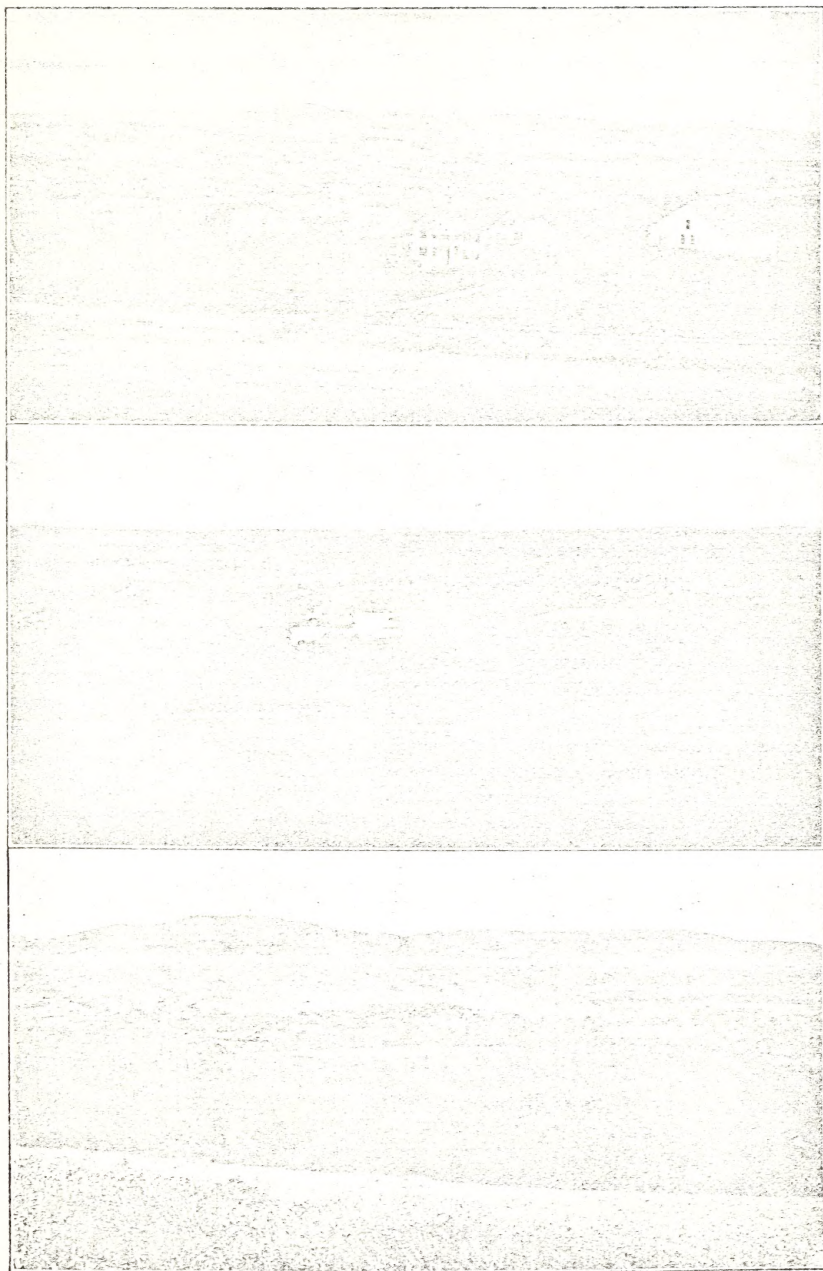
The combined religious element of the State exerts a strong influence for right laws, and good government; and shall continue to do so, as long as it stands firmly based on the "Law of the Lord," though differing somewhat on the interpretation of various parts of that Law. The religious element in the history of Pittsfield will doubtless be spoken of in the historical address on "Old Home Day," therefore I will not touch upon it at this time.

I desire and pray for the welfare and upbuilding of New Hampshire in everything that is pure, ennobling, educational and Christian; and trust that the exercises of this day, and of this week may tend to firmly establish this people in the ways of righteousness.

The Rev. W. Scott made the closing address.

He said:

The committee has invited me to speak briefly on "Religion and the Modern State." The necessities of the program require that I should merely name



PITTSFIELD'S VIEWS (HIGH ELEVATION)
FROM SUNSET FARM, WESTWARD (TOP)
FROM TILTON HILL, WESTWARD
FROM JENNESS HILL, EASTWARD

certain mutual relations and I shall have in mind our country as a good example of a modern state. You will recall that this town and the American Republic began in the same decade.

First, our country recognizes the idea of the Divine Being as fundamental. The Declaration of Independence, one of the historic documents of the world, reads "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Further on the writers and signers appeal "to the Supreme Judge for the rectitude of our intentions," and still further they declare that "with a firm reliance on Divine Providence we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." Some thinkers base government on the social contract, the utilitarian philosophy, social necessity or other foundation. The founders of this modern state, the American Republic, laid as foundation stones the idea of God and the nature of man.

Second, in the first amendment to the Federal Constitution it was provided "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of a religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Thus freedom of worship, the right of each person to worship God according to his conscience, was guaranteed. The alliance of church and state which prevailed in Europe and which every student of history recognizes as the fruitful cause of wars and divisions was outlawed. Much might be said on this line but time now prevents. This just conception of religious and political rights has spread to other nations, and is, we believe, destined to reach the entire world.

Third, if time allowed we might show that religion has been a pioneer in education, that the modern state in its educational systems owes much to the religious impulse. Reform and progress also as anti-slavery, temperance and other humane causes have appealed, and not in vain, to the religious spirit diffused among the people so that the state has been led to frame enlightened policies promotive of the public good and the advance of civilization.

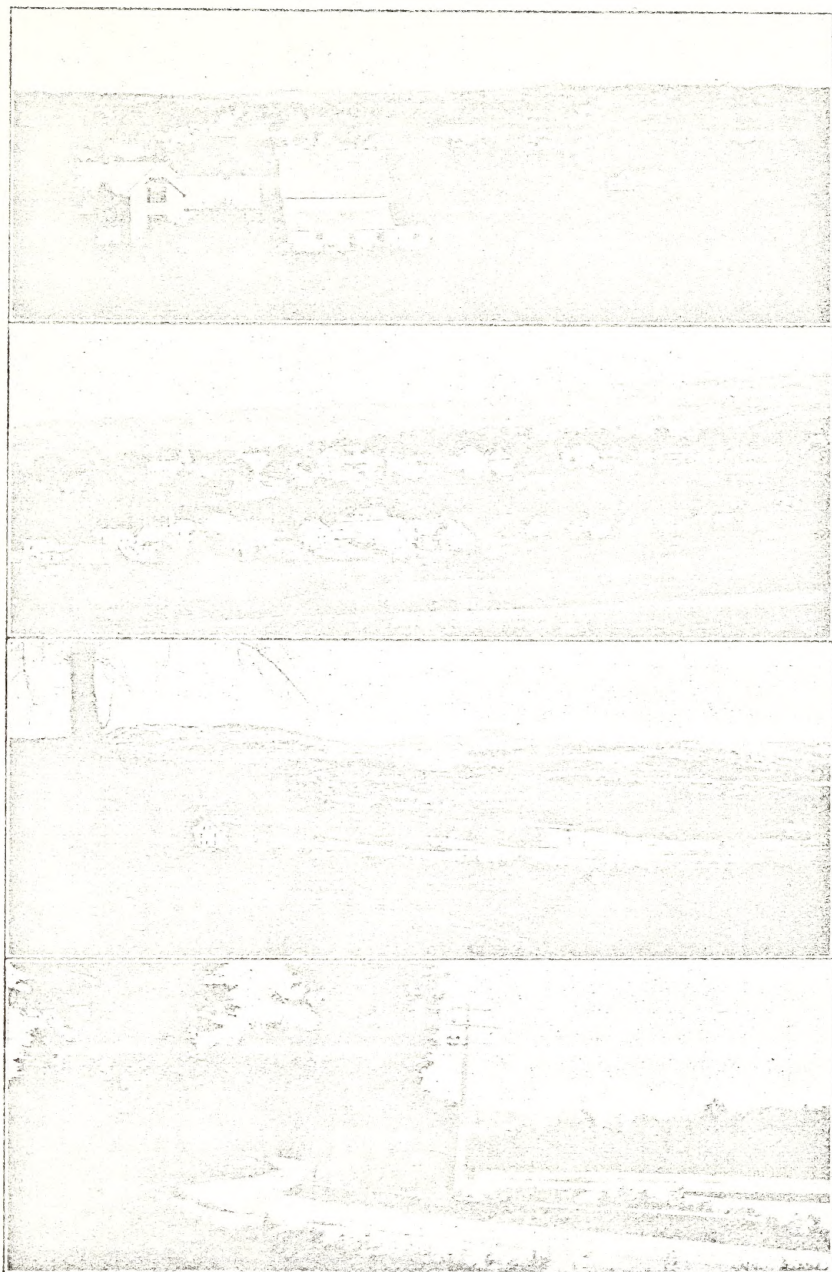
Again, religion and the modern state alike have a broad appeal and aim for world betterment. They are among the universal things which affect all mankind.

At the birth of this nation what might be called a world war broke out for Great Britain engaged in war with the American colonies, France, Spain, and Holland, the three, next to Great Britain, leading military and naval powers of the age. It is a question whether the colonies alone might have won their independence. This nation, therefore, is a debtor to the world from the start. Further it received its religion from Asia, its political thought from Europe with other inheritances, its population from all nations and races.

Again, the Declaration states "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" required its issue. The statesmen who published that immortal document recognized their obligation to the opinion of mankind or world opinion. No nation stands alone. This view of the founders of the nation has developed. To-day a world court to give form and power to the opinion of mankind, a league or society of nations, a movement for disarmament and world peace are among the most commanding interests of civilization.

Religion and the modern state must work together in wise and just ways to hasten the incoming of the Golden Age. Thus may come to pass the ancient prophecy "and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The last selection of the Quartette, "When we come to the end of a perfect day" was most appropriate.



PITTSFIELD VIEWS (MODERATE ELEVATION AND VALLEY)

FROM HODGDON HOUSE, WESTWARD (TOP)

FROM J. H. JENNESS FARM, EASTWARD

FROM PROVIDENCE FARM, EASTWARD

FROM BARNSTEAD ROAD AND SUNCOOK RIVER

OLD HOME SUPPER.

The Old Home Supper, served in the Opera House on Wednesday evening, 6 p. m., was a memorable occasion, surpassing any similar event ever held in town. The large auditorium was elaborately decorated. Japanese lanterns electrically illuminated enhanced the beauty of the scene. The table decorations in charge of Miss Ethel Kimball were especially artistic, the color scheme being red and white. Earl A. Welch was head-waiter with an effective corps of assistants. The menu reflected credit on John T. Harvey, chairman of the supper committee and his able aids. The Pittsfield ladies who arranged the supper deserve special praise. All were interested in the song souvenirs provided by E. P. Sanderson, president of the Old Home Day Association. Old and new songs were sung by all present and solos rendered by Mrs. Newman Durell, Mrs. Ely, accompanist.

At the start of the afterdinner speeches the toastmaster, Mr. Sanderson, rung the old school hand-bell used in Pittsfield schools seventy-five years ago by Clara Maxwell, one of the celebrated Pittsfield school teachers of the olden time. After a few fitting words of welcome by the toastmaster, each speaker was introduced in a pleasant and appreciative fashion.

Dr. F. H. Sargent was first called upon. He read letters of regret from Senator G. H. Moses and Col. J. Frank Drake, and also a letter from John Cram, Esq., relative to a spirit visit at the 100th anniversary of the Congregational Church. The letter follows:

Dr. F. H. Sargent, Pittsfield, N. H.
My dear Doctor:

When I learned the people of Pittsfield were to celebrate their 150th anniversary of the first settlement of the town, I desired very much to be there and see what the folks looked like, and what they did. The weight of 150 years and the infirmities consequent thereto prevent my doing so.

Perhaps you did not know that when the centennial of the old Congregational Church was celebrated in 1889, I was there for I had to come incog.

It may not be generally known that one or more delegates are sent to the various centennials and anniversaries to represent those who really lived 100 or more years ago. When we learned the church centennial was to be celebrated, I was selected by a unanimous vote to represent the first settlers.

As I cannot be with you at this time, I will tell you about my visit to that event, and how I found things in Pittsfield at that time. I got my excursion ticket "good for three days only." In due time I reached Pittsfield on the Suncook Valley R. R. Although I had never ridden on the cars, I had received so minute a description of them from those of my associates who had been delegates to other centennials, that the whole thing seemed quite familiar and not so surprising as might be supposed.

I had learned that my old residence which I sold to Mr. Joy had been turned into a hotel, as they call it now—we used to call them taverns. But I never should have known that I had ever lived there from the looks of the interior of the house. As it was quite dark when I arrived I could see but little of the outside of the house or its surroundings. After taking a good wash I went into the dining room for supper and here were some surprises. Instead of a large pewter platter of cold boiled dish or baked beans placed where every one could help themselves, everything was handed around by waiters, as ordered by the guests. I noticed also a dangerous habit that our descendants had gotten into in the use of forks instead of knives to put the food into the mouth. My mother instructed me as a boy how to feed myself with a knife and cautioned me not to

put the fork into my mouth for fear of pricking my tongue. I think I could use chop sticks as easily as a fork to eat custard pie. I also missed the mug of cider as I never was a great hand for tea.

After supper, which was a good one, we went out into the office—we used to call it the bar-room—and I saw a man that I was sure was a descendant of my good friend Maj. Berry who settled on the top of Catamount where Alex. Davis now lives. I addressed him as Maj. Berry and when I had introduced myself as "Squire John Cram" he greeted me warmly and proposed to introduce me to John Cate French who had written much about me. But I told him that it was contrary to the rules, that delegates must go to the centennials incog., although they were allowed to select one person to whom they were to apply for any necessary information. Indeed very few people are aware of the presence of the delegates. I made arrangements with Maj. Berry to show me about in the morning before the exercises should commence. Although it was raining, we started. The Major had on a rubber overcoat which I should have found very convenient when I went around the first of April to assess the taxes. We took a look at the outside of the hotel and the Major pointed out the old part that I had built and it began to look natural. We went down the hill to the river where my old mill used to stand and where I built my first dam by felling trees across the river and throwing in brush and dirt enough to stop the water so that I could saw out plank and timber for my permanent dam. O what a beautiful dam the factory company have built! In thinking over afterwards the various improvements that I saw, I still think there is nothing that will be so permanent as that dam.

The Major and I could not locate the famous corn barn in which the Congregational Society was organized, but he told me that when the present Union Block was built the well was uncovered which was by my barn yard and which I "stoned" up with logs, and that water of that well was used in the preparation of the mortar for that block and for the brick church which was being built at that time.

We walked down and looked at the old meeting house and I was pleased to find it in so good state of preservation and I see no reason why it may not be in existence at the bi-centennial.

I attended the exercises in the church but as you have a good report of them I will not take up your time with a detail but will only speak of the address of John Cate French. I found out that he was a descendant of Abram French who bought Rev. Christopher Paige's farm where W. B. Ely now lives. While hearing him I was transported back a hundred years and it seemed from his knowledge of the manners and customs of our times as though he must have been one of our co-temporaries.

Dear Doctor: Pittsfield, the town I founded and for whose prosperity I worked for forty years, has grown beyond my expectations. The factory, the railroad and the shoe business have done much for it, but after all, in promoting the comfort and happiness of the people, my old saw-mill did more for Pittsfield one hundred years ago than these modern improvements do now. The first settlers needed food, clothing and a shelter. The first two their land and flocks and herds supplied. For a shelter they could build a log house from the trunks of trees—for the floor they could split the logs for puncheons and smooth them with an axe, but to make the roof weather-tight and for the doors and partitions they must have boards. My saw-mill made these houses that you see now on the old farms and on these hillsides. Not mere huts suitable for wood-choppers, but homes for women and children, which would compare favorably with those in the seaboard towns from which we emigrated.

I found Pittsfield a wilderness and I left it a civilized community with farms, roads, schoolhouses and a variety of manufactures. The only thing that made this possible was my saw-mill.

The proprietors of Pittsfield were wise when they planted the saw-mill in the advance of the first settlers for they well knew that without the saw-mill the pioneer would lapse into barbarism.

But I must bid you good-bye till the next Centennial.

Yours respectfully,

"SQUIRE JOHN CRAM."

George E. Foss, Secretary Pennsylvania State Chamber of Commerce, and son of Deacon Foss of the Pittsfield Baptist Church, spoke of his pleasure in returning home especially at this time, the lasting influence of home and the home town on character and the fact that the Pittsfield of to-day is a prophecy of the Pittsfield of tomorrow.

Henry W. Osgood, the oldest of the business men of the town, where for over fifty years he has been related to its business, educational, religious, and political life, received an ovation as he spoke of memorable Pittsfield women he had known. His address follows:

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens: I accept the distinction that has been applied to me at this time. There is another one that far outnumbers all that have been offered to the other business men of this town, a "patient listener" to "old Chestnuts," cracked and cracked again when I've shown to my patrons the result of my endeavor to fix upon the photographic plate a "Fac-simile" of themselves. Hear them, "Oh my what a nose!" "My right eye is as big as a moon;" "Mouth askew;" "Wrinkles and gray hairs, I guess not," and so on and on and on. My hearers, I am not at this time to tell you about the trials and triumphs of a business life, but to speak about some godly women who were an influence for good in their day and generation. Aye "Patterns of every virtue, every grace," a factor in the history of the one hundred and fifty years of our town. I speak of one of rare Christian virtue; she believed in God and kept his commandments; hers was a religion of cheerfulness, no sober face or down-cast eye. When babies came to bless her home they were given a welcome such as only a mother's love can give. She early taught them that prayer of prayers lisped by baby lips throughout the Protestant world "Now I lay me down to sleep." She led them to church and the Sunday school. She encouraged them in manly sports and in all things that would bring strength to the body and the mind. The Civil War found her prostrate on a bed of pain, yet propped up with pillows she scraped lint, tore bandages for the boys in blue at the front. She ever strove to do whatever her strength and hands would allow. Perhaps this pretty jingle of words might express the sunshine of her life,

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone,
This sad old earth has need of your mirth,
She has sorrows enough of her own."

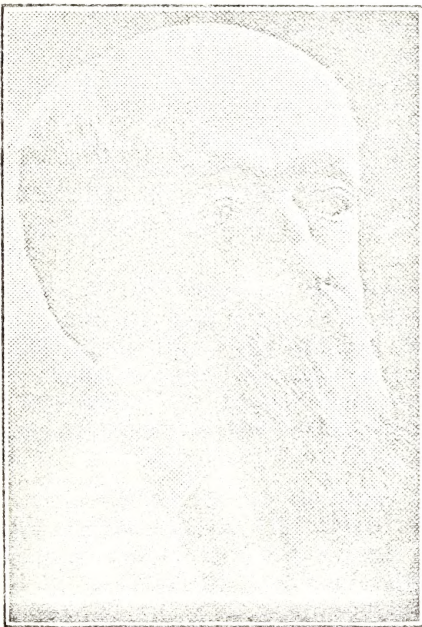
Long since she passed away. Engraved on memory's tablet is this inscription "Blessed are the pure in heart." My Mother.

Of another, bereft by sudden death of her husband, she was left with four little ones, two boys, two girls. With a firmness characteristic of our Revolutionary mothers, from whom she was a descendant, she turned her face towards the rising sun determined to keep her little flock together. For many a day through sunshine and storm, through heat and cold at the call of yon factory bell she passed through the gate to her daily toil.

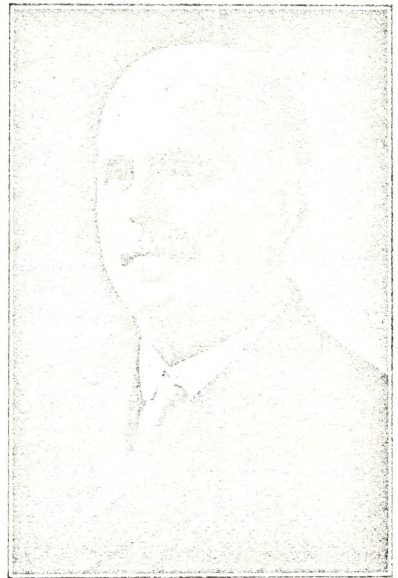
She sent her children to the Sunday school and church. Their names are on the honor roll of Old Pittsfield Academy. They became worthy citizens.

One a teacher in the public schools of a neighboring city; one a skilful surgeon and medical practitioner in a western city; one interested himself in town affairs, he adopted teaching as a life work. As an instructor he had few equals. Another became the mother of four boys, one a horseman, his name is known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Two are brilliant lawyers, one of them a Judge on the Supreme bench. Another, the last but not the least, is the present governor of a sister state. Is it a wonder that posterity riseth up and calls her blessed.—Mrs. Thos. Randall.

Of another, by accident of birth, a member of a family well known in the educational and literary circles of this state. Refinement and grace were in her face. She had of this world's goods a plenty; she was not unmindful of the many blessings bestowed upon her by the Maker of us all, so when she spread the table for her daily meals she laid a plate for the stranger at the gate. Mrs. (Dr.) R. P. J. Tenney.



HENRY W. OSGOOD
Member of State Legislature, 1911-13.
Authority on Local Natural History, etc.



JOHN T. HARVEY
Chair. Refreshment Com. for 20 years.
Moderator School Meeting 32 terms.

And yet another whose round face and rounder eyes told of sympathy and love of fellowmen; she was a lover of the flowers of the field and garden; she was an expert in raising of Dahlias. Every year she encircled her home with these beautiful flowers. I see peeking through the garden fence a pair of youthful, wistful eyes. I see her pluck one of the perfect flowers and with these words "Wouldn't my little one like a pretty posey to give to mamma?" The twinkle of the eye and the smile on her lips plainly show a cheerful giver, Mrs. (Dea.) Wm. C. Adams.

Of one of a musical turn of mind, whose sweet alto voice was heard for many a year in one of the village choirs, she deemed it a duty which she cheerfully performed to use such talents given her by her Lord and Master in His service. Mrs. Reuben L. French.

A little way down the street a woman of a slightly stooping figure, when the cry of distress came she answered its call unhesitatingly; love and tenderness beamed from her eyes. Mrs. (Dea.) John L. Thorndike.

And farther down the street, one whose Christian character and works were in accord with this motto, "As ye would as others would do unto you," beautifully illustrated by her children's gifts to our Public Library and well appointed Drake Athletic Field. Mrs. (Col.) James Drake.

Of two unselfish ones whose very presence was an inspiration. Did a new baby come to grace a home, they came with love and tenderness to greet the little stranger. Was it the angel of death, with ministering hand and words of sympathy and hope they came—ministering angels they were—they loved their neighbors as themselves. Mrs. (Dr.) William Proctor, Mrs. Lewis Bunker.

And yet another, whose presence was a very benediction to the community in which she lived. Mrs. Joseph Harvey.

'Tis said that the sins of the fathers extend even to the third generation; the influence of godly mothers is ever extending and will abide until time is no more. Sweet is the memory of by-gone days to you who answered the invitation to come to the homes of your childhood. On the morrow you will return to battle with the serious problems of life. Listen! some day, sometime, some day, we will receive an invitation to a home gathering from which there will be no returning to the cares, the sorrows and disappointments of life. With wisdom may we direct our ways so that with it will come the joyful anticipation of living in holy communion with our loved ones in that home where all is Love, Joy and Peace.

Hon. C. W. Tobey of Manchester, former Speaker of the N. H. House of Representatives, paid a tribute to Pittsfield for its continuous annual observance of Old Home Day. He believed that spirit diffused over the country would carry America safely through its present depression and win a great future. He emphasized the fundamental value of religion to the individual and the nations of the world, the Golden Rule a solvent for the hardest problems of the race.

Arthur Elliot Sproul, for many years a summer resident of Pittsfield, spoke of the significance of Old Home Week. He emphasized the importance of cultivating loyalty to one's locality and country and also of an international mind in view of the part our country must hold in world affairs. The development of means of intercommunication by railway, steamship, telegraph and other agencies has made our planet smaller and brought new opportunities and responsibilities. Hence the study of geography and of other nations and peoples claims far more attention than in the past. The whole world is now one economic unit. The peace of the world and the future of America are involved in a better understanding of these world relationships. He read the following original sonnet as briefly expressive of his view.

AMERICA—BROTHERS TO NEW-BORN DEMOCRACIES.

Behold! A great hour strikes for all the earth!

Kings shrivel. Gilded thrones in ashes fall.

Millions, once prostrate, stand upright. O'er all

Swell to the skies the people's shout: "New birth!"

Birth of Democracy—of manly worth

Forever quenching "power Imperial!"

Listen, Americans! Your brothers call,

Striving for hand-grasp 'round the whole world's girth.

Look they to us, who Freedom's light long know,



PITTSFIELD WATER VIEWS
JENNESS POND (TOP)
BERRY POND
WHITE POND

For guidance in the path they newly tread.
 Patience, forbearance—yes, e'en love—shall show
 Our land yet leader as our Fathers led—
 Ever and always sure Oppression's foe—
 Great Webster's state—New Hampshire—at the head!

F. T. Johnson, superintendent of schools of Pittsfield and adjacent towns, spoke of the necessity of loyalty to the home town and of appreciation of its advantages. He drew a picture of the Pittsfield of the future.

Hon. J. J. Flynn, city attorney of Waltham, congratulated the town on having such citizens as Henry W. Osgood and E. P. Sanderson. He praised the ladies for the excellence of the banquet and urged young men and women to value life in the country especially at this period when the drift to the cities is excessive and the cause of many serious public conditions.

The Hon. Guy Ham of Boston referred to the progress of America during the one hundred and fifty years embraced in the history of this town. He spoke of the home, the church and the school as formative influences which create and safeguard civilization. He complimented both the ladies who prepared the banquet and all ladies present as representatives of the womanhood of a goodly town.

So with pleasant speech of wit and wisdom and song the hours passed. Among the singers should be mentioned a quartette formerly existing in Pittsfield but of late years scattered, which comprised Mark A. Davis of Greenfield, Mass., George E. Foss of Harrisburg, Penn., Arthur Sanborn and Frank P. Green of Pittsfield. They were called out by the toastmaster and sang with acceptance several old time songs.

All rose at the close and sang Auld Lang Syne, the great song of friendship of Scotland's plowman poet. The toastmaster sounded the old school bell and one of the memorable events of the celebration was over.

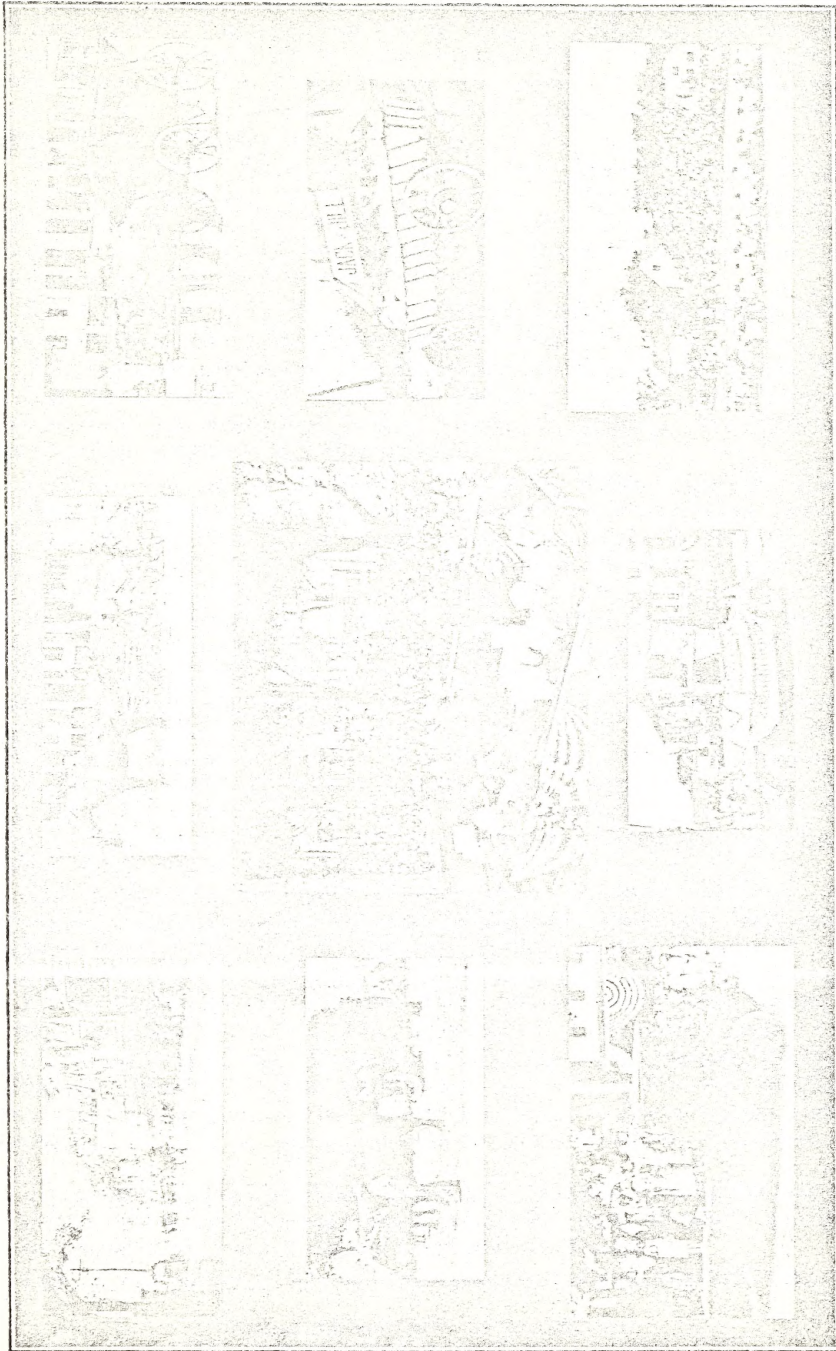
OLD HOME DAY.

Thursday, August 25, was a perfect day, neither too warm or cool, the golden mean, bright, sunny and beautiful. The attendance was the largest ever known in the town's history. People came from all sides and by every kind of conveyance except airplane and steamer for it is well known the Suncook is not navigable below the site of the old Cram dam. No accident occurred to mar the day. The police arrangements were excellent. Harry C. Green was in charge, assisted by Officer John Laro, special officers W. B. Ely and Burt Avery and Officers Hunter, Rudd, Chase and Abbott of Concord.

THE PARADE.

The opening event of the day was an historical and decorative parade which was the most elaborate and colorful spectacle ever staged here. Credit for the success of this feature is due to Nathaniel M. Batchelder, the chairman of the committee, assisted by Courtland Freese, Arthur Sanborn, Herbert W. Dustin and George E. Freese.

First division: Chief marshal, Nathaniel M. Batchelder; aids, Earl A. Welch, Ernest Glines and George E. Freese, police officers, Harry C. Green and John Laro; American Band, Clifton A. Smith, leader; Indians in Costume, members of Watchenot Tribe, I. O. R. M.; Bears in Costume, impersonated by Richard Joy and Arthur Danis led by Indian brave, Warren Nutter, and squaw, Miss Rose Jenness. John Cram, Esq., and wife, the first settlers; Clifton Richardson and



VIEWS OF PARADE, LITERARY EXERCISES AND SPORTS, 1921
 OLD HOME DAY, 150TH YEAR CELEBRATION, PITTSFIELD.

Miss Bertha Emerson; Ebenezer Cram, the first mail carrier, with the original mail bags used by him, impersonated by Robert Sanderson; old fashioned coach containing Melvin Cram, Frank Cram, Natt A. Cram, Alroy B. Cram, Ruth Cram, Clifton Cram, Otis and Lena Jenness, descendants of John Cram; old wagons driven by Harry Jones, Frank H. Osborne, B. Montgomery; modern rubber tired wagon, Miron Kimball.

Second division: Farming implements from the old wooden plough driven by oxen to the modern implements used to-day. This depicted planting and harvesting potatoes, corn, hay and grain by the old fashioned and modern methods including tractors and was very interesting as many of the tools had never been seen before by those of this generation.

Third division: Methods of fire fighting from the old leather and wooden buckets and hand tub to the modern auto chemical.

Fourth division, led by drum corps under the direction of Warren Hill. Soldiers of the different war periods of the town's history, Revolutionary War, Mexican War and Civil War soldiers; Sons of Veterans; World War soldiers with mounted howitzer; and Boy Scouts.

Fifth division, led by Suncook Union Cornet Band, George F. Georgi, leader. Decorated floats, styles depicting costumes worn by ladies from 1770 to 1921, arranged by Mrs. F. H. Sargent and Mrs. James B. Kenney; Daughters of Liberty, Norris Lodge, K. of P., and Pythian Sisters, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Old Fashioned Husking Bee, entered by Herbert B. Fischer and Earl A. Welch; Abbott Downing Truck, Jenness Pond Farm Bureau Community Club, Upper City Neighborhood Club, Suncook Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Beulah Rebekah Lodge, Adams Brothers, District Nurse Association; decorated automobiles, Dr. Walter Robbins, Boston; A. J. Griffin, Griffin and Dustin, C. F. Young, James McQuesten, Buffum and Jackson, H. P. Woodman, Everett Clark, Valley Times, Dr. G. M. Bunker, Merrimac, Mass.; George E. Freese, Mrs. E. P. Sanderson, Waltham, Mass.; Carroll Dustin, Amesbury, Mass. Decorated pony teams, Dr. L. D. Gilmore, Phillis Lake, Chichester; Mrs. Walter Marchand, Dorothy Maxfield, Christopher Perry, Chichester. Decorated farm teams, Ivan Robbins, Christopher Perry, Chichester.

The judges were George A. French, James D. Smart and L. J. Martin of Manchester and prizes were awarded as follows: Fraternal, Odd Fellows and Rebekahs, first; Knights of Pythias and Pythian Sisters, second; W. C. T. U., third; private, George E. Freese, C. F. Young, first; H. P. Woodman, second; Dr. Walter Rollins, Alvah J. Griffin, C. E. Dustin, third; farm, Joseph Robbins, second; Christopher Perry, third; Styles, third; Community, Upper City Club, first; husking bee, second; Jenness Pond, third; trades, Adams Brothers, first; Buffum and Jackson, James McQuesten, second; Griffin and Dustin, Valley Times, third; children, District Nurse Association; Pony teams, Mrs. Walter Marchant, first; Phillis Lake, second; Dorothy Maxfield, Elizabeth Gilmore, third.

The parade started on Main Street and its route covered all the streets of the village. A movie film was made which has been on public exhibition and will be placed among the historical treasures of Pittsfield.

One of the paraders, Mr. B. Montgomery, submits the following verses:

I'm an old man now, as you can see,
Most eighty years of age,
And when I was but ten years old
A stable boy was made.

I've seen the fastest horses,
The ones that made best time,
But I never saw one that could come up
To this old red nag of mine.

He's fast, yes, when he's tied,
He's beautiful to behold;
He's always gentle, kind and good—
And that is more than gold.

He never runs away with me,
Or cuts up any shines,
He's just the best nag in the world—
This old red nag of mine.

This wagon too has seen its day,
But, gosh! it used to shine,
Yet that was long, long, long ago—
When it was in its prime.

I hope the thing will not break down
But safely take us home,
Then some darn fool can ride again,
A hundred years to come.

OLD HOME DAY LITERARY EXERCISES.

The literary exercises of the day were held in Academy Park. They were preceded by a brief concert by the American Band of Pittsfield which occupied the Band Stand presented to the town by Frank P. Green.

The chief feature of the occasion was a paper on the history of the town from its settlement (while part of Chichester) until the present time. The place of meeting was appropriate. Here stands the old academy founded by citizens of the town and later made its high school. Along the Park runs the beautiful Main street shaded by great and graceful elms planted long ago by another generation. Most of the churches are in sight or nearby as are the monument to the soldiers of the Civil War, the Library containing the Tablet of the soldiers of the World War, the Town Hall, and the old cemetery where lies the founder of the town and where also and in the new cemetery sleep many whose memory is cherished by those who participate in the day's celebration. These buildings and objects symbolize education, patriotism, government, religion and the pathos of life and mortality. Many present, especially those in mature years of age, live to-day on the high places of memory. All are affected by the spirit of Old Home Day in the Old Home Town. To the citizen's mind, here were the church, the home, the school, the town meeting, elemental forces which have profoundly influenced the community and New England. Here flourished for a century and a half a democracy still in full vigor. On it the lights and shadows have fallen as upon the nation and the world of which it is a part and whose fortune it shares. It was a fit setting for history which Froude says "is a voice forever sounding over the centuries the laws of right and wrong."

The music was community singing under direction of Mrs. Newman Durell. Mark A. Davis rendered a solo and Mrs. Ely was accompanist.

The president, E. P. Sanderson, gave the following address of welcome.

"Within whose breasts, wherever you may roam,
The faith still lives that points to childhood's home.
We bid you hail! the old time dream still dwells
Upon the meadow, in the shady rills;

The sunlight gilds with all its ancient grace,
 The winsome beauties of your native place—
 Still Pittsfield sits, a queen, in modest pride,
 And calls her willing subjects to her side."

It is with this beautiful sentiment in my mind that I extend a welcome and a greeting to you to-day.

With full appreciation for the honor and pleasure which comes to me here in my native town, among my own people, and gathered with the descendants of those, who by their faith and their courage and their fortitude for the past 150 years, made possible all that we enjoy to-day.

It is meet that we gather again in the old Academy Park where they so often gathered together on solemn and important occasions and recall all that it means to us:—to refresh our hearts and our minds with the deeds and the names of those noble men and women who, leaving behind them all previous civilization, came up to this, then wilderness of New Hampshire with their families and their flocks, to build their future homes, and made it always "Home Sweet Home" to us:—and founded in this beautiful spot in the Suncook Valley one of the little Republics which, joined with others, has made this great nation possible.

Looking backward 150 years does not in a sense seem a long period. Many of us can remember the tales of the establishment of the Town, which have come down to us in the folk-lore of our parents and our grandparents.

Last week in the old cemetery back of the Town Hall, I looked upon the last resting place of my maternal great, great grandmother, Suzanna Gordon, the wife of the first Moses Norris, and by her second marriage, the wife of Nathan White, one of the strong women and great mothers of the time. Standing in front of my present residence on Sunset Hill, on the old Governor Road, which I believe was the first and only road into Pittsfield at that time, I realized that this woman with her three sons, with great courage and fortitude, after the death of Moses Norris, came with the other early settlers of the time, and took up and carried on the work which he had started, and that they must, in the rude conveyances of 150 years ago, have come up over that very road on which I was then standing. I realized that men and women like these and many hundreds of others, who came earlier or later, made possible the building of our beautiful Town.

And 75 years later my grandfather, Daniel Sanderson, and his family of small children, with other pioneers, came over a better road and to a larger settlement to help manage the new Cotton Mill just built in Pittsfield, and even at that time there were no buildings on this side of Main Street, between the Congregational Church and the Squire Emerson House, except the Town Hall.

In reviewing the past, it is within my own recollection, as a boy in the streets of Pittsfield, that with reverence and awe, I looked upon the prominent men of that time, and I well remember, as clearly as if I saw them today—John Berry, Col. James Drake, Jeremiah Clough, Peter Hook, Isaac Smith, Jeremiah Clark, Squire Benjamin Emerson, Squire Reuben T. Leavitt, Abraham French, Jackson Freese, Dr. R. P. J. Tenney, Deacon Wm. C. Adams, Isaiah Berry, Sylvester French, Charles H. Sargent, Reuben L. French, Peabody Adams, Lowell Brown, Charles H. Carpenter, and the list could be continued much beyond this. I remember with what seriousness and ability they handled, in their day and their generation, and successfully handled too, the affairs of the Town.

And those of a little later period, whose names it would be impossible not to mention with proper reverence on an occasion of this kind: Hiram A. Tuttle,



PITTSFIELD CHURCH BUILDINGS

ROMAN CATHOLIC, FREE BAPTIST (TOP)
 CALVINISTIC BAPTIST (REMOVED), CONGREGATIONAL, EPISCOPAL,
 ADVENT, FRIENDS

Sherburn J. Winslow, John Cate French, Josiah Carpenter, Wm. Henry Berry, who collectively and individually, did so much for the best interests and prosperity of the town.

With faith and courage, these people, taking up the work of the early settlers of the first 75 years, did their share to lay out new streets and new roads—establish new factories and new enterprises—which work has been continually going on, even to the present time.

From these lessons of faith and courage and accomplishment, I want to speak of my text in these words of welcome to-day, and that is FAITH. St. Paul says "Faith, Hope and Charity" or Love as we now interpret it. It is true that he said "the greatest of these is Love," but he put FAITH first,—and in all of the acts of our forefathers, this element of Faith stands out more prominently than anything else.

The Faith and the courage of John Cram, and those early settlers in coming here to establish their home and their business—the Faith of those later settlers who built larger mills and developed more fully, the possibilities of our Town—the Faith that built the roads, cleared the land and built the bridges, the dams, the factories, the stores, the schools, the churches, and the homes, not only here but in all our New Hampshire Towns—has never been exemplified more clearly or exceeded in any other work of life.

They had their troubles and their worries and their tribulations, which with less Faith and less courage, would have caused them to have given up the battle. The Revolutionary War—the War of 1812—dark days of 1815-16, the Panics of 1837, 1857, 1873, the great Civil War of 1861—the pestilence and famine years which came between these periods—were all a part of their life and their work to overcome, and they did overcome, with their Faith and their courage, all of these troubles and all of these difficulties—and following each of them, Pittsfield came forth larger, stronger and better than before.

We, their successors of to-day, feel at times that we and the world at large are passing through troubles and trials of which we cannot see an end, and which at times it seems almost impossible to surmount, but in looking back over the history of the last 150 years, we must realize that these troubles are no larger to us than many of these instances and periods of the past were to our forefathers, and it is for us to take from their history and their lives that same faith which sustained them under similar conditions on similar occasions, the great lesson,—and have our Faith strong in the future.

History shows that practically all of the early settlers of this Town were at that time citizens of our great sister nation, Great Britain, and that we and they have the same blood and the same courage and the same power which have so often been exerted in the past. Therefore, let us realize that America and England, the two great nations of modern times, will surmount all of the temporary difficulties and troubles of the world to-day, and that the peace and happiness and prosperity which will follow, will cover them all, as the flowers of New England, in their beauty, cover the last resting places of our departed loved ones.

And with this sentiment of Faith and Courage and Love, let me welcome you today, with the assurance that in the future, as always in the past, Truth and Justice and Courage of our common people, in time, will accomplish all of this.

Therefore, with the Faith of our Fathers, let us to-day, in the words of that old hymn—familiar to us and to them, for so many years—

"Fling out our banner high and wide,
Seaward and skyward let it shine,
Nor might, nor strength, nor merit ours,
We conquer only by this sign."

The Hon. John King Berry of Boston was introduced and delivered the historical address which was as follows:

John Cram, Esquire, His Discovery of What is Now the Village
of Pittsfield, New Hampshire, and Some of the Consequences.

President Sanderson and Friends—

About a year ago I was assigned the duty of presenting at this time a review of the history of this town because I have previously spoken a few times upon documents and facts received from my father, Nehemiah Chase Berry, Esq., a lawyer, born here in 1811 and deceased in Boston, Massachusetts; in 1892, and because I have been here every summer since that of 1859.

I have accepted and tried to perform the service, relying upon the most valuable assistance of your fellow townsmen, Hon. Frank S. Jenkins and Hon. Nathaniel S. Drake, real historians, who have supplied much of the matter I shall present, have stimulated me to further research, and have acted as censors of my composition.

They have given me a valuable scrap-book made by the Judge of Extracts from newspapers published here years ago containing contributions of Dr. and Rev. Jeremiah Blake, born here in 1800, and deceased in Gilmanton in 1890, Hon. John Cate French, and others; the Pittsfield Register published in 1905; and "History of Pittsfield in the Great Rebellion" by the late Henry L. Robinson, a few copies of which can be obtained from Judge Jenkins.

After my address was written I received a copy of "Annals of Old Home Week in 1901," which gives much valuable history which I have not attempted to repeat, but which you should know.

We do not claim to have thoroughly covered the ground or to have mentioned all the facts and people that might well be spoken of, but we have endeavored to present in an orderly way principal facts and some of the prominent people connected at some time with the town. If it shall appear to you that there is too much "Berry" in it, please consider that it is because I have naturally known more of them than I have of other families and not because I have wished to advertise them. If any person here thinks that his or her family has not been fairly recognized, it is their privilege to write up what they think should have been said on the subject and present it to Judge Jenkins as additional material for a history of the town which he hopes may be published.

The time allowed for the delivery of this address is one hour, and I've "boiled it down," so to speak, to run it pretty near to schedule. If anybody faints or there is a fire alarm during the reading I shall claim "time out" and continue to read to the deaf people who kindly remain faithful and sympathetic.

Omitting a complete history I had prepared of the early settlers in what is now Southeastern New Hampshire (who, by the way, were neither Pilgrims nor Puritans), it is sufficient for our purpose to say that in 1638 Exeter was settled by Rev. John Wheelwright and about twenty families from what has since become Quincy, Massachusetts, they having been expelled from the Massachusetts Bay Colony of Puritans as heretics.

In the same year the territory long known as Hampton, Hampton Falls and Seabrook was settled by several families from Norfolk County, England, who joined Nicholas Easton there. I do not find that they came on account of any special religious belief or form of worship. I think there were many Quakers among them, of whom there were many in England at that time.



The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that seemed to penetrate my very bones. I shivered as I walked towards the entrance of the building, my hands tucked into my pockets. The air was thick with a strange, almost metallic scent that I couldn't quite place. I had heard that the place was old, but I didn't realize how old. The building itself was a massive, imposing structure made of dark stone, with windows that looked like they were made of some kind of heavy, dark glass. The entrance was a large, arched doorway that seemed to swallow me up as I stepped inside. The interior was dimly lit, with light coming from small, round lamps that hung from the ceiling. The walls were covered in a complex pattern of carvings and paintings that I couldn't see clearly in the low light. I felt a sense of unease as I walked deeper into the building, as if I was being watched. I heard faint, distant sounds that seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere at once. It was a strange, dreamlike atmosphere that made me feel like I was in a place that had been forgotten by time. I tried to shake the feeling off, but it was there, lurking in the shadows. I knew I should be looking for something, but I didn't know what. I was just a stranger in a strange land, and I was alone. The silence was oppressive, and I could feel my heart beating faster. I needed to find my way out, but the paths seemed to lead deeper into the building. I was lost, and I didn't know how to get back. The cold was still there, and the strange scent was still in the air. I was trapped, and I didn't know how to escape. The building seemed to be alive, and it was watching me. I was a small, insignificant figure in a vast, ancient world. I was just a man, and I was alone. The silence was deafening, and I could feel my mind racing. I needed to find a way out, but I didn't know how. I was lost, and I didn't know how to get back. The cold was still there, and the strange scent was still in the air. I was trapped, and I didn't know how to escape. The building seemed to be alive, and it was watching me. I was a small, insignificant figure in a vast, ancient world. I was just a man, and I was alone.

In 1656 two refined Quakeresses, who arrived in Boston from England by way of the Barbados, were imprisoned, publicly scourged as heretics, and told by the Puritans to leave their colony. In 1658 some Quakers received a similar warm reception. Quakers thereafter settled in Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and Maine. In 1671 John Burnyeat established their settlement in the Piscataqua River district; and in 1700 about one-third of the inhabitants of that district and of southeastern New Hampshire (as it now is) were Quakers, accustomed to have large meetings in Hampton and Newbury.

I give you this to prepare you for a little surprise you may have when I speak of what Friend Albert N. Peaslee told me on the 23rd inst.

In 1719, several Presbyterian Scotch-Irish families came from Londonderry in the North of Ireland and settled the town of Londonderry here, which subsequently developed Manchester, Derry and other adjacent towns spreading eastward through Chester into Epsom.

In 1722, the town of Nottingham was incorporated and settled in 1727 by Capt. Joseph Cilley and others. He was the ancestor of Mrs. William Henry Berry, whom many of you remember as one of the sterling, influential women of Pittsfield, survived by worthy children, some of whom may be here to-day.

In 1727 this section of the country was claimed by the Colonists of Boston and Massachusetts Bay although disputed by those claiming under Mason and Wheelwright. In consideration of and as pay for the services of New Hampshire people in fighting the Indians for many years before and after that year, much of this country above Exeter, Hampton and Londonderry was granted by Massachusetts authority in townships defined by surveys, the grantees generally living at a considerable distance from the tracts in the wilderness granted to them.

Thus between 1727 and 1767 the townships of Pembroke (granted as Suncook), Epsom, Chichester, Barnstead, and Gilmanston had been granted and a few settlers had located in them.

Chichester was granted to Nathaniel Gookin and others of Hampton and Paul Merrill, or Morrill, had been induced to settle in the southwesterly part or first division by the gift of 500 acres of land there. Other towns created within those forty years were Epping set off from Exeter, Raymond set off from Chester, Northwood and Deerfield set off from Nottingham.

But, prior to the treaty between England and France, in 1763, what is now Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Northern New York and Canada, adjoining on the north, were full of fighting between the English, French and Indians, in which New Hampshire settlers were forced to take part. The pioneer always had to have his gun within reach for the hostile redskin, and was frequently called at short notice to join expeditions to the North. When away on such occasions the women and children in the territory with which we are concerned were conducted to the stockade and garrison at Nottingham.

In 1747, when Charles McCoy, whose name since designates the mountain in Epsom, was trying to take his wife and child to that place, Indians captured his wife, carried her to Canada and sold her as a slave to a Frenchman. The story is that she subsequently came back but later said she wished she had stayed in Canada, from which some of you may be unkind enough to infer that Charles was not Coy enough. But if she had to climb his mountain often it was not strange for her to have preferred the fertile plains of Canada.

In 1749 the township of Chichester extended from what is now Pembroke on the Southwest to Barnstead on the Northeast, with Epsom and Northwood lying to the East. It was laid out into lots which were drawn for by the proprietors, among the latter being Thomas Cram, John Cram, Benjamin Cram, and

John Wentworth, then Lieut. Governor of the Province, who drew a house lot and 500 acres, subsequently including the farms of Tenney Batchelder and Reuben T. Leavitt on the Southeasterly slope of Catamount.

The census of 1767 of Southeastern New Hampshire showed the inhabitants settled for the most part as follows:

Portsmouth	4466	Chester	1189
Londonderry (Now Manchester and Derry)	2389	Brentwood	1064
Exeter	1690	Barrington	1001
Dover	1614	Concord	752
Epping	1410	Gilmanton	250
Hampton Falls	1381	Epsom	239
Newmarket	1281	Chichester not mentioned	
Durham	1232		

So we see that in 1767 Hampton (included in Hampton Falls) was well settled and the proprietors of the township of Chichester lived there and wanted to sell it. Men from Exeter had settled in Gilmanton in 1761, and others began to settle in Barnstead in 1767. Belknap, the standard historian of New Hampshire, says "The improvement of the country at this time occupied the minds of the people." Also, that between 1771, when the province was divided into five counties, and 1791 the country was much improved in respect to roads: that its business was chiefly in furs, fish and lumber, and its seaport was Newburyport.

John Cram came in 1768, at the request of the proprietors to explore and report upon their lands. He had been engaged in the French and Indian Wars and had the reputation of being a man of good judgment and trustworthy, and a leader among men. Upon his report to the Hampton proprietors he was given a deed of the water rights or mill privileges, one hundred acres of the adjacent lands and fifteen pounds in money. Later he bought 1100 acres more at 10 cents per acre so that he owned about all the land included within the present limits of our village. At a still later period, he bought 100 acres more, part of which is now owned and occupied by his great-grandson, Frank E. Cram, out on the Tilton Hill Road. The latter was a selectman of this town in 1901, when the first Old Home Day was held here.

From 1769 to 1774 John Cram built a permanent dam, about where the present one is above the cotton factory, a saw-mill, a frame house, barn and out-buildings. His house was where the Washington Hotel now is: his barn on the site of the present Union Block: his corn barn opposite his house on premises a few years ago of Dr. R. P. J. Tenney, and now of Mr. Harold M. French. In that corn barn he established the first school. He added a grist mill below his saw mill. He was assisted in his undertaking by a young man named Chase and probably by men from Epsom and Hampton in the first few years. He was forty-four years old in 1774 when he brought his family here.

If you think of his sawmill as equipped with a circular saw you are mistaken, because that kind of a saw was not invented until in 1777 by Samuel Miller in England, and did not get into general use in this part of the country at Hartwell's mill until about 1868. The saws in use in John Cram's time were of strips of steel properly notched for teeth fitted into a strong, rectangular sash and known as sash saws, which sash worked up and down in a strong frame. The sash was made to operate up and down by a rod whose lever end extended to a crank on one end of the water wheel shaft. In other words, the log was pushed up against a saw working vertically instead of by circular motion, as in later years. Very likely John Cram had to send to England for his saw: possibly he got one in Newburyport or Boston.

In 1775 John Cram was commissioned a Captain to enlist men for the New Hampshire force for the Revolutionary War.

In 1776 by vote of freeholders and inhabitants, attested by Daniel Knowlton, Jonathan Stanyan, and Simeon Hilyard, the Committee of Safety, Capt. John Cram was recommended to and appointed by the General Court, then held at Exeter, a Justice of the Peace, an office of much more importance then than it is now. Under the law of England prevailing here at that time this gave him the title of "Esquire," one of dignity next above "gentleman" and below that of a "Knight." So you can remember that John became "Esquire Cram" in the same year that the Declaration of Independence was signed and was a magistrate with power to keep the peace.

In 1777 he was chosen one of those to regulate prices in Chichester.

I came across a petition of the Committee of Safety in 1776 for the towns of Newburyport, Haverhill, and ten other towns in the neighborhood of the Merrimack River to the Council of the Colony of New Hampshire complaining of the profiteering in the necessities of life then prevalent, which sounds much like what we have heard and suffered within recent years.

In John Fiske's History of the American Revolution, I found the following as to the money and prices of those times:

CONTINENTAL CURRENCY

In 1778, paper dollar was worth 16 cents in Northern States.

In 1778, " " " " " 12 " " Southern "

In 1780, " " " " " 2 " and before the end of year ten paper dollars were worth 1 cent.

(Whence arose the expression "Not worth a Continental") (Dollar).

Indian corn sold in Boston @ Wholesale @ \$150.00 per bushel

Butter @ 12.00 per pound

Tea @ 90.00 per pound

Sugar @ 10.00 per pound

Beef @ 8.00 per pound

Coffee @ 12.00 per pound

Flour @ 1,575.00 per barrel

Samuel Adams paid for hat and suit of clothes\$2,000.00.

Washington said it took a wagon load of money to buy a wagon load of provisions.

Four months' pay of a private soldier would not buy a single bushel of wheat for his family.

Money ceased to circulate, debts could not be collected, and there was a general prostration of credit.

With such conditions in the towns at the South we can well imagine the hard times with which John Cram had to deal.

In 1781 the following inhabitants of Chichester petitioned the General Court that the second and third divisions of that town be set off for a new town.

PETITIONERS FOR TOWN OF PITTSFIELD, NOVEMBER 24, 1781.

Barton, Ebenezer

Barton, Josiah

Berry, Joshua

Bickford, Thomas

Blaso, John

Brown, James

Brown, Jonathan

Chase, William

Clifford, Ithiel

Cram, John

Cram, Reuben

Cram, Wadleigh

Dow, Jonathan

Drake, James

Eaton, Daniel

Eaton, Elisha

Eaton, John

Fogg, Jonathan

Garland, Jonathan

Gilman, Daniel

Goss, Joseph

Haskeli, Job

Leavitt, Reuben Towle

Libbee, Isaac

Marston, Joseph

Munsey, William

Nudd, Benjamin

Philbrick, Samuel

Prescott, Ebenezer

Ring, Samuel

Sanborn, Edmond

Sanborn, James

Sargent, Edward

Smith, Winthrop

Thurston, Benjamin

Tibbetts, Robert

Tilton, John

Tinkers, Jonathan

White, Josiah

White, (Jona) Nathan



VALLEY VIEWS AND PUBLIC LIBRARY
BARNSTEAD BRIDGE AND SUNCOOK RIVER (TOP)
MILL DAM
JOSIAH CARPENTER LIBRARY

The petition was granted, the town incorporated *March 27, 1782*, and called Pittsfield in honor of the elder William Pitt, the champion of the American Colonists, and on May 12 the first town meeting of Pittsfield was called by and held at the home of John Cram, inn-holder, at which he was elected to go to Concord to form a plan of Government. Also Winthrop Smith, Job Haskell, and James Drake were chosen the first Board of Selectmen, and John Cram, Town Clerk, in which office he served until 1800 inclusive, serving one year as a Selectman.

In 1783, the Selectmen certified that there were 120 persons in Pittsfield to pay a poll tax.

In 1784, the Colony tax imposed on Pittsfield was nearly double the amount assessed against Chichester, indicating that about two-thirds in value of the real and personal property of the original township of Chichester was considered to have been set off into Pittsfield.

In the period between 1782 and 1802, inclusive, said James Drake, grandfather of our Nathaniel S. Drake, served 17 years and my great-grandfather, Joshua Berry, served 8 years as Selectmen. The records do not indicate that the people were much troubled with town politics in those days and it is fair to infer that Squire Cram "fixed the slate" at his tavern so that town meetings ran smoothly.

In 1789, John Cram was one of the organizers of the First Orthodox Congregational church in Pittsfield, and he gave land sufficient for the site of the church and the graveyard by it, being the land now occupied by the Town Hall on Main Street and the cemetery by the side and rear of it. The original members were John Cram and his wife, Jonathan Perkins and wife, Edward Sargent and wife, Benjamin Nudd, and two others. Its first minister was Rev. Christopher Paige from Hopkinton, who married the widow Fletcher, of whose daughter Grace Fletcher I will speak a little later. Mr. William Henry Berry was the orator at the hundredth anniversary in 1889 of the founding of the Church.

You will recall that in 1789 Washington was first elected President of the United States.

One of the first things done by the new Government, for taxation and other purposes, was to take an account of the people in it and I have the census of 1790 taken of this town of Pittsfield from which those of you who wish can pick out your ancestors if they were here then. I will not read it, because it would tire you to listen to it. You can find it printed in the Valley Times issue of the 19th inst. The summary of it is—:

UNITED STATES CENSUS, 1790.

Heads of Families	Free white males 16 years and upwards. Heads of Families included.	Under 16 years	Free white Females	All other Free	Total
147	204	220	444	4	872

The following were included as soldiers of the Revolutionary War:

Berry, Joshua, Lt.	Garland, Jeremiah	Norris, Moses
Berry, Thomas, Lt.	Goss, Joseph	Philbrick, Samuel
Blake, Enoch, Sergt.	Green, Bradbury	Prescott, Ebenezer
Brown, James	Green, Jonathan	Sandborn, Edmund
Bunker, Dodifer	Haskell, Job. Capt.	Seavey, Isaac
Chase, Nathaniel	Jonson, Thomas	Swett, Thomas R.
Cram, Reuben	Kerby, John	Tibbits, Robert
Drake, James, Lt.	Knowlton, David	True, John
Fogg, Jonathan	Libbee, Isaac	

Also, these Veterans settled in Pittsfield before or after the taking of said Census:

Bean, Ebenezer	Lovering, (wrestler)	Sias, John
Bennett, David	Tilton Hill	Swett, Benjamin
Blaso (Blaisdell) John	Sanborn, James	Wallis, William
Chapman, Jonathan	Sargent, Rev. Benjamin	White, Josiah
Eaton, John	Shaw, John	

Twenty-seven or twenty-eight of the above named Veterans were buried in the Old Cemetery by our present Town Hall.

A story of a Revolutionary Veteran is of Lovering, famous as a wrestler, who lived on Tilton Hill, whose wife was a large, strong Scotch woman. In those days collar and elbow wrestling was much in vogue. A stranger called at Lovering's one day when he was away and said he came to have a bout with him. Mrs. Lovering said she was sorry to have him go away disappointed and, to accomodate him, she would take him on. She did, and took two straight falls out of him, and told him that her husband generally laid her out: whereupon the stranger allowed he did not want any more of that family.

Bradbury Green, a veteran, lived on Catamount, and was a drummer in the Revolutionary War. He liked to tell that he drummed for the procession which conducted Major Andre, a British Spy, to be hung, and that, at the latter's request, he beat a short quick step. I have heard my father say that Bradbury Green taught him so that he drummed for the Militia in later years at training on Deerfield Parade.

But while John Cram found and established the dam and mill site in what is now your village, my great grandfather, Joshua Berry found your Berry Pond of good water in the Spring of 1779 and soon had a famous grist mill, saw mill, and general store by a dam site, which attracted to its vicinity for many years more settlers and trade than John Cram's did, although the Squire's finally won out because he kept a tavern to which it was an easy down grade from the Upper City and Gilmanton, and, after 1818, Uncle John Berry dispensed good rum from his store on the site of what is now the Valley Times Office, the merchandise of which while good to take, is not as seductive as that which Uncle John sold. This town was really settled by a Cram and a Berry, a pretty good combination, especially about Thanksgiving Time.

My great grandfather came out of the Revolutionary War a Lieutenant, was married in Greenland, came up here, built his log house where the front part of Frank Dennett's now is on Berry Road and put in his mills at the foot of the short hill down from the house on the left or easterly side and a store on the westerly side of the road; thence the road ran southwesterly and westerly up the hill and overlooking the pond (now called Berry Pond Road) to what was early known as Governor's Road, at corner called Knowlton's, and now Sander-son's, and thence turning northwest to go to Cram's mills, or southeast to go to Northwood, Nottingham, and down country, or to keep straight ahead at the corner, go up over the ledge where the Quaker Burying Ground now is to the South Road and Epsom.

In 1775 Daniel Eaton and Thomas Jonson came from down country, the former locating on the southeasterly slope of Catamount where Freeman Brown now lives, giving the name to Eaton Pond; the latter located on Catamount where Eugene A. Davis now owns, and overlooks the country for 75 miles around.

In 1785 William Berry, brother of said Joshua, settled on Catamount and later built the house now owned by my sister, Miss Fanny H. Berry, on Berry Road. He and his descendants had much to do with the life of this town as I

will later show. He and his son John were well-known "characters" and kept men and things moving.

In the early part of the last century, the old (Berry) road to Northwood Narrows ran from Capt. Joshua Berry's straight up a very steep grade to Johnson's, and then southerly over to and by the west end of William Berry's house and down to Eaton's. I've heard tell that Major Bill, as he was called, got tired of driving up to Johnson's and across to his house, so he petitioned to have the road laid out along the face of the ledge as it now runs: that he had the Selectmen come to his house to take a view: that they saw the old road and the proposed new one and, by the aid of *glasses*, saw the wonderful view and other things; that they drove or rode home after dark; that when they met the next time they had some difficulty in recalling just what was said and done on that visit; and that finally the Chairman found in the top of the hat he had worn that day their vote to re-locate the road as prayed for signed by all three of them, but in handwriting not quite as well as they could write. They recalled with pleasure the trip, the wonderful view through the glasses, that Major Bill was a mighty good feller, and it wouldn't make any difference to Johnson anyway. That took a crook out of the Berry Road over Catamount.

Thomas Berry, of Greenland, a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary War, cousin and brother in law of Joshua, located on the westerly slope of Tucker Hill where Mr. Davies now is. Some Tuckers and William Watson, on Tucker Hill, John Tilton, John True, and Lovering located on what has long been known as Tilton Hill.

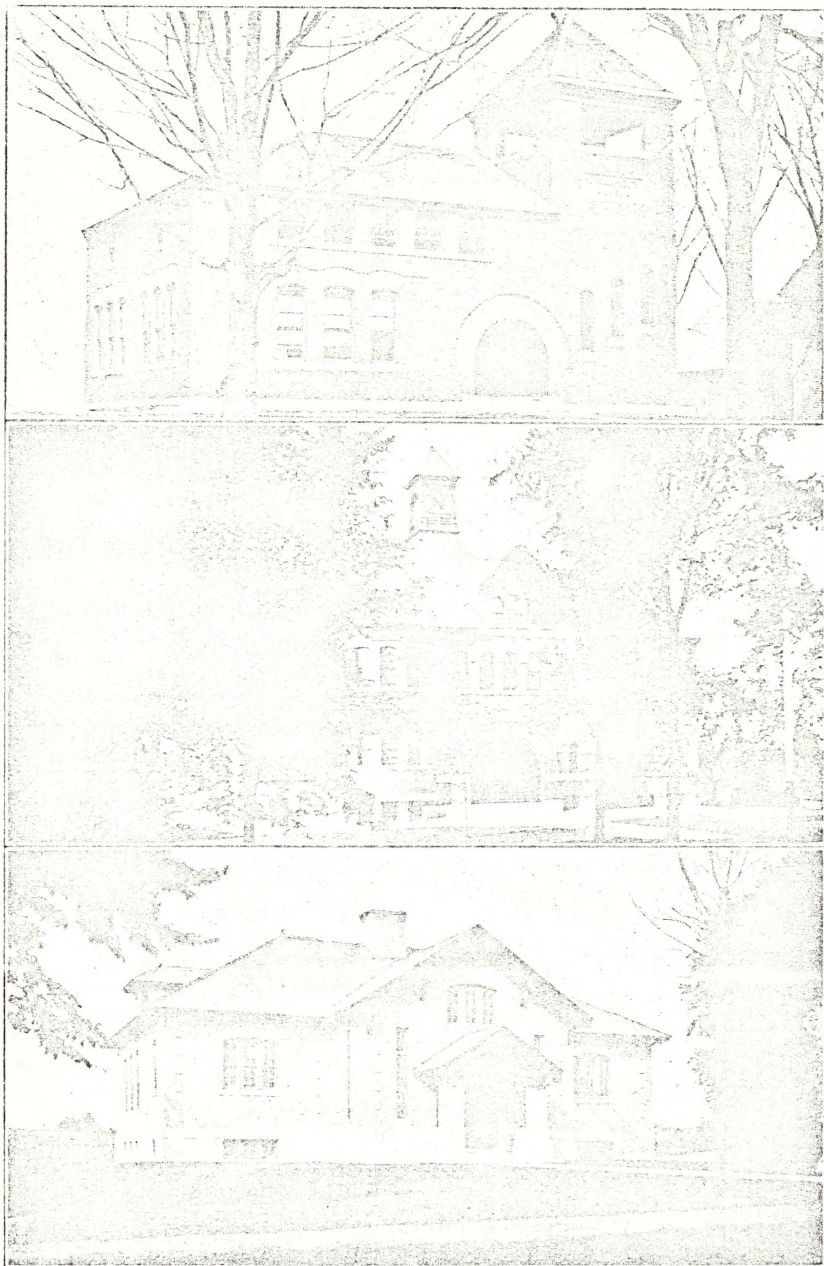
After that War military training was kept up and Lieut. Joshua became Capt. Joshua Berry, and was so known for the last 25 years or so of his life until his death in 1825. Lieut. James Drake, who settled in South Pittsfield in 1774 with good Quakers for his neighbors, was so promoted until he was long known as Major Drake.

Capt. Joshua's sons were Isaiah, who married and lived at the homestead, Joshua Cate, who married and built the house next this side, where Edgar Davis now lives: Thomas, who married and built what is now the first house on the northerly side of the Pond Road as you go up from the old mill-site and now owned by Charles M. Chase, son of Nathaniel Chase. Joshua Cate Berry built a blacksmith and wheelwright's shop nearly opposite his house by the brook, which he worked in about forty years from 1816: the shop was torn down 15 or 20 years ago.

In 1796 the road was made from Capt. Joshua's as it now runs, down "shingle mill" hill past Philester S. Elliott's and through the sand hills to the present village. That hill in Berry Road just beyond where Lewis Adams now lives was called "Shingle Mill" because, for many years after 1825, said Joshua C. Berry had a dam and shingle mill on the brook on the northeast of the road.

In the period from 1787 to 1800 Capt. Joshua Berry's account book shows 62 men with whom he did business at his store and mills, probably only a part of his customers.

In an article of the late Henry L. Robinson I find that he obtained much information from my uncle, Jonathan M. Berry, then of Evanston, Illinois, and other sources, from which he wrote that in and about 1796 the houses and buildings in the present village and to the south and east along Governor's Road and Berry Pond Road were those of John Cram (where a part of the Washington House now is), the meeting house (now the Town Hall); house of Jonathan Cram opposite: Jonathan Fogg's (now owned by Ralph W. Sanborn); the parsonage built by Rev. Christopher Page, now owned by William B. Ely; then,



PITTSFIELD PUBLIC SCHOOLS
PITTSFIELD ACADEMY (HIGH SCHOOL) (TOP)
GRAMMAR SCHOOL
HATTIE TUTTLE FOLSOM MEMORIAL

about a mile and a half beyond, Simon Green's (late of J. C. McIntosh and now owned by Sanderson); then Elder David Knowlton's where Mr. Sanderson has his summer residence. Then turning to the northeast into Berry Pond Road there were the Freewill Baptist Meeting House, and several dwelling houses before reaching Capt. Joshua Berry's store and mills. Robinson called that a business street of the town. Going west from Cram's mill at that time my information is that just across the river was Lyford's tannery and a school house near by. Houses "above the river," as that section was called, were those of James Cram, the bricks in the chimney hauled from Epping (by ox-team, of course); the Lyford house, later of William G. French; Ebenezer and Samuel Prescott's houses on Concord Hill; and those of David Drake, John Sias, Thomas R. Swett, Jonathan Perkins, Jabez James, Samuel Batchelder, Edward Sargent and Benjamin Nudd scattered to the west and northwest. The "Upper City," as it was called, above and beyond Lyford Hill had a store kept by William Simpson, another by Job Demeritt; a blacksmith's shop of Lieut. John Hill; the house of Robert Tibbetts, a tavern, the postoffice, a harness maker's, a carpenter's, and shoemaker's shops. There was a stage route from Concord through Chichester to what is now called Kelley's corner, then over Ring's (later Brown's) Hill to Upper City and Gilmanton.

Now you have come with me to the year 1800 and I hope you have in mind a tolerably good picture of Pittsfield as it was then known and seen by Squire Cram near the close of his life as he viewed the results of his coming here in 1768. Of course you would like a picture of John Cram himself. The best I can do for you is to say that I caused strict search to be made in and about the several apartments of Hen. Osgood's Studio and Hen is very positive that he hasn't seen the negative of John Cram since Newman Durell was in there last to borrow some bait.

On August 30, 1803, John Cram born in Hampton Falls, Nov. 12, 1730, passed on to his reward, having served the inhabitants of the towns of Chichester and Pittsfield as Justice of the Peace, Town Clerk, Selectman, Surveyor, saw and grist miller, tavern-keeper, and public spirited citizen for over thirty years. Dr. Jeremiah Blake, historian, and Mr. William Henry Berry have spoken of him as the "Father of the Town of Pittsfield." Mr. Berry also said of him "Looked up to and respected by all, his word was law. For more than 25 years he was an official of the town, serving without compensation, except expenses paid out. Monarch of all he surveyed, he exercised his trust wisely and well. He was a strong, devoted Christian character."

Passing along with the history of the town we note that in 1810 its population was 1050 (a gain of 178 or 19% since the 1790 Census).

In 1812 the village consisted of the Congregational Meeting House where the Town Hall now (1921) is; the next building west of that was a store, and the next west of that one house of William Butters, Esq., since replaced by the Advent Church and residence lately of Dr. Wheeler and next west, at corner of Road to Barnstead, was house of Fogg, later of Carroll and the tavern kept by W. Bryant Drake, which burned down June 18, 1865 and was succeeded by the residence of Gov. Tuttle, now owned and occupied by Dr. Frank H. Sargent, who can issue only a limited number of prescriptions for that alleged medicine Berry dispensed as a beverage at sight of the coin only. The next building of importance further west was the homestead of John Cram, then occupied by his son, John Cram. Crossing the bridge, on the Concord Road, were the houses of Hilliard and David Smith, and at the top of the hill were those of Ebenezer Prescott and his son, Samuel W. Prescott, as before stated. Going back to the

bridge and following around were a blacksmith shop, a fulling mill, a carding mill, Lyford's Tannery, and the River Schoolhouse. The paper at that time used was unruled; blank copy and account books were home-made. There were no lead pencils, but pieces of lead were used, some obtained from land near Berry Pond. Ink was home-made, some made of iron, copperas and vinegar, some of maple bark and copperas, obtained by boiling rocks containing copper: such rock was found near Wild Goose Pond.

Dr. Jeremiah Blake, born in Pittsfield in 1800, has written that during his boyhood the boys were taught reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic, and the girls were taught the same except arithmetic, because it was thought they didn't need to know it since their business was to do housework, spin, weave, milk the cow, and make butter and cheese. Another reason probably was that the ancients didn't want the girls and women folk to get too familiar with the small amount of money there was in circulation and increase the circulation of it by requiring the purchase of goods, even for *short* dresses and finery, to attract the attention of the boys. But school copy-books in possession of Mr. Drake used here by some girls in 1815 show that some girls were then "some" on sums.

This reminds me of an interesting fact I came across in examining Capt. Joshua Berry's account book, wherein I found that in 1795 he first mentioned having paid Abram French ten dollars, which he charged as 3£ English money; and not until in 1806 did he change from keeping his accounts in English to United States money. This suggests that United States money began to circulate in 1795, but it took ten or eleven years for the old-timers to get used to it.

Dr. Blake also wrote that in 1809 and 1810 the first road wagon—called a Dutch wagon—and the first bellows-top chaise were seen in town as novelties. I remember such a chaise stored up overhead in the woodshed of my grandfather, Joshua C. Berry, the blacksmith, prior to 1870, the large heavy wheels of which finally were used on the rear of a hayrack.

In 1807-1808 there were the Embargo and Non-Intercourse Acts, which injured American merchant shipping and caused great discontent, which led up to the War of 1812 waged along the border of Canada, along the Atlantic Coast and some in the Gulf States.

In 1814 there was a great alarm at Portsmouth because several English warships were just outside the harbor threatening to send in men to destroy the town. The New Hampshire Militia were hastily called. Capt. Godfrey of the Epsom Light Infantry Company volunteered its services and asked for men from Pittsfield. Enoch Blake, son of Sergeant Enoch Blake, a Revolutionary War Veteran, and others volunteered. The Company from Epsom and Pittsfield marched behind a good band to Portsmouth and were acclaimed by the people there as being the handsomest company that ever marched through the town. I fail to find any record of a battle being fought there, and therefore assume that the mere appearance of Pittsfield and Epsom men as being ready for a fight was quite sufficient to discourage the British.

In 1813, this town and vicinity was visited by an epidemic of what was then called Spotted Fever, since known as Spinal Meningitis, and many of the afflicted died within a few hours of being attacked by it. Dr. Shannon was the leading local physician and sent to Londonderry and other towns for doctors to come who worked day and night. At that time Thomas Berry, a son of Capt. Joshua, made a famous ride from here to Portsmouth to get medicine, making the round trip by relays of horses of relatives and friends along the road in nine hours, greatly to the surprise of the doctors. Remarkable as that trip was, compare the means of transportation with the fact that to-day we could telephone

Portsmouth and have the medicine here within two hours by automobile.

In 1815 there was a wide-spread destruction of old growth pine by a storm which lasted several days.

In 1816 there was a frost every month, to the ruin of the crops. If our friend, Mr. Frank Muzzey the auctioneer, were telling this story, I suppose he would try to make you believe that men wore their overcoats and gloves and earned their bread by the icicles on their brows at haying time. It is said that famine in the winter was such that many men walked down country and toted back corn on their shoulders to save their families and live stock.

From 1800 to 1818, Rev. Benjamin Sargent ably performed the difficult feat of persuading the Orthodox Congregationalists and the Baptists of all beliefs in the village and westerly part of the town to unite and worship under his ministration. He certainly was a theological diplomat, apparently living about one-hundred years ahead of his time, since, not until comparatively recent years, was it known that such good people have been willing to consolidate and co-operate. It is said that during the most of that period there were two deacons of his church, one a Congregationalist and the other a Baptist. It is easy to see how, with such an ancestor, our present Dr. Sargent is popular with all the townspeople.

In 1817 there came to this town from Durham, Mr. James Joy, whom I consider as the successor of John Cram, Esq. He was a skilled blacksmith and iron worker. He soon bought the mill privilege and property remaining in the village which had been John Cram's on the easterly side of the river, and established a scythe factory which was carried on by him and some of his sons until about 1840. He established a great reputation for himself and the town for the quality and quantity of the scythes made and sold. He caused the town to advance from a country village to a factory town. He was a quiet, thoughtful and very systematic man, and, in a broad way, a great benefactor of the town and of its people. As a result of his efforts the cotton factory which you now have here was established by him in 1827, which, as you know, has been a standard and unfailing industry of the town ever since, giving employment first to the native-born men and women and then, as they emigrated, to others until, for many years, the town has had the valued assistance of sturdy and industrious people generally known as of French Canadian ancestry. Great credit is due to Mr. George E. Kent for the success of that business here.

In 1818 John Berry opened a general store on the site of the present Valley Times Office. He was a son of Major William Berry, of Catamount, previously mentioned. Major William had a large family of sons and daughters, named Edward, Thomas, William, John, Hannah, Mehitable, Katherine, Cotton, Isaiah, Gilman and Abigail. When asked who his children were he readily answered

"Ned, Tom, Bill, John,
Han, Hit, Kit, Cot,
Saiah, Gil, Abigil,
And the baby."

which is the only triplet I have heard of among the Berrys.

Of these sons, Edward, Thomas and William had good farms and buildings on the road running east from the village to Northwood Narrows and, with three sons of Capt. Joshua Berry, located farther on; then Major William Berry, and, down near Tucker Hill, Jerry Berry, son of Lieut. Thomas. Those families gave the name of "Berry" to the road. John Berry built a large house next to his store here on the site now owned by Mr. Everett Clark. Most of those families had numerous children who were brought up in the old fashioned way

to attend church every Sunday. Their regular attendance at church accounts for the statement of Mr. William Henry Berry in his address previously referred to, "that thirty persons by the name of Berry have been members of this church, and I can well remember when 50 persons by the name of Berry were in constant attendance here Sabbath days."

To go back a little, we should remember that in 1791 Elder David Knowlton, as he was called, established the First Free-Will Baptist Church within the township on Catamount, at the junction of Governor's and Berry Pond Roads. He and his son, Ebenezer, his successor in the ministry, were famous as eloquent, strong preachers and their congregations were composed of people who came from a considerable distance to hear them. As the growth of the population changed, that Baptist Church was moved down on to Berry Road at the foot of Shingle Mill Hill and a modest cottage was built for a parsonage alongside of it. For several years that church flourished there until about 1830 when it was transferred to the village where it now flourishes under able pastorate of Rev. W. H. Getchell who is also an understudy for the Angel Gabriel.

Also since about 1802, our Quaker Friends who had settled on Catamount and particularly on its beautiful southern slope in and just beyond what has so long been known as Dowboro have had their meeting house on the Dowboro Road at corner of Berry Pond Road with a burying ground at the summit of the road above Knowlton's and now Sanderson's Corner. The original meeting house was much larger than the present one and had galleries.

I find that Jacob Peasley did business with Capt. Joshua Berry in 1789. The Peaslee family have long been known as eminent among our Quaker neighbors in the southerly part of the town. Another was Jacob Jones, maker of the tall old-fashioned eight-day clocks much in demand here 100 years ago. When preparing this address I wrote Mr. Albert N. Peaslee for information as to the early Quaker settlers here. On my arrival here Thursday evening, the 23rd inst, I found his letter saying that Elijah Peaslee, in 1766 or 67, located on the easterly side of Catamount, where Everett Stockman now lives, on a 500 acre farm and had a large two-story house, which was burned. Can you beat the Quaker? He was here a year ahead of John Cram and hasn't dropped behind his descendants yet.

John Berry occupied the store spoken of for fifty years, succeeding James Joy as a Town Benefactor and most prominent man, in the latter years of his life familiarly known and endeared as "Uncle John." He was assisted in his business by his brother Thomas, who also ran a saw mill. When asked what he kept in his store Uncle John used to say "a little salt, a little fish, and lots of rum." In those days rum was drunk on all occasions and at births, marriages and funerals. Uncle John's rum was teamed from Newburyport by his brother Thomas, and others. In preparing this address the query arose as to why it was obtained at Newburyport rather than in Portsmouth. Whereupon I wrote my class-mate, Arthur O. Fuller, Esq., for many years a lawyer in Exeter, for answer to my question, and he says in his letter of July 12th last that, until about 1840 and the building of railroads, Newburyport was on a par with Boston as a port and business center, and the trading of Exeter and towns above in New Hampshire was done there; that, since Caldwell's rum distilled there was famous and in great demand by the ancients, it probably helped to hold the trade for Newburyport. He added that it was the custom for ships to sail from there having tall masts, which were sold abroad at high prices for Jamaica rum and molasses, and the vessels returned with shorter masts which they carried to replace those sold.

Uncle John Berry was very patriotic. Robinson says of him, in the Civil War he was the agent for the Soldiers' Aid Society, visited every man from town after he went to camp, saw that he was supplied with everything he wanted, and afterwards looked out for his family.

John McDonough Berry, son of Uncle John, went to Minnesota years ago as a lawyer and was for many years distinguished as a Judge of its Superior and Supreme Courts, the decisions of which latter have long been cited as standards by the Courts of our land. He had the reputation of being one of the great lawyers of that State in the period of the development of law in connection with its great railroading, milling and other industries in its early years.

The Grace Fletcher previously spoken of was one of the beautiful and notable girls of her time. She met Daniel Webster in his home town of Salisbury, became his wife in 1808 and lived in Portsmouth until 1817, when they moved to Boston, Massachusetts. Webster began his national career as a representative to Congress from Portsmouth from 1813 to 1817. In later years they occasionally visited Mrs. Webster's sister here.

LIBRARIES.

In 1804 the Pittsfield Social Library was formed, with many proprietors or shareholders. Their list and transfers of shares show the trend of people from Catamount towards the village where the last meeting was held in a tavern, indicating that their thirst for knowledge had abated or been overcome by the thirst then prevalent. But that Association was soon followed by the Pittsfield Athenaeum Club maintaining a library in the Academy Building and then circulating libraries in the apothecary stores of Dr. Mack and G. D. S. Noyes. These were succeeded in 1895 by the Town Library under Dr. Edgar L. Carr, Henry L. Robinson, and Frank E. Randall, as trustees, and maintained in the drug store of G. H. Colbath. In 1901 the present Public Library was established by the gift of Hon. Josiah Carpenter and his wife, Mrs. Georgia B. Carpenter of Manchester (formerly of Pittsfield). Its dedication was the feature of Old Home Week Day on August 21st, 1901, and it is known as "The Josiah Carpenter Library," standing on Main Street opposite the Park. The building is an ornament to the town and its interior is well arranged for its purpose. In books of reference and for general reading it is kept up to date and is well patronized. Also, it is intended to be a receptacle of treasures of Art, Science, and Literature, and to serve the interests of an educated community. To be fully appreciated it should be visited and patronized.

ACADEMY.

Dr. Blake has said that "In the beginning of the last century, Dr. Abram Blanchard, who had settled in the town as a physician and was well educated, offered the town \$500.00 as a fund towards building an academy, but that, at a Town Meeting called to consider the matter, it was voted not to accept the gift lest it should make the boys and girls lazy and unfit them for work. Not long after that Dr. Blanchard moved to Pembroke, made a similar offer to that town, which accepted it, and an Academy was built there."

But about 1828 Uncle John Berry and others, appreciating the need of an Academy in the town, incited the townspeople to subscribe for it in land, labor, money or material, so that in 1830 an Academy was built on land donated by James Joy; my grandfather, Joshua C. Berry, accepted an assignment to furnish \$40 in hewn timber for the sills which were hewn by a man called Hewer Goss because he was famous for hewing timber.

The building was dedicated with an oration by Moses Norris, Jr. and singing of "Ode on Science" by a good chorus led by Enoch French.

In its earlier years the school was well taught by students and graduates, frequently from Dartmouth College. My father taught there. This Academy was maintained for about 60 years. In 1892 the present building was erected largely by the gift of J. Wilson White of Nashua, a native of this town, for an Academy, but was thereafter used for the High School of the town.

In 1854 the population of Pittsfield		Common schools	10
was	1828	Inventory	\$566,592
No. of legal voters	460	Value of lands	\$359,206
No. of sheep	700	Value of mills	\$4,675
No. of neat stock	1163	Stock in trade	\$13,725
No. of horses	239	Money at interest	\$26,189

Among the early settlers as a soldier of the Revolutionary War I have mentioned Moses Norris. While he was a solid man of the town, he and his descendants have been made famous by the career of his son, *Moses Norris, Jr.*, who



MOSES NORRIS,
U. S. SENATOR, 1849-1855.

attended school here winters under Master Odiorne. He was the first graduate from Dartmouth College from Pittsfield in 1828. He then studied law with Isaac O. Barnes, Esq., of Barnstead and succeeded to his practice. In 1834 he moved to Pittsfield and continued to acquire great reputation as a lawyer. From 1837 to 1840 he was a member of the House in the New Hampshire Legislature, in the latter year being its Speaker. In 1841 he was a member of the Governor's Council, and for several years about that time was County Solicitor. From 1843 to 1847 he was a member of Congress from the district including this town. In the latter year, responding to the demands of his practice, he moved to Manchester. In 1849 he became United States Senator from this State and died while holding that honorable position in 1855. The great questions before the United States Senate during the term of Senator Norris were to the admission of California, where gold had just been discovered; the compromise of 1850 as to slavery in new territory or states urged by Clay to prevent the secession of the Southern States and also favored by Webster. In those serious and mighty

struggles Senator Norris took a leading part, both in committee and upon the floor of the Senate, making very able speeches upon the tariff and the admission of Texas as a State and upon the Kansas and Nebraska question. He stood with Webster in favoring the 1850 compromise of Clay in order to prevent the secession which came eleven years later. Undoubtedly Senator Norris was the greatest man in political life born here. He rightfully acquired a reputation which should be perpetuated for his public service as a lawyer, a member of our New Hampshire legislature, and finally as an effective member of the United States Senate when it had and needed the services of some of the greatest men in our history. Senator Norris was an ancestor of Mr. Sanderson, our President, on his mother's side.

STAGE LINES.

Robinson in his book on "Pittsfield in the Great Rebellion" says that early in 1861 the town was small without railroad or telegraph. It was connected with the outside world by three stage lines; one a daily running to Concord, owned by True Garland, a man well-known throughout the State and to whom the soldiers were indebted for many acts of kindness; another to Dover, owned by Jackson Freese; another running to Laconia by way of Alton driven by Pike Davis. The last two were tri-weekly; not, however, like the one out West the driver of which, when asked what he meant by "Tri-weekly," replied that he went out one week and tried to get back the next. I had the pleasure of riding with True Garland during Civil War times and later. He was a jolly, rotund man, with a cheery voice, liked by everybody. He was very kind to me as a small boy, allowing me to ride on one of the top seats, although his passengers were not always quite so kind. He could work his horses over a hard hill better than any driver I ever saw, making them take it cheerfully on the run for about two-thirds of the way up and then allowing them to take their own time the rest of the way and along on level ground until they got their wind to start fresh again. He performed almost all the duties of common carrier, an expressman and a newspaper. During the War he shouted the chief news of the day to those who came out to get it as he drove along. I knew Jackson Freese but never rode with him. He bought the stage line between Pittsfield and Dover in 1852 from Jackson Fogg and drove the stage until 1871 when he sold out the line to C. B. Leavitt. Like True Garland he was always courteous and obliging and was highly respected by the travelling public and people along his route. He was a most patriotic member of the Legislature from this town in 1860-61. On July 21, 1896 he died here respected by all, leaving his grandson, Mr. Courtland Freese, who has always been a very progressive citizen, for many years past conducting the Globe Manufacturing Company.

I have purposely omitted the history of the town during the period of the Civil War from 1861 to 1865, because it is a special subject so fully treated by Robinson in his book previously referred to and the time allotted to me does not permit me to attempt to review it.

That was a fitting culmination of the end of the first century of a town founded in the patriotism of its early settlers trained in the Revolutionary War, who, with their descendants, kept up military training and their zeal to maintain the Union.

RAILROAD.

In 1869 largely through the efforts of Hon. John Cate French then living in Manchester, the Suncook Valley Railroad was brought into town. He estab-

lished a newspaper here mainly with a view to educating public sentiment up to the desirability of having the road and subscribing for its bonds and stock, the stock of which may now be more valuable as a memento than as an investment.

SHOE BUSINESS.

For about one hundred years prior to 1850 shoemaking by men who had small farms was customary during the winter months in their small shops with the help of their women folk and outsiders. In 1850 the introduction of the McKay and other machinery caused factories to be built in Lynn and Haverhill from which it became the custom to send out the uppers, soles, heels and other parts to be made up into shoes in such shops in this town and vicinity, the shoes being made and paid for by the case. The material was brought and the manufactured product carried back to the factories by shoe freighters, as they were called, teaming between this town and the best railroad connection. A survivor of such shoe freighters is Mr. Philester Seavey Elliot (grandson of the early settler from the Revolutionary War, Isaac Seavey) now towards eighty-five years old and living on Berry Road.

Also I lately met on the train another freighter, seventy-five years old, returning for Old Home Week here and in Barnstead, Mr. Plummer Goodwin now a general storekeeper in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Upon the introduction of the railroad here in 1869 Mr. Plummer, Mr. J. Orrin Tasker and others were very influential in getting shoe manufacturers to locate here, greatly to the benefit of the town. Mr. Tasker, now a retired minister, is well-preserved and probably the oldest man in town at the age of ninety-five. The list of factories and firms who have occupied them, as furnished by the Hon. N. S. Drake, is as follows:—

Old Shoe factory near the depot was built in 1870, and was first occupied by three firms viz. Charles D. Pecker, Benjamin F. Doak, and L. G. Sweatt, and was known as the Pecker, Doak and Sweatt Factory. They remained here several years and then moved away.

The next firm to occupy the factory was Morgan, Dore and Libbey who came here in 1881.

Since they left the town the factory has been occupied by: Knowles and Poole (for whom a new factory was built), Edward Randall and Company, Randall, Adams and Company, Eugene P. Hill, Hill and Drake Shoe Company, Hill and Greene, George D. Merrill Shoe Company.

At the present time Adams Brothers occupy a part of the old factory and all of the new factory. The remainder of the old factory is occupied by the Globe Manufacturing Company.

In 1879 the firm of Charles B. Lancaster and Company came to town and established their shoe business here in a factory situated on Joy street which was built by the citizens of Pittsfield for their use. This factory was run by water power. Later Mr. Lancaster built another factory located one hundred and fifty feet from the first and continued to operate both of these factories for many years; also a factory at Centre Barnstead, doing the largest shoe business of any firm that ever operated in Pittsfield.

Since they removed from town the factory has been occupied by: W. F. Morgan, Jr., Blake, Allen and Company, Drake and Sanborn Shoe Company, Pittsfield Shoe Company, Adams Brothers who own and run it at the present time.

FARMING.

Pre-eminent among the farmers and milk producers, not only in this town but in the State of New Hampshire, is Professor J. W. Sanborn whose farm of many hundred acres is in the towns of Gilmanton, Loudon, Barnstead and Pittsfield and whose local market place is in Pittsfield.

As a young man, about fifty years ago, he was a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and after that, on account of his scientific knowledge relating to farming, he has been many years in the Agricultural Department of the University of Missouri and President of the Utah State College, and has always been a great contributor to education for everything relating to farming and its products. He has been an inspiration to the farmers of this vicinity, teaching them to fertilize and rotate their crops, select their live stock, and make their farms pay. While Professor Sanborn is the largest shipper of milk from here he has said "Milk is produced at a not very generous profit when all costs are rigidly examined, yet at a larger margin than the staple products that such farms as mine, located too far from the markets for the vegetables and small fruits, must produce. Milk would not be produced at all but for the necessity of its by-product manure, which is our cheapest factor for the production of plant food." A saying of his is "Great things cannot come by small effort."

Some of the people prominent and successful as farmers years ago were Sylvester H. French, John J. Jenness, Capt. Isaac Smith, Miss Eliza Jenness, David Tilton, Sherburn J. Winslow, Daniel Watson, M. Swain Clough, J. C. McIntosh, George R. Drake, now Secretary of the New Hampshire State Grange, Moses Perkins, Col. James Drake and Isaiah Berry. But in recent years farming in this vicinity has changed to the production of milk, eggs, poultry and fruit as the best money-getters, since it is difficult to compete with the Western packers and shippers of hogs and beeves and their products.

Incident to farming is the apple growing industry of the town. Several years ago Mr. William White, a wealthy leather manufacturer of Lowell, Mass., bought the Edward Berry farm on Berry Road called "Maplehurst" and converted a large area of wood and pasture land into one of the largest and best apple orchards not only in this State but in New England. It is under the very able management of Mr. Richard B. Bartlett, a man educated in fruit culture, who has for years had charge of it and has taken many prizes for the excellent fruit grown by him. Also there are the large orchards of Ira H. White, Eugene A. Davis, A. L. Bickford, S. S. Jenness, L. A. French and N. S. Drake by whom several thousand barrels are shipped in good apple years.

But while the product from the farms, the pine and spruce forests, the cotton and shoe factories and other industries of the town have been considerable, its greatest product has been the men and women born and raised here who have migrated to other parts of the country and have spread its influence abroad. Probably the greatest of these was James F. Joy, son of James Joy, the scythe manufacturer, who graduated at Dartmouth College in 1833, and settled in Detroit, Mich., where he became one of the great railroad lawyers, President and Director of what have since been known as the Michigan Central; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy; and N. Y. Central Railroads. He acquired great reputation and wealth. It has been said that he was known in his day as the Railroad King of the Northwest. This was prior to 1880.

A great man in another line was John Berry Swett, born here in 1830 and educated in our schools and then at the Pembroke Academy and Russell Normal Institute at Reed's Ferry. In 1852 he went to California, taught and became

superintendent of its schools; by his publications and otherwise he established a system of education which has been adopted in other states and countries. He occasionally visited the town when on vacation.

A famous author and journalist was Col. Thomas Wallace Knox born in Pembroke in 1836 and died in New York City in 1896. As an orphan he lived with Emery Brown and attended school in Dowboro, and later at the Pittsfield and Hampton Academies. In the early fifties he went to Colorado, and began his newspaper work with the Denver Daily News. During the Civil War he was correspondent of the New York Herald, and in 1866 as a special correspondent for it made a trip around the World. From his experience in that trip he wrote books entitled "Overland through Asia," "The Boy Travellers in China and Japan," "The Boy Travellers in Siam," which latter book so pleased the King of Siam that he conferred the "Order of the White Elephant" upon him, he being the first American to receive that distinguished honor. He published in all about 40 books, and became eminent in New York City and was given high place among American authors. /

Another boy who lived here with his sister, Mrs. Moses C. Neal, for many years was John R. Tilton who began as a painter of carriages in the shop of his brothers, N. C. and N. G. Tilton from which he migrated to Boston, and continued decorative painting upon vehicles. With the encouragement and assistance of friends he went to Italy, studied and became a famous landscape painter.

Undoubtedly similar sketches of many other early residents of this town, who have migrated and become famous, might be written, but the time allowed for this address prevents further mention of them.

Of the sons of the town who have grown up here and become eminent, Hiram Americus Tuttle leads. Born in Barnstead on October 16, 1837, he came here in 1846 and spent the rest of his life here until its close, Feb. 10, 1911. Many of you knew him so well that words of mine are needless except for those who did not have the good fortune to know him. He started with nothing but good health and a bright mind of which he made the greatest use. As the leading man of the town he succeeded Uncle John Berry, but in selling dry rather than wet goods. He had a quick, hearty way about him, knew and called every man by his first name, and was in turn known by everybody as "Hi," until he became Governor. After having served as clerk in various places as early as 1870 he established a clothing store here to enable the male population to fit themselves out to look handsome, and later with the assistance of his able salesman and partner Hon. Newman Durell, he took the measure of and clothed many men from outside the town and state thereby acquiring a large reputation and business. Also for many years he was associated with men reputed for their sagacity and success in timber lands and lumber. Also he was a Director of the Boston, Concord and Montreal R. R., President of the Suncook Valley System (notice the word "System"), because the S. V. R.R., is said to be the only road in New England having a switch-back and start-over-again trackage which is said to have surprised the President of the Boston & Maine Road when he came up here once to see what some of us were kicking about.

In 1873-4 Mr. Tuttle represented the town in the New Hampshire Legislature. In 1878 he was a member of the Governor's Council, and in 1891-3 he and the town were honored by his election as Governor of the State and his administration was a good one. It should be remembered that he ably presided at the exercises on the First Old Home Week Day here in 1901. As he was a fine representative of the men of the town, so his estimable wife equally well represented its women, and should undoubtedly be accredited with much of the

18

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success in life gained by the Governor. To the memory of their beautiful daughter, who seemed to pass away too early, they erected the "Harriet Tuttle Folsom Memorial Building" on Main street, opposite the residence of Dr. Sargent, formerly that of the Tutties, as previously mentioned. Governor Tuttle succeeded John Cram, James Joy and Uncle John Berry as leading man of the town. His partner brought further honor to the town by being a member of the New Hampshire Senate and became the Hon. Newman Durell, as well as a noted angler.

One of the strongest sons and greatest benefactors of the town of Pittsfield was Hon. John Cate French, born here Mar. 1, 1832 and died in Manchester, N. H., Jan. 8, 1900. In 1869 he organized the N. H. Fire Insurance Company of which he was later President for several years until his decease. The building up of the great business of that Company is the most notable part of his record, and, although he had moved to Manchester, the credit of enthusing the people of Pittsfield to introduce the Suncook Valley R. R. into the town in 1869 is largely his, as previously stated. He had a personal acquaintance with most of the people living in the town and their antecedents, and took a very deep interest in the town history. At the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary in 1882 of the organization of the town, he delivered a very full and able historical address, which it is very much to be regretted was lost, together with his collection of very valuable data for the same, all of which were destroyed at the burning of his summer residence here, not long after that celebration.

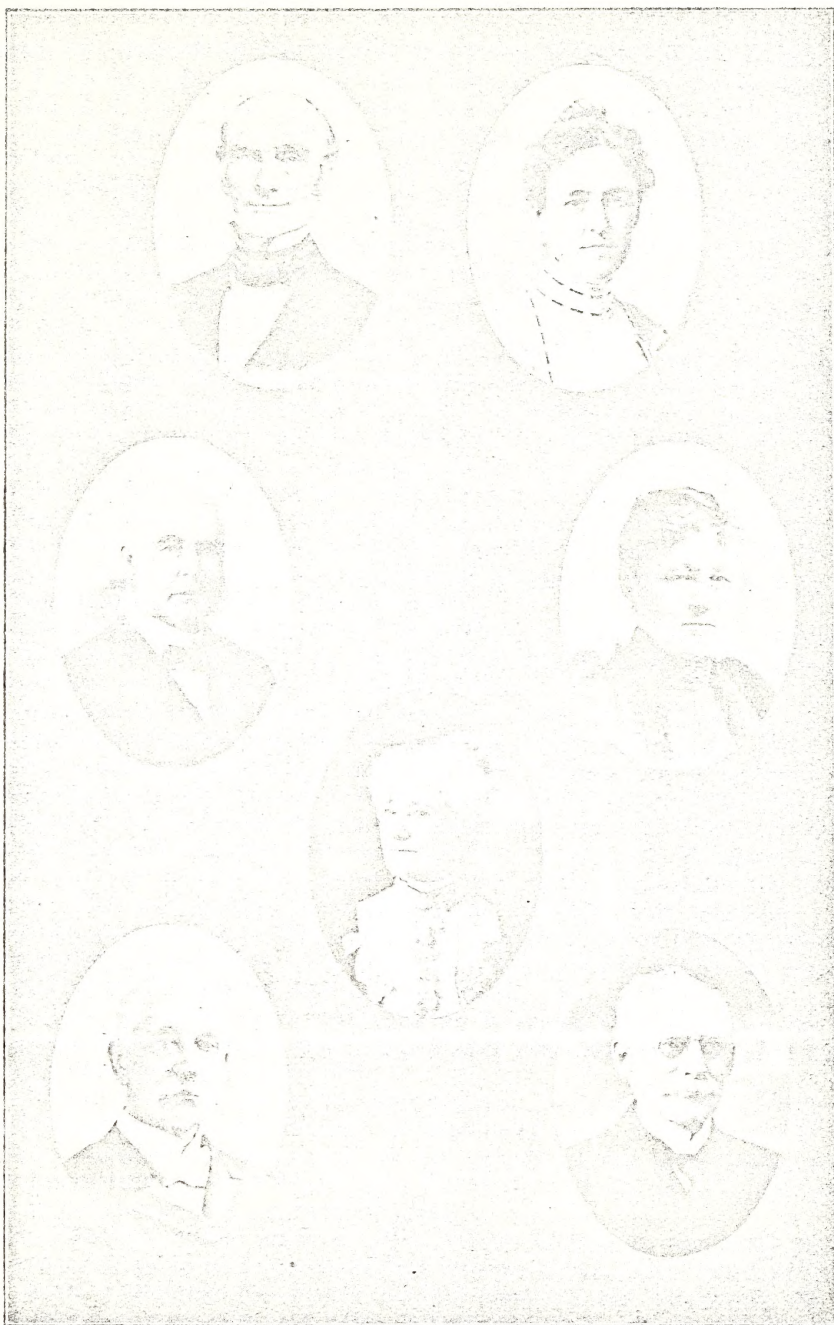
Hon. Channing Cox during his boyhood was much in Pittsfield where his mother was born and where his maternal grandparents resided and for a time his parents. In later years he has been a lawyer in Boston and prominent in Massachusetts public life. At present (1921) he is Governor of Massachusetts.

Those of my age know that for more than the last fifty years, the Hon. Charles Carpenter, the Hon. Josiah Carpenter and ladies of their families, particularly now represented by Mrs. Georgia B. Carpenter and Mrs. E. A. Goss of the Pittsfield National Bank, have been strong financial supporters of the town through its banking business.

On July 4th, 1917, Mrs. Georgia B. Carpenter, wife of Hon. Josiah Carpenter and her brother, Hon. Nathaniel Seavey Drake, of Pittsfield gave to the town the Drake Athletic Field as a Memorial to their father, Col. James Drake, who was a native and prominent citizen of this town from 1805 until 1870, and was son of the Lieut. James Drake, who early settled in the southerly part of the town near where the Quaker Meeting House now stands (when a part of Chichester) and was a Veteran of the Revolutionary War.

As said by Mrs. Carpenter in the exercises dedicating the Field, after having considered many ways in which to establish a useful Memorial for their father "at length my brother suggested an athletic field. That appealed to me, for I know that nowadays athletics go hand in hand with books in educational lines and the future outlook for continuance is good." Also, she gave this good advice to the school children present on that occasion, saying, "I have but one request. I want you to take pride in keeping it neat and tidy so that when I bring my friends here or when strangers come by, they may have a good word to say about the Pittsfield girls and boys." Any visitors who have not seen the beautiful and well arranged Drake Athletic Field should do so before leaving town.

To thoroughly appreciate the quality of the men and women of this town fifty or sixty years ago you should read Robinson's book of "The Great Rebellion" I have spoken of in which are not only individual records of the boys in the Service at that time but the records of the older townspeople and its noble



BENEFACTORS OF PITTSFIELD

COL. JAMES DRAKE (1805-1870)

MRS. HATTIE TUTTLE FOLSOM
(1861-1905)

HIRAM A. TUTTLE (1837-1911)

MRS. HIRAM A. TUTTLE (1841-1915)

MRS. JOSIAH CARPENTER

JOSIAH CARPENTER (1829-1913)

NATHANIEL S. DRAKE

Governor and Mrs. Tuttle in 1910 gave the Hattie Tuttle Folsom Memorial School Building in memory of their daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Carpenter in 1901 the Josiah Carpenter Library; Mrs. Josiah Carpenter and Nathaniel S. Drake in 1919 the Drake Athletic Field and Park in memory of their father, Col. James Drake.

women who backed up the boys at the Front in every way possible. In that book I see the pictures of many whom I knew by sight in my boyhood. I note that Dr. R. P. J. Tenney was at one time a member of the Governor's Council. Also I note the picture of Elder Joseph Harvey and the fact that he like Uncle John Berry was often at the Front to aid the Boys. I knew him and recall his fervent and genial exhortations to all people to be good and to be prepared for the Second Coming of Christ at any time. He passed on leaving with us his son, John, who inherited his public spirit and appetite so that John is relied upon not only to successfully moderate our school meetings, but to know how to satisfy the appetites of all the people upon anniversaries and gala occasions. He is an expert in demonstrating the parable of the loaves and fishes. Others whom I recall as prominent in the town within my memory were Reuben L. French, William Henry Berry, who later became associated with Hon. John Cate French in the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Co., in Manchester; Mr. George F. Berry in the Pittsfield Savings Bank; B. F. Kaime, and Peabody H. Adams and M. H. Nutter, storekeepers; Lewis Bunker, comforting and courteous as an undertaker, but bright and witty as a story teller. Also, I recall Everett Jenkins, so badly crippled by the War, a good postmaster for many years, but we learned that it was not advisable to ask him for the mail in his off hours when engaged in a game of checkers with Frank Randall or other experts in that line, of whom there were quite a few in town.

The surviving Veterans of the Civil War are G. W. Adams, Wilson Adams, Newell Dow, P. S. Elliot, J. M. Gilman, Enoch Hill, A. K. Jones, Hiram Locke, A. E. Rand, D. H. Sackett and B. M. Tilton.

Since the death of Governor Tuttle in 1911 Hon. Sherburn J. Winslow has been the leading man of the town until his recent passing on. Fifty years ago he was a hard-working farmer on Tilton Hill. Since then he joined with Hon. Charles Carpenter and Governor Tuttle in timber lands, banking, and other lines of the larger business relating to the town, and was a president or director of many enterprises. As most of you know, he was the able President of this Old Home Week Association for many years and made a complete and notable address in 1901 upon distinguished citizens of Pittsfield then deceased.

In the preparation of this address I have been struck with the thought that in the period from 1727 to the present date, most of the wonderful events in the way of progress in this country have occurred.

In 1727 the Quakers in Rhode Island were the first to agitate the abolition of slavery, in which State many slaves were then owned. In 1863 came Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

The use of steam, electricity and gasoline for transportation (even through the clouds above us), the driving of machinery, and in the arts and sciences; electricity especially in the telegraph and telephone, the latter being one of the greatest conveniences in the history of the World. Prior to 1840 the use of coal in New Hampshire was not much known.

In referring to the letter of Mr. Fuller relating to the early part of the last century I spoke of the general use of rum which really has been a remarkable factor underlying the wealth of this country, and promoting the building of its shipping, railroads and other industries. But, during the service of Elder Ebenezer Knowlton, the Freewill Baptist preacher of the time, one Jonathan Eaton who had reduced himself to poverty by the too free use of rum and hard cider, reformed, and begged to be allowed to speak briefly after the Elder's sermon. In his speech he told the people the evils of intemperance. Elder Knowl-

ton became impressed with what Eaton said and preached upon the subject himself, but became so unpopular that he left town in 1828 and went to farming in Maine. Now just think of it, that within about one hundred years from that time by an Act of Congress, in force since July 1, 1917, as a War measure, the abolition of the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is sought to be enforced as was the prohibition against slavery. I believe that while the use of alcohol in the Arts and Sciences, and, to a limited extent, as a medicine may be allowed, yet the general prohibition of it as a beverage in this country will go far towards reducing our enormous National Debt, relieve our prisons, hospitals, asylums and poor houses and improve the breeding of generations to come.

Now we come to Pittsfield as it is in 1921. Its census for 1920 shows a population of 1914, about 300 less than in 1910, and not quite twice what it was in 1810, with its principal industries represented by the cotton, shoe and box factories, the Globe Manufacturing Co., its saw-mill in the village, its farming, milk and poultry business and fruit culture, and a growing automobile business as its principal industries.

It has the Pittsfield National and Savings Bank, and Farmers' Savings Bank. It has several district schools, not attended by as many children as formerly, because the custom of having large families has passed away. It has a good grammar and high school in the village.

Speaking of schools, I forgot to mention something I lately read in that good old family newspaper, the Boston Evening Transcript, as an excuse sent to a teacher in a district school, which, in ancient times, might have occurred in this town. It read:—"Dear Teacher. Please excuse Jennie for being absent yesterday. I had twins. It sha'n't occur again."

It has a Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal, Advent, and a Roman Catholic Church, presided over by able ministers and priests. Its societies and fraternal organizations are Corinthian Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons; the Eastern Star for Masonic Sisters; Suncook Lodge and Passaconaway Encampment for Odd Fellows; Beulah Rebecca Lodge of the same Order, but I dare not say for Odd Girls; Norris Lodge of the Knights of Pythias and a Lodge for Pythian Sisters; Wachenoit Tribe of the Independent Order of Red Men (possibly successors to the original Pennacooks who struggled to maintain their possession of this territory until about 1763); the Daughters of Pocahontas, who perhaps stand in the relation of squaws to said Red Men; also Sons and Daughters of Liberty; Willard K. Cobb Post of the Grand Army of the Republic with its few survivors, and Sons of Veterans to support them; the Woman's Relief Corps; the surviving members of Pittsfield Sons in the World War from 1917 to 1919 as borne upon the Honor Roll on a tablet well placed in the Public Library; Catamount Grange and the Society of St. Jean Baptiste of A. C. A.

It has Messrs. Joseph C. Adams and William B. Ely as its representatives to the Legislature; and Mayland P. Foss, John H. Jenness and Richard B. Bartlett its Selectmen, and Carroll M. Paige as its Town Clerk and a goodly number of physicians, and two lawyers who regret there is no more business for them. Also a goodly number of storekeepers, men in the mechanical trades, and landlord Avery at John Cram's tavern who serve the people well. It has insurance agents, and last, but not least, a genial auctioneer who has the reputation of being able to sell everything and everybody to the satisfaction of all.

Now, with the admonition of Prof. Sanborn in mind, that "Great things

cannot come by small effort," it is for all the people of this town to improve themselves by study, industry and united effort, harmonizing differences of opinion by frequently meeting together and understanding each other, to work hard, play some, and co-operate to increase the facilities of the town to make it a good place to live in.

Brief closing remarks were made by Professor Whithead of Boston University. He spoke on the value and necessity of loyalty and co-operation as public assets and essential to hold what had been already gained in the century and a half of Pittsfield and to safeguard its future progress.

OLD HOME DAY SPORTS.

The sports of the day were held on Drake Field immediately after the literary exercises. The Field might be called an athletic field and park for it has features of both and is one of the finest and most spacious areas of the kind to be found in any American town of Pittsfield's class. It was presented to the town by Mrs. Georgia B. Carpenter of Manchester and N. S. Drake of Pittsfield in memory of their father, Col. James Drake.

The sports and games were as follows:

Tennis match, Messrs. McLane, Straw and Nelson of Manchester and Connor of Pittsfield; baseball game between Concord and Pittsfield, which was won by Concord; wood sawing, Emma Thompson, first; Emma Adams, second; nail driving contest, Bertha Emerson, first; Rachel Nutter, second; potato race, Beatrice Stocks, first; Ethel Hillsgrove, second; rope skipping, Mildred Hillsgrove, first; Thelma Geis, second; slow bicycle race, Thelma Johnson, first; Beatrice Stocks, second; doughnut race, Nelson Bishop, first; Ernest Bishop, second; 100 yard dash, boys under 10, William Ely, Jr., first; Robert Clough, second; 100 yard dash, boys under 16, Joseph Cloutier, first; Arthur Barton, second; 100 yard dash, men, James Thompson, first; Howard Davis, second; greased pig, William Come. As the firemen did not appear when called to pull, the tug of war was awarded to the American Legion.

BAND CONCERT.

The day's festivities ended with a concert by the American Band of Pittsfield in Academy Park, which was highly enjoyed by a large audience from Pittsfield and nearby towns.

F. S. Jenkins, chairman of the Invitation Committee received letters of regret from E. W. Ricker, Ocean Park, Me.; Dr. Carr and family, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. G. E. Lovejoy, Lawrence, Mass.; Harry F. Lake, Concord, N. H.; Laura W. Perkins, Milwaukee, Wis. Various lists of visitors and other items are given in the Pittsfield local paper, The Valley Times of August 19 and 26, 1921.

We quote part of letter from Charles C. Thompson, Pasadena, California: "My wife and I were in Pittsfield on July 15 and called at the Peaslees' who live a short distance south of the old Friends' church where my father preached many a sermon, and where he was a constant attendant at that old meeting house twice a week, hauling his family up and down those old hills..... We went up to the old graveyard on top of what is called Catamount, or what used so to be called. I have a grandfather and a sister buried there which makes the place seem dear to me. Your city is one of the prettiest places we have seen in our travels. Although a boy when we left there I remember quite well the names of many of the older ones such as the Drakes and Berrys who are laid away in that old family ground. I wish we could have thought about the Old Home Week. I think we could have arranged so as to have been there."

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS. OLD HOME DAY, 1921.

Town of Pittsfield (\$300), Adams Bros., Adams Garage Co. Inc., A. D. Avery, R. B. Bartlett, Berry and Harriman, A. H. Bickford, Buffum and Jackson, Everett Clark, G. H. Colbath, J. A. Cochrane, Elizabeth Calef, N. S. Drake, John A. Dow, Fedore Danis, J. H. Danis, N. Durell, W. H. Eaton, G. D. Emerson, Luther Emerson, W. R. Emerson, Farmers' Exchange, H. B. Fischer, C. F. H. Freese, F. French, H. M. French, F. L. Geiger, Globe Mfg. Co., L. D. Gilmore, Green and Purtell, D. S. Green, F. P. Green, Griffin and Dustin, G. L. Hall, Roscoe Hill, E. E. Howard, F. S. Jenkins, J. H. Jenness, E. A. Lane, Lord and Joy, D. A. Lougee, H. P. Maxfield, J. C. McQuesten, Leon Merrill, H. E. Montgomery, True Osgood, C. M. Paige, J. H. Perkins, Pittsfield Mills, J. S. Rand, C. P. Rovegno, A. W. Sanders, E. P. Sanderson, F. H. Sargent, P. W. Sherburne, A. E. Sproul, J. W. Stone, H. A. Tuttle Co., E. A. Welch, H. P. Woodman, C. Y. Young. The personal subscriptions ranged from one to one hundred dollars. The total amount subscribed (including the town appropriation of \$300) was \$1,176.

Special acknowledgement is given to Henry W. Osgood who furnished free most of the photographs used in preparing this report, to C. N. Batchelder who also furnished photographs free and to G. F. Mitchell, Editor of The Valley Times, who gave much space in his paper in publicity work for the celebration.

The service of many others who in various ways contributed to the success of the celebration is also recorded with appreciation.

HEADS OF FAMILIES IN PITTSFIELD PER U. S. CENSUS 1790,

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY, PITTSFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bachelder, Jacob	Cram, Smith
Barton, Josiah	Cram, Wadleigh
Bean, Nathaniel	Dickey, Robert
Berry, Joshua	Dier, Samuel
Berry, Thomas	Dow, Jeremiah
Berry, William	Dow, Jessie
Berry, William, Jr.	Dow, John
Bickford, Thomas	Dow, Jonathan
Blair, Ebenezer	Dow, Phineas
Blake, Enoch	Drake, James
Blake, John	Drake, Simeon
Blake, Stephen	Drake, Wd.
Blake, Thomas	Durgin, Eliphalet
Brown, Abraham	Durgin, Richard
Brown, Abraham, Jr.	Durgin, William
Brown, James	Elkins, Richard
Brown, John	Fight, James
Brown, John, Jr.	Fogg, Chase
Brown, Jonathan	Fogg, Jonathan
Brown, Moses	Fogg, Jonathan, Jr.
Brown, Samuel	Fogg, Joseph
Bunker, Dodifer	Fogg, Josiah
Bunker, Francis	Fogg, Samuel
Chase, Jonathan	Garland, James
Chase, Nathaniel	Garland, Jeremiah
Chase, Solomon	Garland, Jonathan
Chase, William	Gordon, William
Clifford, Ithiel	Goss, Joseph
Cram, James	Green, Abraham
Cram, John, Esq.	Green, Asael
Cram, Jonathan	Green, Bradbury
Cram, Reuben	Green, Jonathan

Hanson, Solomon	Philbrick, Jonathan
Haskell, Job	Philbrick, Samuel
Hearn, James	Potter, Samuel
Hilyard, Timothy	Prescott, Ebenezer
Hoag, Isaac	Prescott, Samuel
Huckings, Isaac	Purinton, James
James, Jabez	Perkins, Jonathan
Jenness, John	Sanborn, David
Jones, Jacob	Sandborn, Edmund
Jones, John	Sandborn, Timothy
Jones, John, Jr.	Sargent, Edward
Jonson, Thomas	Sargent, John
Kenney, John	Sargent, widow of Hezekiah
Kenney, John, Jr.	Seavey, Isaac
Kenney, Jonathan	Shaw, Caleb
Kerby, John	Shepard, Joseph
King, Osgood	Sias, Benj.
King, Samuel	Sias, Benj., Jr.
Knowlton, David	Sterns, John
Lamprey, Benj.	Swett, Thomas R.
Libbee, Isaac	Tibbitts, Robert
Levet, Brackett	Tibbitts, Samuel
Levet, Ruben T.	Tilton, Benj.
Mason, Benj.	Tilton, John
Marston, Eliphalet	Towle, Jonathan
Marston, James	True, John
Marstin, Joseph	Tucker, Jabez
Marten, Dan	Tucker, widow
Morgen, Nathaniel	Walton, Shadrick
Morrill, Abither	Watson, William
Morrill, Malcijah	White, Josiah
Muncy, William	White, Nathan
Norris, Joseph	Wills, Nathaniel
Norris, Moses	Wills, Paul
Nudd, Benj.	Yeaton, Daniel
Nudd, William	Yeaton, Eliphalet
Page, Rev. Christopher	Yeaton, John
Paige, Nathaniel	Yeaton, Jonathan
Peasley, Elijah	Yeaton, Joseph
Perry, Samuel	

NAMES ON THE MEMORIAL TABLET 1917 HONOR ROLL 1919

Adams, John V.	Creasey, Norman
Adams, Paul	Crocker, John M.
Adams, William A.	Cronin, Edward A.
Bachelder, Clifton R.	Cummings, Mack
Barton, Clarence L.	Cutler, Lew S.
Bates, Kenneth C.	Cutler, Scott A.
Blackstone, Earl	*Danis, Alpha J.
Bouchard, Dozilva	Desgranges, Joseph L.
Brandt, Carl G.	Dion, Nazaire
Brock, Charles H.	Doughty, Sidney C.
Brock, Scott W.	Drake, James Frank
Brown, Sidney H.	Drollet, Orgenore
Buffum, Frank H.	Drollet, Osee J.
Carr, Burt W.	Drollet, Rosario V.
Carr, Raymond L.	Dubuc, Philias N.
Caswell, Burton J.	Ducette, Alex E.
Cheney, Clifford A.	*Depuis, Ezra
Clark, John S.	Emerson, Fred E.
Cote, Alfred	Emerson, Richard C.
*Cram, Earl W.	Emerson, Warren E.

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| Feuerstein, Abraham | *Peterson, William A. |
| Folsom, Hiram Tuttle | Philbrick, George H. |
| Freese, George E. | Picard, Albe |
| French, Scott | Potter, Waldo B. |
| Garland, Richard R. | Prescott, Frank W. |
| Genest, William J. | Raymond, Charles J. |
| Girouard, Louis H. | Reil, Fred J. |
| Glines, Charles E. | Robbins, Ivan C. |
| Goodwin, Cyrus, Jr. | Sargent, Arthur F. |
| Goodwin, Leslie R. | Sargent, Ralph L. |
| Hall, Edmund | *Scott, Joseph Freeman |
| Hall, Everett A. | Scott, Robert C. |
| Hast, Augustus T. | *Sleeper, Fred W. |
| Heinis, Alfred | Smith, Clifton A. |
| Heywood, W. Harold | Smith, Roland A. |
| Hill, Carroll E. | *Smith, W. E. |
| Hodgdon, Charles E. | Smith, Ernest M. |
| Houle, Edmund | Steele, Ralph E. |
| Jackson, David F. | Tasker, William M. |
| Joy, George E. | Towle, Edward L. |
| Joy, Harvey W. | Vien, William L. |
| Laro, Emaile | Weeks, Chester R. |
| Leduc, John M. | Weldon, Everett D. |
| Mitchell, Ralph G. | Weldon, Russell F. |
| Nutter, Franklin H. | Wheeler, Vernon E. |
| Oshier, William E. | Yeaton, Conrad D. |
| Page, Albert E. | Yeaton, Ivan A. |
| Pellissier, Adelard R. | Yorke, Arthur E. |

*Died in Service

Editorial Note: The Editorial Committee includes in the Record the addresses made at the 150th year celebration of the settlement of what is now known as the Town of Pittsfield. The addresses are printed in full or briefly reported and a complete account of the celebration is given. The illustrations show something of the scenic beauty of the town from high and moderate elevations and from the valley. Views of buildings, groups of persons and part views of the parade are also given. A sketch of Pittsfield may also be found in The Granite Monthly of September, 1907, and a record of Old Home Day of 1919, when a memorial tablet in honor of Pittsfield soldiers in the World War, was placed in the public library, is printed in the issue of November, 1919, both illustrated. While the value of local records and history may sometimes be over-estimated, they are important as showing the social, industrial, educational, political and religious life of a governmental unit, the New England Town, which is probably as near a democracy as exists at the present time.

G. F. Mitchell, W. Scott, Editorial Committee.

THE CHURCH WITHOUT WALLS

By Warren T. Billings

So, Parson, 'tis to your own church that you would have me
go;

And that I might is true, perhaps, did I none other know.
But have you never thought, my friend, of God's great
chosen place,

Where Nature shows His wondrous plan and proves His
boundless grace?

I need no sweetly tolling bells to tell of worship hour,
Nor thund'ring voice, nor gentle plea, to demonstrate His
power.

I climb the verdant hill at dawn, as sun aflames the peak,
While sky and clouds and lake and air God's kindly mes-
sage speak.

Then joyous choirs on every hand
Of flute-voiced birds and murm'ring trees,
As though God's chorister had planned
A host of penitential pleas,
With music that my heart inspires
And which to fealty appeal,
Arouse within me holy fires
When Nature's greeting they reveal.

No sermon do I need, my friend, to learn of mercy wide,
When gleaming waters sing to me of Faith that's glorified,
And glimmering lights on rugged mounts depict Hope
undenied,

While granite peaks fling to the clouds a strength that's
deified.

The invocation you may hear
In rippling of the restless streams,
And peace divine seems gathering near,
As thought is bound in holy dreams.
The scripture lesson needs no tongue—
'Tis here in place on every side.
Its warnings are by Nature sung;
Its truths, we know, must here abide.

You preach of justice in your church, of justice to mankind,
And tell us that to ways of life we needs must be resigned;
But in my church we gaze beyond the narrow views of man
To take our place with gratitude in following His plan.



I've watched a hawk swoop on a nest,
Like flashing from a thunder cloud,
To tear the young from mother's breast.
I've known love's mantle made a shroud

And seen want stalk from rascals' greed
 When they upon the orphaned preyed.
 How, then, I would for vengeance plead!
 Yet, He is judge; I'm not dismayed.

Eternity? Look far upon where mountains have survived;
 And would you say that men now know what Nature has
 contrived;
 That words may tell of time or growth or the vast realm
 of space
 Wherein the weakling planet, earth, has found a roving
 place?

For me, I only want to know,
 In countless ages yet before,
 That where she is I'm sure to go,
 To join her on a heav'nly shore.
 Perhaps she's found the bairn again
 And in her arms 'twill resting be—
 The glorious throne where babes e'er reign.
 Ah, that's eternity for me!

Across the vale, when twilight comes, the benediction falls,
 As patient kine, on home intent, sound forth their evening
 calls.
 His peace descends, His grace o'er-shrouds, His boundless
 mercy holds,
 And through the earth, in every clime, His wondrous love
 enfolds.

CONSTANTINOPLE

Dedicated to the Russian Refugees

By Erwin F. Keene

Sink of the tragic wrack of doom new-born,
 Where sorrow's many streams make one vast drain:
 In thy foul streets the starving pray in vain—
 And corpses nod along the Golden Horn.
 Fierce famine takes her toll; in lusty scorn
 Fierce famine, dread disease, ride rein to rein.
 And all the old, blind gods know not man's pain
 Though men are crushed, and mothers' hearts are torn.

To feed their babes, perchance to shroud their dead—
 Those gentle women of a better day,
 White-faced and sad—they dance for crusts of bread,
 A few piastres all their meager pay.
 And we—shall help them, through our blinding tears,
 Or, like the gods of old, stop eyes and ears?

NOVEMBER IN NEW ENGLAND

By Christine Turner Curtis

In November
New England wears a sombre coat
Gray-woven of the mists that float
Across the fields and through the trees
Winding along the breeze.
And sometimes flecked with cinnamon
Where the infrequent sun—
Dull as an ancient coin of brass
Quivers across the faded grass.

The sober colors blend
Into a gentle blur of dun and buff,
But red-rose hips and milkweed fluff
And gold witchhazel tend
Their wayside lanterns, like a frieze
Against the wash of trees.

The fields and rounding hills
Lie pensive and subdued—
The pastures seem to brood,
And the pale marsh distills
From its low reaches bare,
A wistfulness throughout the air.

But when the slow sun wends
Its gold, smoke-enswirled
Adown the blue-rimmed world,
And daylight ends—
Then comes the change
Divinely beautiful;—orchard and grange
And field and wooded gloom
Light up and bloom
With such a rich rose glow,
So all the stems and branches show
Pricked out against the melon sky
Delicately,—
Each bush and tree
Clear cut, with little rounds and spaces
Filled up with pink or glassy green,
The curling twigs between
Distinct and fine
Across the western shine.
And here in places
The elm trees, curving high,
Lean over the horizon rim
Like lilies, graceful-stemmed and slim.

But soon the bright shell of the moon
Hangs from a pinetree bough,
And fading now
The colors faint and swoon
Out of the winter sky,
Shiver and die.

A solitude
Creeps on the meadow, under misted stars,
In thoughtful mood
I linger by the pasture bars.

And as I muse it seems to me
November clothes New England fittingly,
Revealing in some subtle way
That inner spirit ray
That rules her day.

For she has never courted grace
Nor glamour, nor the sheen of things,
But led by higher glimmerings
Has set her face
Toward lofty summits, chaste and clear;
And scorning fear
She does not swerve,
But like a winter lighted tree
Her every line and curve
Keeps a divine austerity.

Hers is a simple creed and plain,
Not turned aside for gain,
Nor pomp nor sensuous delights;
She seeks the heights,
Where in the pure expanse of sky
Great thoughts can ply.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Mr. Brookes More, whose name is familiar to readers of the Granite Monthly through the very successful poetry contest which he has so generously promoted, is himself a poet, and has published through the Cornhill Company, Boston, this autumn, a new book of verse, "The Beggar's Vision," illustrated with nine photo-gravures and handsomely printed. The importance of the volume is altogether out of proportion to its 61 pages, as may be judged from the fact that the eminent critic, Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite, contributes a six page introduction, "The Mystic Seven," which should be read with care in order to get the full meaning and intent of the poems which follow. As Mr. Braithwaite says, Mr. More's conception of the poet's function is the same as that of those mighty bards of old who were the teachers and the counsellors of mankind and not mere weavers of bizarre and decorative fancies. His main theme is the unity of life, love and religion, and the poems are sure, in the words of Mr. Braithwaite, to

be "discussed for their thought and substance and equally enjoyed and admired for a rich and varied poetic expression."

"King of Kearsarge," is a lively novel, with a New Hampshire setting, on the fall list of the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. Its author, Arthur O. Friel, a former resident of Manchester, is well acquainted with our majestic Merrimack county mountain and he has skilfully adapted its natural characteristics to the purposes of an excellent adventure story. The scene shifts rapidly from New Hampshire to New York City and back again, but most of the action is on the mountain side, where the hero and heroine combat the forces of nature and of human evil with stirring success. Mr. Friel tells a tale that holds the attention, and at the same time his character drawing is excellent and true to life, as Granite Monthly readers who peruse his book will testify.

TO A CYNIC

By Louise Patterson-Guyot

I used to be a scoffer, too!

I said that God could never be—

There was no place for Him, said I!

How could He sit upon the sky

When sky did not exist, its blue

A dream, an unreality?

There was no room for heaven, said I!

There only was a space of air

All filled with whirling worlds of stars,

And Science with a scornful eye

Barred heaven away with iron bars,

And set up Logic reigning there.

But skeptic now no more am I!

God has a place, a house, a throne,

Small as a heart, but kingdom-high,

A little heaven of His own—

A haven built by love—for who

Could doubt a God and still love you?

EDITORIALS

Any person with pessimistic views as to the present or future of the state of New Hampshire should have been in Concord on October 21 and 22 in attendance upon the 68th annual convention of the State Teachers' Association. More than 2,000 school teachers and superintendents showed their interest in their work and their desire for co-operation and advancement by coming from the farthest corners of New Hampshire to attend these two days' meetings in the state capital. It was a fine looking body of men and women, enjoying banquets and diversions as side issues, but evidently intent upon the main business of the gathering. A splendid program had been arranged and was carried out in full, and every person in attendance must have felt well repaid for the effort necessary to be present. To an outsider the meetings gave an impression that the schools of New Hampshire are in good hands, from the state board of education to the kindergarten teachers, and that their administration is characterized today by a fine spirit of loyalty and unity, animating the

whole educational body. And as we said in the beginning, pessimism passes as the right kind of education advances.

"Really, all New Hampshire citizens ought to become subscribers for the Granite Monthly," writes Judge A. R. Evans of Gorham, in a note accompanying his payment for a year in advance. My, but we do wish the Judge had the power to enforce his verdict!

The New Hampshire Memorial Hospital for Women and Children, a Concord institution which is the only one of its kind in the state and therefore has a wide scope of usefulness, has been conducting a campaign for a fund of \$100,000 to be used in making very greatly needed extensions to its plant. The "drive" will be over when this appears in print, but gifts from any who read these lines will be appreciated whenever received and will do as much good as any expenditure of money of which the writer can conceive.

TO MY QUAKER GREAT-GRANDMOTHER

By K. C. Balderston.

O cool gray Quaker ancestress of mine,
Sitting serenely there, one of a line
Of sires all gray and passionless and good,
How did you still the music in your blood?

And that chaste manner—could you doff and don it
With your gray gown and rigid Quaker bonnet,
Or was there locked within your heart a flutter
Of beating words which you could never utter?

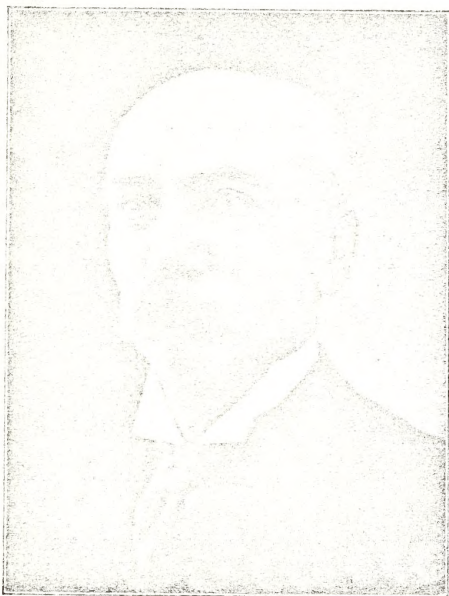
And did you dream that sometime I should come,
With eager heart and pulses all a-hum
To snatch at life, and find that I was bound
By the strong, patient bonds that you had wound?

Loose me, I beg you, from my dumb distress,
Serene, gray, ghostly Quaker ancestress.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DR. GEORGE H. SALTMARSH

Dr. George H. Saltmarsh was born in Gilford, March 3, 1859, the son of Thomas and Lillie (Gilman) Saltmarsh, and died September 28, at Lakeport, where he had practiced medicine since 1884. He was educated at the New Hampton Literary Institution and at the Dartmouth Medical College where he received his degree of M. D. in 1883. He had been president of the Laconia hospital and of the county and state medical societies and had written for the medical press. A Republican in politics



THE LATE DR. GEORGE H. SALTMARSH

he had served in both branches of the Legislature and was twice elected mayor of Laconia. He was a Mason, Odd Fellow and Knights of Pythias and possessed a wide circle of friends. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Maude (Leighton) Saltmarsh, and by two sons, Robert C. and Arthur A. Saltmarsh.

ARTHUR E. CLARKE

Colonel Arthur Eastman Clarke of Manchester, who dropped dead while fox hunting October 1, was one of New Hampshire's best known newspaper men. He was born in Manchester, May 13, 1854, the son of John Badger and Susan Greeley (Moulton) Clarke,

and inherited his father's interest in journalism, politics and outdoor sports. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth college, and upon completing his studies at once joined the staff of his father's paper, the Manchester Mirror. With this business in its various departments he was connected almost all his life. An active Republican in politics he served in the city government and legislature and was state printer, 1897-1901. He was colonel on the staff of Governor Hiram A. Tuttle and was for a time adjutant of the First Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard. He was a member of various press clubs and associations, of the Algonquin Club, Boston, and the Calumet Club, Manchester, and of the Grange. He is survived by his widow.

AMOS K. FISKE

Amos Kidder Fiske was born in Whitefield, May 12, 1842, the son of Henry and Lucinda (Keyes) Fiske, and died September 18 at the home of his daughters, the Misses Annette and Marguerite Fiske, in Cambridge, Mass. One son, Philip S. Fiske of Boston, also survives. Mr. Fiske graduated from Harvard in 1866 and was admitted to the bar in 1868. He was associated with the late George Ticknor Curtis in the preparation of "The Life of Daniel Webster" and was himself the author of nine books of essays and history. He was a contributor to the American Encyclopedia and for 22 years on the editorial staff of the New York Times, later occupying a similar position on other New York papers.

REV. CLARENCE S. SARGENT, D.D

Rev. Dr. Clarence Spalding Sargent, born in Gilmanton, July 29, 1855, died at Little Rock, Arkansas, September 28. He was a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1876 and of the Yale Divinity School in 1879, and received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Whitman College in 1894. He held long pastorates in Adams, Mass., Wichita and Hutchinson, Kansas, and Marshall, Texas, and recently retired from active work to reside with his daughter, Elizabeth, and sons, Laurence and Theodore, at Little Rock. He was at one time president of the Christian Service League of America.

The
Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

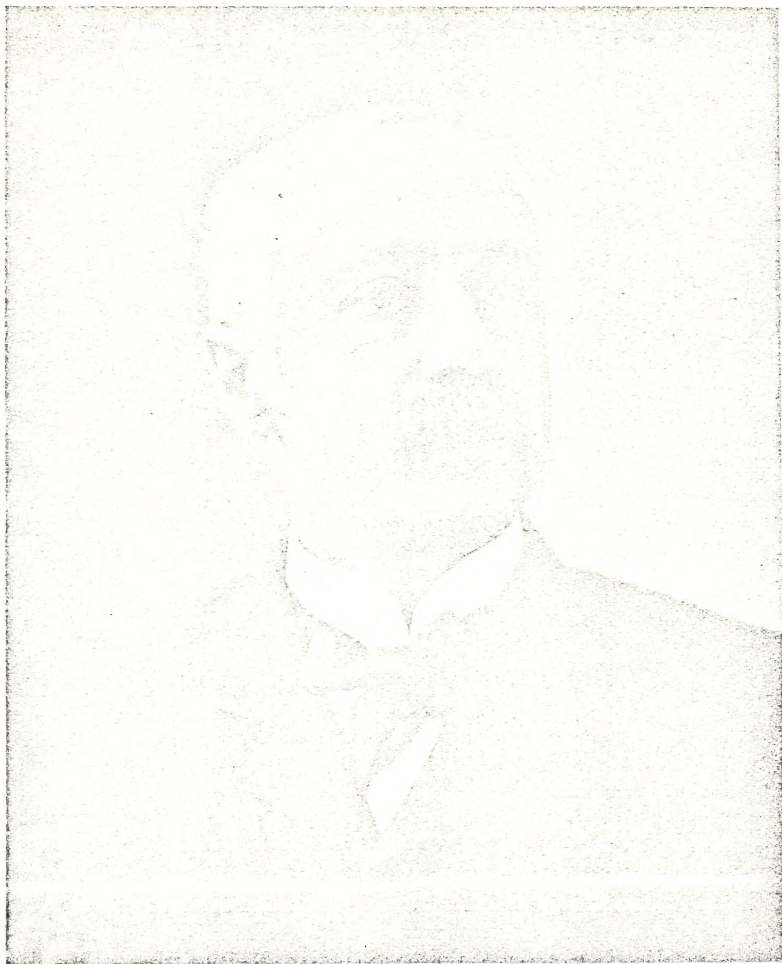
THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE GRANGE

HARLAN C. FEARSON, Publisher

CONCORD, N. H.

This Number, 20 Cents

\$2.00 a Year

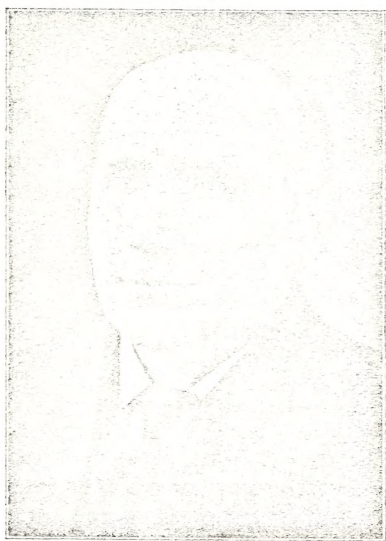


Nathaniel J. Bashelder

PAST MASTER N. H. STATE GRANGE AND PAST MASTER NATIONAL GRANGE.

lose its charter through the action of Mr. Lyman in paying the annual dues to the State Grange out of his own pocket.

The New Hampshire State Grange was organized in Grand Army Hall Manchester, December 23, 1873, by T. A. Thompson, Lecturer of the National Grange. Up to this time seventeen subordinate Granges had been organized in the State, all by Mr. Thompson who had come into the State for the purpose. These included Gilman No. 1, of Exeter; Bartlett, No. 2, Kingston;



FRED A. ROGERS,
Master N. H. State Grange

Amoskeag, No. 3, Manchester; Merrimack River, No. 4, of Canterbury; Lovell, No. 5, East Washington (since removed to Washington) Halestown, No. 6, North Weare; Granite, No. 7, Milford; Sullivan, No. 8, Newport; Claremont, No. 9, Claremont; Souhegan, No. 10, Amherst; Hudson, No. 11, Hudson; Nashua, No. 13, Nashua; Mountain,

No. 14, East Concord; Hooksett, No. 16, Hooksett; Ashland, No. 17, Ashland, all of which were represented at the opening of the meeting for organization of the State Grange, numbers 12 and 15 not being represented. At the evening session on the first day, L. T. Sanborn and Mrs. Sanborn, of Hampton Falls Grange made their appearance, making sixteen Granges in all represented.

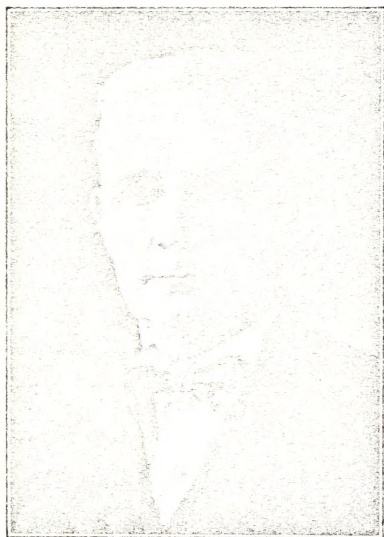
Committees were appointed on the first day, consisting of C. C. Shaw of Milford, James Clogston of East Washington and James U. Prince of Amherst, on Credentials; E. B. Bartlett of Weare, C. H. DeRochmont of Kingston, I. A. Reed of Newport on Constitution and By-Laws, and John D. Lyman of Exeter, D. M. Clough of Canterbury, D. T. Chase of Claremont and John B. Clarke of Manchester, on Resolutions.

On the following day officers for the ensuing two years were elected as follows: Master, Dudley T. Chase, Claremont; Overseer, C. H. DeRochmont, Kingston; Lecturer, John D. Lyman, Exeter; Steward, L. T. Sanborn, Hampton Falls; Asst. Steward, I. A. Reed, Newport; Chaplain, J. F. Keyes, Ashland; Treasurer, D. M. Clough, Canterbury; Secretary, C. C. Shaw, Milford; Gate-Keeper, James U Prince, Amherst; Ceres, Mrs. C. C. Shaw, Milford; Pomona, Mrs. J. U. Prince, Amherst; Flora, Mrs. Abram B. Tallant, East Concord; Lady Asst. Steward, Mrs. L. T. Sanborn, Hampton Falls.

During the year 1874 two special meetings of the State Grange were held in Manchester—one on March 17, at which the Constitution and By-Laws prepared by the Committee were adopted and the 5th degree of the order was conferred by D. W. Adams, Master of the National

Grange, upon John D. Lyman, David M. Clough, E. B. Bartlett, Henry Gray, Elliott Whitford, Charles H. DeRochemont, Kimball Webster, John B. Clarke, William G. Brown, H. L. Scott, James A. Wood, Mrs. Elliott Whitford and Mrs. Kimball Webster. Of the class of thirteen members—the first in the State to receive the fifth degree of the order—no one survives so far as is known.

At the second special meeting—September 8, D. Wyatt Aiken of South Carolina of the National Grange Executive Committee, was



HERBERT N. SAWYER,
Overseer

present and exemplified the work of the order. At this meeting Secretary Shaw reported that there were then 31 subordinate Granges in the State, fourteen having been organized by himself as special deputy, since the organization of the State Grange in December previous.

At the next annual meeting, held in Mirror Hall Manchester, opening December 15, 1874, forty-two subordinate Granges were reported, with

between 1600 and 1700 members. At an adjourned meeting, March 17, 1875, the fifth degree was conferred on 17 candidates and D. T. Chase, D. M. Clough and C. C. Shaw were appointed to draft regulations for the organization and government of County Granges.

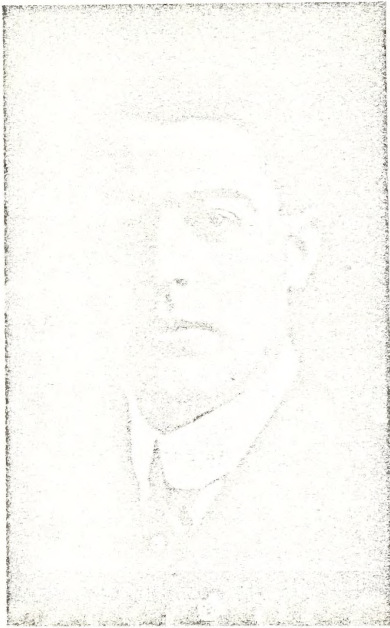
At the annual meeting of 1875, also held in Manchester, seventy-two subordinate Granges were reported, with a total membership of 3190. Dudley T. Chase was re-elected master, with I. A. Reed of Newport, Overseer; Samuel Putnam of Cornish, Lecturer; Kimball Webster of Hudson, Steward; W. O. Noyes of Derry, Asst. Steward; A. S. Wilkins of Amherst, Chaplain; D. M. Clough of Canterbury, Treasurer; C. C. Shaw of Milford, Secretary; F. L. Taylor of Danbury, Gate-Keeper; Mrs. F. F. Taylor, Ceres; Mrs. George L. Stevens of Grafton, Pomona; Mrs. C. B. Mason, of Portsmouth, Flora, and Mrs. Elliott Whitford of Nashua, Lady Assistant Steward.

At this meeting it was voted that the next annual meeting be held in Newport; also that one-half the expenses of members attending the session, for travel and board, be paid from the Grange treasury.

The annual meeting of 1876, opened in Bennett's Hall, Newport, December 19, the address of welcome being given by Dea. Simon A. Tenney of that town, whose death occurred during the past year. At this meeting the Secretary's report showed 88 subordinate Granges in the State, with 4,308 members. A new set of by-laws was adopted and the fifth degree was conferred on 19 candidates.

The meeting for 1877 opened December 18, in Post Office hall, Manchester. The secretary reported 4,390 subordinate grange members, in 88 subordinate granges, the same number as the previous

year, with an increase in membership of only 82. The fifth degree was conferred on 52 candidates at this meeting. W. H. Stinson of Dunbarton and N. J. Bachelder, and Mary A. Putney (subsequently Mrs. Bachelder) of East Andover, being among the number. Dudley T. Chase was again elected Master; George A. Wason of New Boston, Overseer; John D. Lyman, Lecturer; David M. Clough, Treasurer;



LUKE H. RICKERT,
Lecturer

and C. C. Shaw, Secretary. It may be stated here, that Mr. Lyman, who was the first Lecturer, but had been displaced for the second term by Mr. Putnam of Cornish, was continued in the office from this time on until 1891, making ten terms, or 20 years of service in all—a record unapproached by any subsequent incumbent.

At the 1878 meeting, which was held in the town hall at Plymouth,

90 subordinate granges were reported, with 4,464 members, and the fifth degree was conferred on 92 candidates.

The meeting for 1879 was held in Manchester, as were also subsequent meetings up to and including that for 1893. No increase in membership was reported for the year, and two granges were reported as having surrendered their charters. One hundred and fifty-two candidates received the fifth degree. George A. Wason was chosen Master; F. L. Taylor of Danbury, Overseer; John D. Lyman, Lecturer; and W. H. Stinson of Dunbarton, Secretary.

At the meeting in 1880, there were reported but 84 active subordinate granges, with 4,094 members, a material falling off from the previous year. At this time there were six granges in the State with over 100 members each—Souhegan Grange of Amherst leading, with 138. The fifth degree candidates at this session numbered 153.

George A. Wason was re-elected Master and William H. Stinson, Secretary at the 1881 session. E. C. Hutchinson, who had served as Assistant Steward in the previous term, was promoted to Steward. There had been 247 fourth degree candidates initiated during the year. The fifth degree was conferred on 52 candidates at this session.

In 1882 two County Councils were reported as having been organized, in Hillsborough and Merrimack Counties. The total active paying membership of the subordinate granges of the State was reported at 3,112, showing a material falling off. Mention was made of the first annual picnic and festival of the State Grange, held at the Weirs, August 29, 30 and 31. Eighty candidates received the fifth degree.

At the annual meeting in 1883, 3,788 subordinate grange members were reported. Fifty-five candidates were initiated in the fifth degree. Among these were George R. Drake, present Secretary. N. J. Bachelder served as chairman of the Committee on Education at this session. William H. Stinson was elected Master; Chas. McDaniel, Overseer; and N. J. Bachelder, Secretary. Hillsborough County Pomona Grange, No. 1, had been organized during the year.

In 1884 there were reported 4,120



JAMES C. FARMER,
Steward

subordinate grange members. Eastern New Hampshire Pomona Grange, No. 2, had been organized, with George R. Drake, Master. Amoskeag Grange of Manchester led all subordinate granges in membership, having 182. Eight others had over 100 each. The fifth degree was conferred on 119 candidates.

In 1885 the subordinate membership was reported to be 4,423. The fifth degree was conferred on 134. Gov. Moody Currier attended the

public session, being the first Governor to attend a Grange session. The old officers were re-elected.

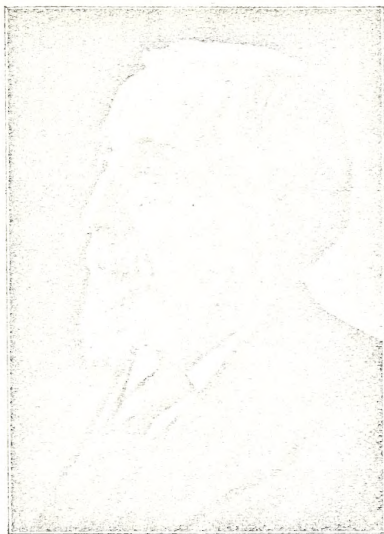
The annual meeting for 1886, was held in Mechanics Hall, most of the previous sessions in Manchester having been held in Mirror hall. There were 5,300 subordinate members reported. Nine subordinate granges and Merrimack County Pomona Grange No. 3, had been organized during the past year, among them Rumford of East Concord, Capital of Concord, and Pembroke, and the latter had initiated the largest class in the fourth degree that had ever been initiated in the country—133. Notice was taken of the death of Col. David M. Clough of Canterbury, who had served the Grange as Treasurer for the first six years. The success of the first State Grange Fair, held at Tilton in the autumn previous, was also reported. These fairs were continued at Tilton for about fifteen years, with varying success. Fifth degree candidates were initiated at this session to the number of 125. The resignation of Col. Stinson as Master was received, and Charles McDaniel of Springfield was chosen for the unexpired term. There were 120 candidates initiated in the fifth degree.

At the meeting of 1887, held in the Manchester City Hall, there were 5,865 subordinate grange members reported. The sixth degree was conferred for the first time by the State Grange at this time, the work in this degree having been turned over by the National Grange to the State Granges, and the fifth degree to the Pomona Granges. This first sixth degree class numbered 131, among whom were John D. Lyman, the State Lecturer, Prof. C. H. Pettee of the Agricultural College, William P. Ballard of Concord, of the first graduating class in that institution,

and Mrs. N. J. Bachelder. Charles McDaniel was re-elected Master and N. J. Bachelder, Secretary.

At the 1888 meeting, in the same place, it was reported that eleven new subordinate granges had been organized during the year, making 103 in all in the State, with 6,701 members. The sixth degree was conferred on 86 candidates.

In 1889 there were 107 subordinate granges reported, with 7,560 members. Pembroke Grange then held first rank, with 202 members.



HORACE F. HOYT,
Chaplain

The sixth degree was conferred on 79 candidates, among whom was Herbert O. Hadley of Temple, who subsequently became State Master, and Mrs. Hadley. The old officers were re-elected.

In 1890 it was reported that 13 new subordinate granges had been organized during the year, and that the total membership was 8,954. The sixth degree class numbered 122.

In 1891 there were 131 active subordinate granges reported, with 9,870 members, making a net in-

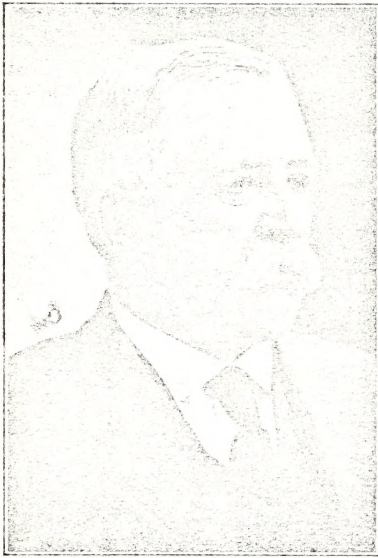
crease during Worthy Master McDaniel's administration, of 4,570. The sixth degree was conferred upon 102 candidates. At the meeting this year, Nahum J. Bachelder of East Andover was promoted from the office of Secretary to that of Master; James E. Shepard of New London was elected Overseer; Edward J. Burnham of Manchester, Lecturer; and E. C. Hutchinson of Milford, Secretary.

The Grange in New Hampshire was well started on the highway of prosperity, and continued in a career of remarkable progress during the succeeding twelve years of Mr. Bachelder's incumbency as Master. There were 11,274 subordinate members reported in 1892; in 1893, there were 13,242; in 1894, 14,832; in 1895, 16,534; in 1896, 18,158; in 1897, 19,116; in 1898, 20,702; in 1899, 22,330; in 1900, 23,687; in 1901, 24,208; in 1902, 25,362; in 1903, 26,800; showing a net increase in the twelve years of 16,930.

At the 1892 and 1893 meetings, both held in Manchester, the sixth degree candidates numbered 74 and 149 respectively. At the meeting in 1894, which was held in Concord for the first time (White's Opera House being the meeting place) there were 156 initiates in the sixth degree. In 1895, also in Concord, 97 candidates were initiated. In 1896, at Mechanics Hall, Manchester, the degree was conferred upon 132. H. N. Sawyer, present Overseer, and Joseph D. Roberts, long time Treasurer, being members of the class. In 1897 at Concord for the third time, 281 were initiated—the largest class initiated up to that time. At the meeting in 1898, held in Manchester, 62 candidates received the degree. In 1899, at Concord, 184 were initiated. In 1900 the annual meeting was held in the City Hall at Dover, the finest audience room in the State, and a class

of 292 was instructed in the sixth degree. At the next annual meeting in Concord, 192 were instructed; at Manchester, in 1902, 265; and at Concord in 1903, a class of 235 received the lessons of this degree.

Emri C. Hutchinson held the office of Secretary throughout the entire twelve years of Worthy Master Bachelder's incumbency, as did Joseph D. Roberts that of Treasurer, in which he has been continued up to the present time, hav-



JOSEPH D. ROBERTS,
Treasurer

ing served for a longer period than any other man in any State Grange office. E. J. Burnham continued as Lecturer four years; was followed by Hezekiah Scammon of Exeter for two years, who was succeeded, in 1897, by Henry H. Metcalf of Concord, who continued till 1903.

Two annual meetings of the National Grange were held in the State, during Worthy Master Bachelder's term, both in Concord, the first in 1892 and the other in 1898.

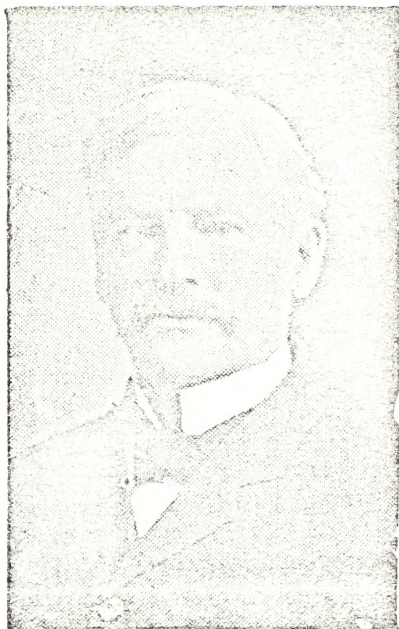
It was mainly through the influence of Mr. Bachelder that the National Grange came here, and the inspiration resulting from these sessions had a powerful influence in promoting the wonderful growth of the order in the State.

It was in 1893, that the first successful series of Pomona Grange field meetings was held in the State, Col. J. H. Brigham of Ohio, Master of the National Grange, being the leading speaker. It was through Worthy Master Bachelder's efforts that his services were secured. The meetings were all largely attended, that of Merrimack County Pomona, at Blodgett's Landing, Sunapee Lake, being the largest. Two thousand people were in attendance, and Col. Brigham pronounced it the finest meeting of the kind he had ever attended. These field meetings were continued with great success throughout Mr. Bachelder's administration. Among the speakers for several years was Aaron Jones of Indiana, who succeeded Col. Brigham as Master of the National Grange. In recent years these meetings have been held under the joint auspices of the Grange and the County Farm Bureaus, and have been less helpful and interesting, on account of the divided responsibility.

At the annual meeting of the Grange, held in Concord, in 1903, Herbert O. Hadley of Temple was chosen Master; Richard Pattee of New Hampton, Lecturer; and George R. Drake of Manchester, Secretary, the latter continuing in office to the present time. Mr. Hadley held the Master's office six years, being succeeded in 1909 by Richard Pattee, who gave way in 1913 to Wesley Adams of Londonderry, and the latter, in 1917, to Fred A. Rogers of Meriden, the present incumbent. Richard Pattee served as Lecturer during Worthy

Master Hadley's term, and was succeeded in 1909 by Andrew L. Felker, present Commissioner of Agriculture, for four years, when Charles W. Varney of Rochester, came in, who gave way in 1917 to Luke H. Rickert of Belmont, who now holds the office.

At the annual meeting of 1904, in Dover, the subordinate Grange membership was reported at 27,466 and the sixth degree was conferred upon 318 candidates. In 1905 there were 27,752 members, and at the



GEORGE R. DRAKE,
Secretary

annual meeting, in Manchester, 314 received the 6th degree. At Concord, in 1906, 28,026 subordinate members were reported, and 284 were initiated in the 6th degree. At the 1907 meeting in Manchester, the Secretary's report showed 28,286 subordinate members and the 6th degree initiates numbered 286. Four special meetings for conferring the 6th degree had been held in the

State during the year, at Keene, Plymouth, Littleton and Portsmouth, at which, in all, about 400 candidates had been initiated. The 1908 meeting was held in Portsmouth, when 28,350 members were reported, and 373 received the 6th degree. In 1909, Manchester again being the meeting place, the report showed 28,821 members of subordinate Granges, and 277 candidates were instructed in the 6th degree.

From the figures presented, it appears that there was a net gain of 2021 subordinate members during the six years incumbency of Worthy Master Hadley, from 1903 to 1909.

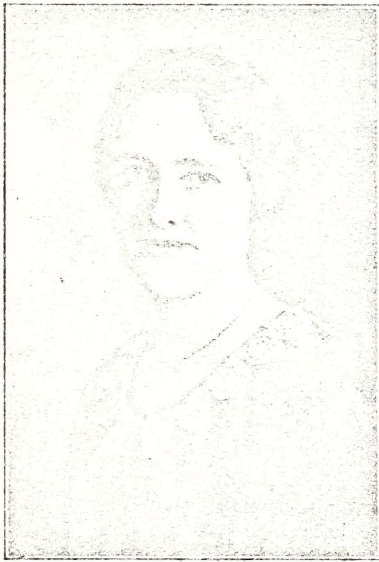
The annual meeting for 1910 was held in the Auditorium at Concord, when 29,086 members were reported and 239 candidates were initiated in the 6th degree. At Manchester, in 1911, 29,019 members were reported, and 373 received the 6th degree. The meeting for 1912 was held in Nashua, when the subordinate membership was reported at 29,445, and 510 were given the 6th degree, being the largest class ever initiated up to that time. At the 1913 meeting, in Concord, the subordinate members numbered 29,418, and 90 candidates received the 6th degree. Nearly 1400 had been given this degree in the previous month, at Manchester, where the National Grange session was held that year, making three sessions in all, of that body held in the State.

At the 1913 meeting Capital Grange No. 113, of Concord was credited with a membership of 508, being the largest in the State, which position, for many years previous held by Amoskeag of Manchester, it still holds.

During the four years of Worthy Master Pattee's incumbency the net gain in membership of the subordinate Granges, was 597, and it was generally felt that it would be difficult to make further increase, even

if possible to maintain the existing strength.

The annual meeting of 1914 was held in Lacona, at which 29,314 subordinate members were reported, and 188 candidates received the lessons of the 6th degree. In 1915 Keene was the meeting place. The subordinate membership was given as 29,181, and 252 6th degree candidates were initiated. In 1916 Manchester again had the annual meeting, at which time it appeared that the total membership was 28,126,



MRS. LILLIAN F. COOPER,
Flora

and 199 were given the 6th degree; but at a special meeting in August, previous, at Laconia 114 candidates had been initiated. The meeting for 1917 was held in Concord. The subordinate Grange membership was reported at 28,514, and 166 candidates received the 6th degree. At a special meeting, previously held in Newport, 159 had been initiated.

There was a net loss in membership during the four years of Worthy Master Adams' administration, of

904, accounted for largely by the general demoralization resulting from the World War, into which the United States had entered.

The annual meeting for 1918 was held in the city hall in Rochester. At this meeting 28,359 members of subordinate Granges were reported, and 211 candidates received the 6th degree. Laconia was again the meeting place of the Grange in 1919. There were 28,810 subordinate members reported and 275 6th degree candidates were initiated. At Peterborough, at a special meeting in September, 98 others had been initiated. At Claremont, last December, there were 30,035 subordinate members and the sixth degree candidates initiated numbered 158. At nine special meetings held during the year, in different sections of the State, there were 1,223 sixth degree members initiated.

During the first three years of Worthy Master Rogers' incumbency there was a net increase of 1,521 in the subordinate grange membership of the State, and, though the official figures of the last year are not at hand, it is certain that there has been a large increase in the last year, and the total membership now stands at a higher figure than ever before. The financial condition of the organization is also better than ever before, the amount of funds in the treasury, and invested, being reported at \$31,299.75, at the last annual meeting.

The New Hampshire State Grange has holden 47 annual meetings, besides various special meetings for conferring the sixth degree and other purposes. Of these meetings 27 have been held in Manchester, 9 in Concord, 2 in Dover, 2 in Laconia, and 1 each in Newport, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Nashua, Rochester, Keene and Claremont. Since empowered by the National Grange to confer the sixth degree of the order, it has in-

structed between eleven and twelve thousand candidates in the lessons of that degree.

The Grange, in this State, is the largest in point of membership, as well as the most influential in the direction of public affairs, of all the fraternal organizations. While instituted, primarily, to advance the material interests of the farming population, it has become a great educational force and a prime instrument in the promotion of beneficial legislation along various lines. While in the country at large it is to the active work of the Grange organization that the people are indebted for free rural mail delivery, the parcel post, postal saving banks and the popular election of United States Senators, in this State it has been the prime factor in securing equal school advantages for the children of the rural districts, with those in the cities and larger towns, also in the promotion of highway improvement, in advancing the cause of temperance and maintaining the laws against the desecration of the Sabbath.

Of the nine men who have held the office of Master of the N. H. State Grange, five—Messrs. Chase, Wason, Stinson, McDaniel and Stinson have passed on. Four—Messrs. Bachelder, Pattee, Adams and Rogers, the present incumbent—survive. Mr. Bachelder, the oldest of the survivors in point of years and time of service, has lived in retirement on his East Andover farm, after serving with distinction for more than a quarter of a century as Secretary of the State

Board of Agriculture, and two years from 1903 to 1905, as Governor of the State, aside from his service eight years as Secretary and twelve years as Master of the State Grange, and six years as Lecturer, and four years as Master of the National Grange.

Joseph D. Roberts of Rollinsford, who has been Treasurer since 1897, is the oldest officer of the Grange in point of service at the present time. Next in rank in this respect is George R. Drake of Manchester, who has been Secretary since 1903; while Horace F. Hoyt of Hanover has served as Chaplain for the last fourteen years.

The present officers of the Grange, whose successors are to be chosen at the annual meeting in Concord opening December 13, are: Master, Fred A. Rogers; Overseer, Herbert N. Sawyer; Lecturer, Luke H. Rickert; Steward, James C. Farmer; Assistant Steward, A. W. McDaniel; Chaplain, Horace F. Hoyt; Treasurer, Joseph D. Roberts; Secretary, George R. Drake; Gatekeeper, J. G. Beattie; Ceres, Mrs. Addie M. Rogers; Pomona, Mrs. Mary W. Heath; Flora, Mrs. Lillian Foss Cooper; Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. Caroline C. Edgerly.

The Executive Committee consists of the Master and Secretary, ex-officio, and Orville P. Smith, Charles W. Varney and Wesley Adams. Wilbur H. White of Deerfield is the General Deputy, assisted by three Pomona and twenty-five district deputies.

BY THE VEERY'S NEST

By Caroline Stetson Allen

CHAPTER I

Louisa.

"Are all your things packed, dear?"

"Every last thing. Bridget's cake about fills the top tray. She would put it in, banishing my shirts to the under tray, where there wasn't any room for them. I managed to roll—"

"You *rolled* them! Oh, my dear! And they were laundered so beautifully!" And Mrs. Gray hurried upstairs to her son's room.

Robert, left with Louisa on the piazza, looked at her, and laughed ruefully.

"This comes of encouraging Bridget in my youth," he said. "She refuses to see in me the grown man, and is in the depths of woe if my zest for her sweets appears to wane."

"I didn't see much signs of its waning at dessert yesterday," said Louisa. "Three helps of blueberry pie, was it? Bob, it's too bad for Aunt Helen to have all the bother of repacking. Perhaps I can help her."

"Don't fuss. She likes nothing better. Louisa, see here. Sit still! Honestly, she likes to do it. Are you going to write to a fellow once in a while?"

"Perhaps so," said Louisa, looking pleased. Louisa Acton was not Robert Gray's cousin, although from her childhood, living next door and playing constantly with "Bobby," she had always called his mother aunt. Both families lived in a small New England village, from which Robert had been absent only during four college years. He was now going to the far West for a year on a ranch of an uncle, and this would be his first long absence from home.

His two young neighbors, Louisa Acton and Alicia Dale, frankly admitted that they should miss him, as

well they might, since a summer day hardly passed without their jointly or separately sharing his companionship in a walk or climb, or row on the Saco River. Each girl was now secretly wondering how often Robert would write to the other. Not that there was jealousy between them; the triple intimacy had been too long continued and open for that.

Mrs. Gray was younger than her years, and particularly enjoyed the company of her only son's friends, so that her large house, with its spacious livingroom and wide piazza, had always been the young folks' common meeting-ground. "Tanglewild" was, indeed, like an ideal most comfortable camp. It stood surrounded by pines and spruce, through which the mountain air blew, deliciously fragrant. No plaster had been used in the walls, which showed, in varying browns or grays, the beautiful grain of native woods. A vast rock, centuries old, formed a natural wall to the cellar.

On stormy days the living-room was a welcome retreat, with its open fireplace, friendly ranks of well-worn books, and a piano on which the girls occasionally played, but which no one dreamed of touching if Robert were at hand to draw magic from the keys. Best of all were the wide windows, giving lovely glimpses of hill and valley, even though the pictures were sometimes pearly with rain.

The smaller Acton and Dale houses were about half a mile distant, to right and left, one in the direction of Intervale, the other toward Conway.

Louisa Acton was of medium height, with a trim, graceful figure and pretty curves. She was always correctly dressed for the occasion, small or great, and was fond of light colors. On this warm morning of

early September her gown was of pale lavender, belted with white.

"Let's have a bit of a stroll," said Robert, rising and approaching the girl. "Come down by the veery's nest. There's an hour,—yes"—looking at his watch—"seventy-eight minutes before I leave. Come."

Louisa hesitated a moment, looking up at him. It was never easy for anyone to refuse Robert Gray anything. Inclined to gayety when with his familiars, he was quiet and somewhat reticent when among strangers; but even they felt in him a certain magnetism, and now, as he smiled down at her, Louisa, his long-time friend, thought she had never seen eyes of such unfailing sunshine. She felt an unwonted sinking of heart as she realized how empty the place was going to seem without him. Why—there was hardly a day that they had not played around together since the year when, still in skirts, Bobby had stoutly protested that he was quite big enough to pull her on his sled. Yet now she answered, "No, Robert. This last hour belongs to your mother."

"Mother's busy."

"No, she'll be down in a few minutes, I'm sure. I must go home. I didn't mean to stay so long."

"Well, I'll walk along with you."

"You'd better not. Think of what this hour means to Aunt Helen."

"And does it mean nothing to you, then?" Robert asked in a vexed tone. He added before her embarrassment could let her reply, "I shall walk as far as the Big Pine anyway."

They started off together; and as Mrs. Gray saw them from Robert's window, a shadow crossed her face.

"Those pesky girls!" said Aunt Lizzie, looking up from her sewing. "You'd think Louisa hadn't seen Robert all summer, her coming up here today of all days!"

"Oh well," said Mrs. Gray tolerantly, "this is like their own home to

the girls. They've been welcome to run in and out here since they were babies, and it would seem strange if they didn't come in every day. Louisa's a very unselfish girl. Everybody says so."

"Yes," admitted Aunt Lizzie without enthusiasm.

"She's noted for making sacrifices. She gave up college, so that her brother could marry earlier."

"And a mighty poor match he made! That Sallie Acton's a slacker, if ever there was one. Did you see that hat of hers, decked out like a vegetable garden last Sunday? I had a mind to ask her what cabbages were bringing. She didn't need a new hat any more than I do."

"I've nothing to say as to Sallie Acton's hats," said Mrs. Gray. "I'm more interested in Robert's at this moment. So far as I can make out, he's only taking the one on his head. I'm sure he'll need his tweed cap." And she rummaged about in the closet until she found it on an upper shelf. Having placed it in the trunk, she stood regarding thoughtfully a penciled list in her hand, and then, with a final pat to the now neat upper tray, lowered the lid, and turned the key.

"I can't for the life of me say," she then went on, turning to her sister-in-law, "why I can't seem to warm up more to Louisa. She's exemplary. There isn't a fault one can pick in her."

"Hump!" said Aunt Lizzie. "I'm shy of these perfect folks. Give me somebody with half-a-dozen honest faults."

"There are plenty of such folks to be found," laughed Mrs. Gray. "Here comes one now," as Alicia Dale's running step was heard on the stairs.

Robert and Louisa, meanwhile, had paused on a cross-cut toward the road, to stand for a moment by the now deserted nest of the veery.

The nest was in the lowest crotch of a vigorous white birch, that stretched its gleaming white arms as if to cool them in the dark enveloping green of the pines. Here Louisa and Alicia had played dolls as little girls, and here Bobby used to halt his small wooden cart to unload "groceries" for the dolls' housekeeping. Later the veery saw the advantages of the retreat for her own housekeeping, and the three children had kept untiring guard of her nest.

Then as the boy and his girl-neighbors grew older, it was here they met for secret consultations or friendly talks.

"When you come home, you'll find the veery here in her nest before you," said Louisa.

"I shall miss you girls like sin," said Robert. And then, looking at Louisa, at her blue eyes and rose-petal cheeks, he wished he had put it differently. He would miss Alicia, of course.—who wouldn't? But, blame it, he hadn't known it would feel like this to say good-bye to Louisa. And now she had turned aside into the road, and he must follow, though he had rather they had stayed by the veery's nest.

"Go back now," said Louisa, when they had walked some part of the way in silence. "This time belongs to your mother."

"Good-bye, then," said Robert. There were things crowding to be said; but he could not say them. They shook hands, somewhat formally, and separated, Louisa walking briskly, and Robert slowly, turning more than once to look back at the head showing golden in the sunlight, and fluttering lavender skirts. His mind was full of Louisa, and regret at the long separation ahead. But hers had already left Robert, and had turned to half-solved domestic problems. "I shall be late about dinner," she thought. "Uncle Dick will stop over on his way to Kearsarge Village. 'I'll

use the peaches for the dessert, that is if Mother can eat them." Mrs. Acton was convalescing from a recent illness.

Before Robert's slow pace brought him to his own door he saw a tall, dark-haired girl entering one of the narrow wood paths that led to Tanglewild, and a bit of their accustomed sunshine came back into his eyes. "Alicia!" he called, quickening his steps, but the girl was too far ahead, and didn't hear.

CHAPTER II

Alicia.

Alicia Dale hurried into the Gray house, and finding none of the family downstairs, ran up to Mrs. Gray in Robert's room.

What was it about Alicia, his mother asked herself. A hairpin had slipped from the low coil of dark brown hair, and a curly tendril escaped upon her neck which was deeply tanned. Her white cotton waist was snowy to be sure, but there was a berry stain upon her dark blue skirt, and one of her shoes had become untied.

She threw a quick smile and nod to Aunt Lizzie, whose face immediately looked less grim, and then threw her arms about her friend.

"Oh Mrs. Gray, I've no business to come, at this last minute so! But I can't help it. I must see Bob to say good-bye. Oh, but I hate to have him go! Why do people go and make themselves so desirable? Now I do better. I take care to be disagreeable every now and then—say once every two hours—and so—"

"You foolish child! Let me be! There's Robert now."

"I'll go, I will really, Aunt Helen, soon as I've seen him."

"No, stay now you're here. I'd rather. It will make it easier when he has left. What an old fool I am, Alicia! But he's my only boy. And a year does seem an eternity."

"It does! It's simply horrid."

"It's good to hear you say that. Everybody has given me straight lies about it for the last week. (You needn't look so horrified, Lizzie) Well, Robert, not much time left," as her son entered the room.

Now Alicia knew that she really ought to go. But she didn't stir.

"We're all as impatient as can be!" she said, with a saucy look. "No more meekly asking if I may practice on your piano! I shall thump on it whenever I please."

"Is that so, Miss?" said Robert, coming to stand in front of her. "Not if you have any mercy for my mother!"

"Oh, *poor* Aunt Helen! Well, then, I shall ride Hurricane till he looks back on his life with you as an idle dream."

"I've lent Hurry to Jack Merriman till I get back. Ha! Ha!"

"Come downstairs with me, Alicia," said Aunt Lizzie, rising and folding her work.

"Must I?" asked Alicia's eyes turned on Mrs. Gray.

"Rob and I haven't any last secrets," said his mother. "It's almost time, anyway, for his going. We had *our* final say last night. Don't forget, if you have a cold, there's rhinitis in the little medicine case. *Do* be careful not to stay out in wet clothes. And write me the minute you get there.

Robert promised everything. Aunt Lizzie, with marked displeasure in the look she threw Alicia in passing, had gone to her own room. The girl lowered her dark lashes, and would not understand. But she turned to the window and stood silent, when, at the sound of carriage wheels, Robert held his mother close. It was still silently that Alicia turned as he came to her, and gave him her firm brown hand. Her eyes were sweet, and she threw him one of her sudden smiles, from which all the mischief had fled.

"Be good to yourself, old Bob! I'll stay awhile with your mother," she said.

"Good-bye, Alicia. May I give her a kiss, Mother?" asked Robert, smiling over his shoulder at Mrs. Gray.

"No, Robert," she said soberly. "Alicia's a big girl now."

"Not so very," said Alicia, pouting. "He's a whole head taller than I am."

But the kiss was not given, and they all went downstairs, and out to the carriage. Just as it was starting off, Mrs. Gray remembered a letter she wanted her son to post in the city, and hurried indoors to get it.

Robert and Alicia stood waiting. The driver, an ancient villager supposed to be stone deaf, was deep in a newspaper.

"Your mother said you mustn't," said Alicia in a low voice.

"Mustn't what?" asked Robert innocently.

Alicia looked reproof. Then Robert remembered. He glanced at the driver, whose head was nodding. He bent, and there was something startlingly sweet in the touch of that young brown cheek.***He was off. The carriage had hardly passed out of the driveway, when a quavering song came from the front seat.

"If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon—
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune." *

The face of the young man on the back seat crimsoned, but there was nobody to see, and the air ceased as suddenly as it began.

Alicia, true to her word, stayed for awhile with Mrs. Gray, talking of what they would do to make the year pass more quickly, and playing a few sprightly airs on the piano.

* Swinburne.

But she broke off abruptly in the middle of "All the blue bonnets are over the border," and ran away to the veery's nest. There in the crotch, close by the nest, was the little brown volume from which Robert had read yesterday to Louisa and her. She drew it out, and smoothed the crumpled leaves. The mark, a tiny silver trillium on narrow green ribbon, fell into her lap, and she replaced it, resolving to leave the rest of the story unread until Robert should return.

Alicia then thought she would go on to the Acton's, and see Louisa for awhile. But first she touched the nest gently. Oh, that it were Spring, and the veery had returned!

The book in her hand, she entered the Acton's door. "Where are you, Louisa," she called.

"Don't wake Mother up, Alicia!" said Louisa, frowning slightly, as she came down the front stairs. "Come in here." And she led the way into the back parlor, where she sat down with some mending, and Alicia threw herself on the sofa. "Did you see Robert to say good-bye?"

"Yes, I stayed up to the last second. Isn't it hateful to have him go!"

"Oh, Alicia, I do think you ought to have come away sooner." Alicia colored, and didn't speak.

"You really ought not to have stayed," went on Louisa. "His mother must have counted on that last hour or half-hour, with him, just by themselves. I'm surprised you stayed, Alicia."

Still Alicia had nothing to say.

"It's very hard for me to say this to you, Alicia, but it's for your own good. I've noticed for quite a long time that you're growing selfish."

After she had said this, Louisa shut her lips firmly, till her lips made a straight line. Her color was heightened, and she sewed faster.

Alicia sat up straight, the plump pink sofa pillow slipping to the floor.

Louisa went over and picked it up.

"Oh, Louisa," said Alicia in a troubled voice. "*Am I selfish?*"

"I'm afraid you are."

"Oh, dear!**** Do you think Robert's noticed it?" she asked after a pause.

"I don't see that it matters what Robert notices. The thing is for you to try to get over it."

"I know; but *do* you think so?"

"Alicia, you're too silly! How do I know? *I've* noticed it, but you don't suppose I've talked about it to anyone."

"Oh, of course not. But oh, Louisa, I wish I wasn't selfish! I see what you mean. Yes, I see. It *was* horrible of me to stay so! I do see. Aunt Helen must hate me," gloomily.

"I don't think Aunt Helen allows herself to hate *anyone*. But you undoubtedly were in the way. I wanted to stay, but I wouldn't let myself."

Alicia regarded her friend admiringly. "Oh, Louisa, if I could only be like you! But I'm so afraid it's in me, and that I never can get it out."

"You'd better *try*," said Louisa "though I admit it would have been better if you had tried when you were younger. I'm sorry I can't stay with you now, but I hear Mother waking up."

She rose as she spoke, folding her work neatly.

"I'll go," said Alicia. "It was nice of you to tell me. You must have hated to."

"I did," said Louisa, leaving the room. Alicia slowly left the house, and with bent brown head passed through the trim little garden and out of the gate. She was unusually quiet and thoughtful the rest of the day, and her dog, Tim, looked wonderingly at his young mistress as, for the first time, she made no response to his lively advances.

To be concluded.

A PROBLEM IN CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

By L. D. White, University of Chicago.

The successive failures in 1920 and 1921 of the work of the Constitutional Convention of New Hampshire raise the question of the wisdom of the present method of amendment used in that State. In this article it is proposed to review the evidence which bears on the matter, the general trend of which seems to show that the New Hampshire constitution is now almost, if not quite impossible to amend.

The present method of making changes was introduced in the constitution of 1784, and somewhat rewritten in the constitution of 1792. Every seven years the legislature proposes the question, "Shall there be a constitutional convention?" If a majority of the qualified electors voting thereon approve, the legislature proceeds to fix the date of meeting. No amendment proposed by the convention becomes part of the constitution unless approved by two-thirds of the qualified electors voting on the proposition. The legislature has no power to propose amendments and no express power to call conventions at other than

the seven year period, although it has exercised this prerogative; and there is no popular initiative in New Hampshire.

Under this constitutional provision, constitutional conventions have been held in 1851, 1876, 1889, 1903, 1912, and 1918-21. The experience of these six conventions seems to indicate that it is becoming increasingly difficult to make the existing machinery function. For many years the great difficulty lay in securing a favorable vote at the polls for calling a convention; then followed a period in which the legislature assumed the right to postpone, or failed to call a convention authorized by the electors; more recently the requirement of a two-thirds popular vote has become the hurdle which wrecks prospective amendments. It is to the latter situation that attention is here directed.

The following table gives data showing the result of the popular vote in the last six cases in which amendments have been submitted.

This table indicates the steady

TABLE I.
Result of popular vote on Amendments proposed by Convention.

Year	Accepted	%	Rejected	%	Tot. voted on
1877	11	84.6	2	15.4	13
1889	5	71.4	2	28.6	7
1903	4	40.	6	60.	10
1912	4	33.3	8	66.7	12
1920	0	0.	7	100.	7
1921	0	0.	4	100.	4

(The elections of 1851-52 are omitted from this and succeeding tables. No one of the fifteen amendments submitted in 1851 received even a majority vote; of the three amendments re-submitted, one was adopted.)

increasing difficulty of securing the same indication is given in Table requisite two-thirds majority. The II.

TABLE II.

Surplus Votes over the Required Two-thirds Majority.					
1921—					
1920—					
1912—	Proposition VII	1913			
	" VIII	506			
	" X	675			
	" XI	1798	Average—	1,223	
1903—	Proposition I	4064			
	" II	2825			
	" IV	102			
	" VIII	2138	Average—	2,282	
1889—	Proposition I	5015			
	" II	4479			
	" III	3447			
	" IV	4236			
	" VII	1437	Average—	3,723	
1877—	Proposition II	6659			
	" III	3960			
	" IV	3389			
	" V	5568			
	" VI	1136			
	" VII	5			
	" VIII	5176			
	" IX	7152			
	" X	5194			
	" XI	4589			
	" XIII	7542	Average—	4,579	

It is interesting to observe the regularity of the declining ratio, which fell decade by decade in the ratio of 4, 3, 2, 1, 0. It can hardly be deduced from these declining surpluses that the pendulum will never swing in the opposite direction; but it may nevertheless be held that in any differentiating po-

litical society there will be a progressive likelihood of finding a minority of one-third against any proposition for change.

The same phenomenon is seen when one examines particular propositions on which a popular vote has been repeatedly taken.

Have the conventions held in

TABLE III
Per Cent of Vote in Favor of Amendments

Year	Size of House	Sectional Amendment	Inc. Tax	Inheritance	Item	Pension
1877		62.1%				
1889		58.0				
1903	60.8%	51.3		66.9%		
1912	66.0	53.4	64.6%	65.5	65.7	58.3%
1920	63.3	45.4	60.4	65.2	63.6	58.1
1921	56.5		38.9	44.1		

New Hampshire been unrepresentative to such a degree as the proportion of popular rejections might

seem to indicate? As a matter of fact, the convention has reflected with unusual faithfulness the ma-

majority opinion of the state. The following summary indicates how nearly the conventions have understood the desires of their constituents.

TABLE IV.

Year	Amendments receiving majority of those voting on proposition	Amendments failing to receive majority of those voting on the proposition
1877	13	0
1889	6	1
1903	9	1
1912	12	0
1920	7	1
1921	2	2
	49	5

It thus appears that since 1877 in only five instances have a majority of the voters voting on constitutional amendments failed to approve the work of the convention. There has been and is a persistent desire to reduce the size of the House of Representatives, to reform the revenue system, to remove obsolete sectarian references from the constitution—desires which the conventions have again and again recognized only to find their work defeated at the polls by a small minority.

The total vote cast at four elections on the proposition to reduce the size of the House was, in favor 120,567; against, 75,413; on the proposition to strike out certain sectarian references, voted on five times, in favor 123,739, against 108,-

319; on an income tax, three elections, in favor, 91,118; against, 76,819; on an inheritance tax, four elections, in favor, 108,118; against, 73,700.

Examination of the vote by counties throws some light on those parts of the state where the proportion of votes for and against amendments is greater or less as the case may be. The proportion of the affirmative to the negative vote has been found for each county on each proposition from 1889 to 1912 inclusive, as well as for the state as a whole. Twenty-nine propositions were before the electors during this period. The following table shows the relative standing of the ten counties as compared with the ratio for the state as a whole.

TABLE V.

Showing Ratios by Counties on Constitutional Amendments, 1889-1912 inclusive, as greater or less than the ratio for the State.

County	Greater	Less	County	Greater	Less
Belknap	22	7	Hillsborough	17	12
Carroll	10	19	Merrimack	20	9
Cheshire	24	5	Rockingham	5	24
Coos	17	12	Strafford	13	16
Grafton	26	3	Sullivan	18	11

From this table it appears that strong support for constitutional amendment can be found in Grafton, Cheshire, Belknap and Merrimack Counties while on the other

hand, Rockingham and Carroll Counties will normally reduce the majorities secured elsewhere.

The amendments which have been successful in the last three con-

ventions have by no means been the most important. There follows a statement of these amendments,

with the surplus vote over the required two-thirds majority.

TABLE VI.

1921—			None approved	
1920—			None approved	
1912—	Prop.	VII	Disqualification for violation of election laws	1,913
	"	VIII	Plurality elections	506
	"	X	Jurisdiction of police courts	675
	"	XI	Changing basis of representation from ratable polls to population	1,798
1903—	Prop.	I	Literacy test for voting	4,064
	"	II	Exam. for military appointees	2,825
	"	III	Inheritance Tax	102
	"	VII	Anti-Trust	2,138

Of these only propositions one, three, and seven in 1903 raised any fundamental question; and the narrow margin of success in the case of the inheritance tax should be ob-

served.

On the other hand, during this same period the following propositions have been defeated.

TABLE VII.

Year			Proposition Voted on	No. of votes less than 2-3
1921—	Prop.	I	Income tax	15,353
	"	II	Inheritance tax	11,864
	"	III	Reduction of House Representatives	5,422
	"	IV	Eliminating word "male"	6,000
1920—	Prop.	I	Income tax	4,766
	"	II	Inheritance tax	1,010
	"	III	Item Veto	2,252
	"	IV	Reduction of House Representatives	2,548
	"	V	Re-conscientious Objectors	9,029
	"	VI	Anti-Sectarian	16,491
	"	VII	Pensions	6,511
1912—	Prop.	I	Reduction of House Representatives	168
	"	II	Size of Senate	2,806
	"	III	Tax on Intangibles	721
	"	IV	Inheritance Tax	989
	"	V	Corporation Tax	367
	"	VI	Anti-Sectarian	4,025
	"	IX	Pensions	2,057
	"	XII	Item Veto	236
1903—	Prop.	III	Appointment of Commissary General	738
	"	V	Jurisdiction of Police Courts	947
	"	VI	Anti-Sectarian	4,948
	"	VII	Woman Suffrage	10,162
	"	IX	Reduction in size of House	1,948

By no means all of these propositions are of first class importance; but some of them relate to almost indispensable changes in the constitution. This is particularly true of the proposals for an income

tax, for a modernized inheritance tax, for the reduction in the size of the House of Representatives, and for a system of pensions. All of these propositions have been approved two or more times by a ma-

majority of those voting on the amendments.

The above analysis raises very clearly the question whether the first concern of those who have the welfare of New Hampshire at heart is not to agitate for an easier method of constitutional amendment. A financial crisis has failed to move the existing machinery; and the interests of the state are now suffering on account of the unchangeable provisions of an eighteenth century constitution.

Only one attempt to alter the existing provisions for constitutional amendment has ever been made. In 1851 a convention proposed to permit the State legislature once in six years, to propose amendments to the electors, to be approved by them, however, only if two-thirds of those voting on the proposition acquiesced. This was defeated by a vote of 13,223 ayes to 26,165 noes. The Convention of 1903 defeated plans for legislative submission of amendments by a vote of 41 to 276; the Convention of 1912 killed a similar plan by a vote of 65 to 189; the Convention of 1918-21 paid little attention to five different proposals along this line, only one of which went so far

as to affect the two-thirds rule.

New Hampshire is the only State in the Union in which the power to propose amendments is not vested expressly or by implication in the legislature. The awkwardness of calling a convention whenever any issue pushes itself into the foreground has often been pointed out. The undesirable features of this situation were apparent in the New Hampshire Convention of 1918-21. The Convention was called to deal with one issue, taxation, to which was added the perennial problem of New Hampshire politics, the size of the lower House. The election of delegates revealed the lack of popular interest in the whole affair. The four hundred odd delegates were elected from 295 constituencies. Of these two elected no delegates, sixty-eight were uncontested, and sixty-six more were virtually uncontested. These sixty-six constituencies either polled a vote of less than fifteen, or the second candidate received less than one-fifth of the vote secured by the successful candidate. The following table classifies the constituencies according to the total vote cast in each.

TABLE VIII.

Total Vote Cast	Number of Constituencies
0	2
1 - 25	58
26 - 50	83
51 - 100	52
101 - 200	41
201 and greater	59

The President of the Convention was elected by a vote of 205. The largest vote cast for any successful candidate was 619; the smallest was 3. Three members were returned by a vote of three; in one case there was no contest, in the other two cases the opponent polled two votes. Another member was re-

turned with four votes, another with five. The average constituency from the eleven cities of the State was 1,186; from the twenty-five smallest towns, 183.

When no dramatic issues arise in quick succession, the periodic convention meeting every seven years will sometimes be borne into a dead

calm; the breeze stirred up by a single issue will not disturb the quiet surface of public opinion. Such isolated issues should be handled by the device adopted by every other American State; initiation of an amendment when necessary by the legislature, approval or rejection by the electors. With this method of action at its disposal, New Hampshire could dispense with a convention meeting every seven years, and rely upon the legislature to call a convention when necessary, as the citizens of the neighboring State of Massa-

chusetts are accustomed to depend on the General Court of that State. When the Convention passes out of the realm of the automatic, it may be supposed that greater interest will be attracted to it on the occasion when a convention really becomes necessary; but in order to avoid the astounding condition revealed in the foregoing table, in which it appeared that fifty-eight members were commissioned by less than twenty-five voters each, the basis of representation in the Convention should be changed from the town to some larger unit.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

By George Henry Hubbard

What shall be my Christmas wish for thee?

A merry life, that sparkles brook-like as it goeth?
Ah, no! I wish thee peace, that like a river floweth.
Divinely deep. Abundance? Riches? Gifts unsparing?

Say rather, little with content, thus equal sharing
God's bounty with thy brothers. Light and easy burden?

Nay; strength to carry more, that so thy daily
guerdon

May greater be. Unfailing health? Surcease of sorrow?

Not these, dear friend, but grace with each new-
coming morrow

To bear thy pains and change to pearls thy tear-
drops streaming.

So be this hallowed Christmastide a true fore-
gleaming

Of fadeless New Year joy and bliss for thee!

BACK HOME

By Catherine A. Dole

Let's go back East, to Tansyville—
You and me and him—
Before that youngster gets too big
To crawl out on a limb.
These swings and rings and ladder things
Are tame, it seems to me,
To what a fellow feels who climbs
High, high up, in a tree!
I'll stump the boy to climb my tree
Out by the pasture bars.
He'll do it too! He's got the pluck.
His eyes will shine like stars!
Let's hustle up and get back there
Before the sugarin's done!
There's sap in those old maples yet;
I want to hear it run.
Then let's hunt up our Mayflower patch
Down by the Boston Lot.
'Member what happened there, one day?
I'll bet you've not forgot!
I led you right off through the woods,
So warm and sweet and wet,
And when you saw that bank of flowers——!
I hear your "Oh John!" yet.
Your hands went fluttering out toward them—
I stood and watched your face—
"O John!" you said, "O John! O John!"
Like that——Come kiss me, Grace!
Yes let's go back to Tansyville.
I want to go to church.
It's eight years, now, since we went off
And left 'em in the lurch.
I don't see how they've got along
Without us, all this while.
Say, won't they stare when you and I
And Son sail down the aisle?
Out here, no matter where you look,
There's man's work, everywhere;
But there are rocks and mountain tops
That man can't touch, back there.
Here, we have ships on every lake,
Mills on each waterfall—
I want a little lonely pond—
Just beautiful, that's all.
When we look up at Percy Peaks—
Don't you remember, Grace?
And how it makes you feel to see
That grand, calm Old Stone Face?
I want to breathe the air again
Fresh from the face of God!——
Grace girl, pack up!——
And don't forget my rubber boots and rod!

SHADOW OF THE WOLF

By Agnes Ryan

Yes, I know we ought to work
And scrimp and save.
We'll never get anywhere
If we don't.
That's what my father
Used to tell my mother.
He taught her not to want a ribbon
Every time he went to town,
And not to want to go herself.
He taught her, as I reckon
You'll teach me.
He said you had to save the pennies
And work all the time—like Hell—
If you expected to get anywhere.
He wanted a living and a home,
And then he wanted money
In the bank for burial.
He saved and worried until the end,
And when he died there was still
A little mortgage—
Enough to vex and worry and make his work
Seem like a failure.
Then mother got to thinking
That all she wanted out of life
Was a hundred dollars—
To buy a casket
And provide her decent burial.
Wasn't it like that
With your father and your mother?
It's so with every one I know.

Well, I don't think I want
To live like that.
I often think I'd like the Poor-House;
And I have known of Death so long
I think that I'd not fear him
But might instead, forgetting
How awful people think him,—
I might clap my hands and smile
As at a friend, if I should see him coming.

Anyway, I don't want to bother
About my burial, about saving, saving—
I want to live,
To live and love
And have a good time in the sun.—
If we've got to be poor,
Let's go far into the country,
Away from the shadow of cold buildings—

We can walk if it costs too much—
For there the sun and air are free,
And if it's cold, well, it will be clean cold,
• And anyway, the summer there is just as long
As in the city.—

To live—let us live and love
And when I die I'll want
No trappings of a burial.
Don't ever bury me.
When my time comes
Just let the clean waves wash over me,
Carry me where they may,
Dissolve me, resolve me
Back to the common clay;
Or let me seek a lone high hill,
Afar, afar,
And lay me down beneath the sky,
With or without a star,
Where all of Heaven's winds may blow
And with me have their will,
And sun and rain beat down
To cleanse and dry and whiten all my bones.
If we've been happy, you and I,
What will it matter where we lie?

THE HOMELAND

By Marjorie Packard

The Rhine is cool and green and wide;
The Aar milk-white with foam;
But gently run by willowed banks
The little streams of home.

Domes and turrets, storied spires,
Tower o'er mighty Rome:
Old elm trees arch the drowsy streets
In the little town of home.

Sunset on the Alpine heights
Crimsons each silvered dome;
How soft and near at eventide
The little hills of home.

Oh brave and gay are the sights you see
As abroad in the world you roam;
But it's sweet to see the green hills
And the quiet streets of home.



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AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

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TRADE'S TEMPLE

By Jean M. Batchelor

The sun of summer, falling
 Upon the city square,
 Is caught as in a cauldron
 Of blazing walls; the air
 With pulsing heat is shaken
 And all the street with flame
 Seems paved as was the furnace
 From which unhurt there came
 Through the court of Babylon
 Walking slow
 Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.
 Yet Babylon the golden
 Is dust and driven sand,
 And we where newer walls are built
 Walk in another land
 From that where Daniel's comrades
 Refused to bow them down
 Before the alien altars
 Of an unholy town,
 Or kneel to dark divinities
 Of silver and of stone.
 For we, in adoration
 Daily before a throne
 Unseen, with ceremonial
 Of purchase and of price,
 Offer ourselves to ancient gods
 As living sacrifice.

 THE OLD MAN OF
 THE MOUNTAIN
By Eleanor Baldwin

God modeled him with mallets of the rain;
 God welded him with shining of the sun;
 And, with the first heroic lines begun,
 He held a heavier hammer, and amain
 He wrought there with the driving hurricane,
 Wielding strong blows until the task was done.
 God saw that he was good and softly spun
 Rich robes of greenness where the rocks had
 lain.
 Grey-hewn and lone he dwells upon the height,
 Peaceful with silence, and as one who waits,
 His still gaze ever southward to the site
 Where that great goddess of our Eastern gates
 Raises one lustrous arm to shed the light
 Of benediction on a nation's fates.

DAY—DAWN—DUSK

By Louise K. Pugh

Dawn and a freshening breeze
 And a bird's first drowsy note—
 Dawn and the breeze and the bird are here,
 You are not. There's an ache in my throat.

Day and a glowing sun
 And the noise of a passing cart—
 Day and the sun and the cart are here,
 You are not. There's an ache in my heart:

Dusk and a flickering fire
 And the kettle singing for tea—
 Dusk and the kettle and fire are here,
 You are not. But there's memory.

THE GRACIOUS LOVER

By Louise Patterson-Guyol

Small wonder that roses love wind!
 Clean-winged, beautiful, free,
 He passes them white as romance,
 Swift as the sea.

But wonder at this: that the wind
 Can pause in his infinite flight
 To ruffle the locks of a rose,
 To kiss her good-night!

SONNET

By Louise Patterson-Guyol

I used to love pale colors, gentle tints,
 Delicate shades of blue and lavender,
 Faint-blushing flowers that held but whispers, hints
 Of pink as timid as the blossoms were,
 I used to love the tender look of pearls;
 The opal charmed me with its smoky light.
 I loved the spring-tide months, like fair-haired girls;
 The pastel dusk; things that were not too bright.

Now—I love you! and lit by sudden flame,
 A vivid world starts up against the sky.
 With you a surge of mighty color came:
 Of you the scarlet lips of autumn cry,
 Bold golden tulips, rubies keen of hue,
 All glowing radiant beauty shouts of you!

EDITORIAL

With the publication of the poems printed in this issue of the Granite Monthly the contest for the prize generously offered by Mr. Brookes More closes, and the judges, Professor Katharine Lee Bates, Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite and former Governor John H. Bartlett, will act in the making of the \$50 award. The nation-wide display of interest in the contest, as shown by the printing of poems from almost every state in the Union, as well as from foreign countries, must be highly gratifying to Mr. More, as it certainly has been to the editor and publisher of this magazine.

One of its results has been the inclusion of the Granite Monthly for the first time in the list of magazines recognized by Mr. Braithwaite in the choice of the best American verse for his annual anthology. As recently reported in the Boston Transcript he has named six poems printed in the Granite Monthly during 1921 as worthy of mention in a survey of the whole field of American periodical literature for that period. This is a surprisingly good showing for a little state monthly of limited size and field and could not have been achieved without the stimulus of the More prize.

An interesting feature of the contest has been the number of letters the editor has received from readers of the magazine, expressing their preference for this or that poem included in the contents and the hope that it may win the prize. We would like to hear from others on this line and to bring this about we offer a copy of a bound volume of a past year of the magazine to every reader who nominates in a letter to the editor, the poem which finally wins the award from the board of judges. No red tape; just

drop a line to the Granite Monthly, Concord, N. H., saying which of the poems it printed in 1921 you liked the best. If your preference coincides with that of the judges the book will be sent you at once.

A friend whose name we hope to print later gives us a prize of \$25 for another modest contest which ought to prove interesting and which will have but three rules to govern it. It will be awarded for the best piece of original prose composition contributed to the Granite Monthly during the year 1922 by a student in a New Hampshire preparatory school which means any institution of learning in the state except Dartmouth and New Hampshire colleges and the Plymouth and Keene normal schools. The article may be fact or fiction; a story or an essay; a descriptive article, a discussion of some timely topic or a piece of historical research. It will stand a better chance of publication if it deals with New Hampshire, but this is not an absolute requirement. Contributions to the contest will not be paid for except in the award of the prize.

We have in mind a new semi-editorial department, New Hampshire Day by Day, for the Granite Monthly of 1922, which we hope to make of interest and value; and have in hand several manuscripts from old and new contributors which we like and think our readers will. The publisher finds probable a minute balance on the right side of the ledger December 31. So we will strive to keep afloat for one more year at least the little New Hampshire craft which began its venturesome voyage through the stormy seas of magazine publication in 1878.



BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

"One reason why I like everything Mrs. Keyes writes is because it is all so human," said recently one who has been reading the printed word in all its forms from law books to love stories for 70 years. And certainly the adjective used is a good one to apply to the characters in her latest book, "The Career of David Noble" (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York). The man from whom the story takes its title—he can hardly be called its hero—is very human in the unconscious selfishness with which he subordinates everything and everybody to his career. The heroine—unanimously so voted—is just as human in her straightforward desire for love and life and happiness. And Pa and Ma and Susie Noble are our friends and neighbors—real gold in rough granite settings—in every New Hampshire town.

The story is of absorbing interest and though it is a pretty constant tug on one's heartstrings the happy ending comes in 300 pages and is sufficiently emotional to stir the most blase. Readers of Mrs. Keyes's previous book, "The Old Grey Homestead," and of her Granite Monthly serial, "The Sequel," will welcome the re-appearance of some of the characters of those stories in "The Career of David Noble." Bobby Hutchinson we are especially glad to meet once more and to be given a promise of the happiness for him that "The Sequel" denied.

Readers of this magazine will be foremost, also, in appreciation of the dedication of the new book "to Henry Wilder Keyes, whose career, from selectman of Haverhill, New Hampshire, to United States Senator from New Hampshire, has been a source of deep pride and great joy to those who know him, but most of all to his wife."

Nine one act plays by Miss Alice Brown, a daughter of New Hampshire whose achievements in almost all branches of literature are a source of pride to her native state, have been collected in a volume published by the Macmillan Company, New York. "Joint Owners in Spain," produced at the Chicago Little Theatre in 1913, is most frequently seen upon the stage because the blend of its humor and pathos is more obvious, easier to "put over," than in the case of most of its companions in this collection. It is, in fact, one of the author's unsurpassed New England sketches, truthful and appealing, placed in stage form and suffering little or no loss of charm by the change.

Striking an entirely different note, "The Hero," produced by the Stuart Walker Company in Indianapolis in May, 1918, was as real a bit of drama as the war produced. "The Sugar House," produced by the Washington Square Players in New York in 1916, takes us back in the New England hills again and shows that the gamut of character can be run as easily in a rural neighborhood as in the greatest city.

The city furnishes the locale for some of the other plays, "The Crimson Lake," for instance, being the title of a Bohemian restaurant in New York as well as of the piece whose action takes place within its walls. The settings, however, are immaterial save that rural dialogue as Miss Brown writes it rings more true than we are accustomed to hear it or read it. The substance of the plays is deep in the hearts of all men and women everywhere.

The American stage has taken too little note of the one act play. It is good to have these of Miss Brown's collected and preserved as a proof of

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good work already done and an encouragement for others to follow this path of worthy artistic endeavor.

There is no man writing today who can tell a better football story than can Ralph D. Paine of Durham, New Hampshire, one reason being that no one could have a better preparation than his for such authorship. Winner of the "Y" at New Haven some 30 years ago, he "did sport" afterwards for metropolitan newspapers, and while he quit that game a long time ago for book and magazine writing, the chalk-marked gridiron has retained a warm place in his heart and some of his best short stories and novels have had heroes wearing moleskins and head-guards. No one of them makes a stronger appeal to the general reader or to the football expert than does "Bowman McMurray," the leading character in "First Down, Kentucky," (Houghton Mifflin Company.) In 1920 a band of football warriors journeyed from little old Center College in the blue grass country to Cambridge and gave Harvard a splendid battle in the stadium. There was a picturesque and plucky streak in these "praying colonels" which appealed to Mr. Paine so much that he went down to Danville and obtained material for the novel here mentioned. How much of it is fact and how much fiction is of no consequence in appraising its merits as a story. But the fact that "Bo" and "Red" and the rest came north again this fall and beat Harvard made "First Down, Kentucky" as timely a book as could be published this autumn. Unlike some other books which have this quality, however, Mr. Paine's story will not disappoint as a stirring tale of out-door sport any one who buys it because of its catchy title. The three

musketeers of foot ball, "Bo" and "Red" and Len Garretson, are the kind of boys one likes to read about and would like to know, and the young Americans who pattern after them in working hard, obeying the coach and playing the game for all that is in them will have worthy models for their ambitions on and off the football field.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York, has begun the publication of a uniform collected edition of the works of the late Bert Leston Taylor, "B. L. T.," of the Chicago Tribune, whose "Line-o'-Type or Two" was one of the first and for 20 years one of the best "columns" in the American press. The first volume is of verse, under the title, "A Penny Whistle," and includes, also, "The Babette Ballads." Next spring will bring "The So-Called Human Race." Mr. Taylor did some of his first journalistic work on newspapers in Manchester, N. H., a fact which is recalled in one of the poems, "To Bishop Summer," included in the present collection, and his bright and witty memory remains fresh in the minds of many of us who knew him then. Mr. Knopf's book has an excellent frontispiece portrait of Mr. Taylor and an introduction by Franklin F. Adams which is a fine and sure appreciation of B. L. T.'s especial merits as a rhymers of the time.

Lieutenant Commander Burt Franklin Jenness, U. S. N., retired, native of Pittsfield, N. H., whose "Man-o-War Rhymes" were reviewed in this magazine a year ago, now issues through the Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, another little volume of verses of waves and wind which he calls "Sea Lanes" and which will be

welcomed by those who realize that
here a real sailor is singing from the
bottom of his heart:

Just give me a ship with a happy crew,
And deep blue water beneath her keel;
Her bilges tight, and her compass true;

A trusty mate to mind the wheel—
And winds may blow till the lee rail dips;
A God made world is the world for me;
Untrammelled, and peopled by men of
the ships—
So I'm going back to the open sea.

MEMORIES

By Wallace Everard Stearns

The evening came down softly, rose and gray
Glimmered the ruffled waters, and the peace,
Wind-whispered among pines, seemed infinite;
The west glowed faintly and the night's release
Brought cool hushed twilight in the wake of day;
Peace filled the fading hollows of the sky
With starry darkness, and the memory
Of dear dead friendships sobbed among the pines,
Pines murmurous with music of the wind.
Thus, when the waters ruffle, rose and gray,
And night stoops down to bind the brows of day,
With beauty that is half a mystery,
Thus, in the hours of twilight, oft I find
Phantoms that whisper in the passing wind—
Ghosts from the twilight land of Memory.

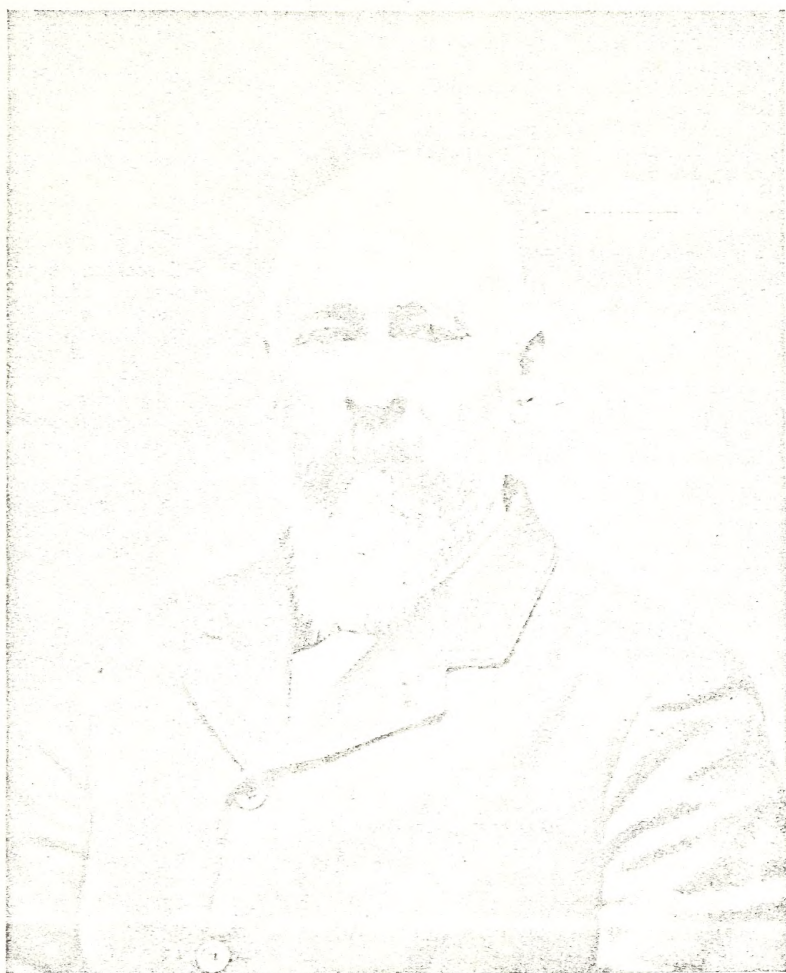
IN THE ROMAN FORUM ON A DUSTY DAY

By Z. J. McCormick

These unbound broken plates of history
Spared yet from infidelities and rust
Are whispering old names. . . But when a gust
Of hot white wind, whipped sharply from the sea,
Bears down a drift of living Rome on me
And on some valiant shaft and headless bust,
I know that neither blind nor blinding dust
Can leave one word for immortality.

I cannot laugh at death this afternoon.
Its daily winnowing upon my head
And these worn stubborn stones are but the sum
Of greatness here too long or gone too soon.
The Caesars and Theodoric are dead . . .
And Nero's golden blocks are stricken dumb!

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



Milo S. Morrill

Milo Sanborn Morrill was born January 20, 1846, in Canterbury, youngest of ten children of Captain David and Sally (Peverly) Morrill, and died September 6, in the same house where his father and grandfather had passed away. He spent his entire life upon his ancestral acres at the same time engaging extensively in the lumber business. He was a member of the Free Will Baptist church and a staunch Republican in

politics, though receiving every vote cast when elected in 1900 to the state legislature of 1901. Mr. Morrill never married and is survived by his brother, George P. Morrill, well-known Civil War veteran of Canterbury and West Concord, whose four sons were the bearers at their uncle's funeral. One of them, Charles Emery Morrill, and his wife, had made their home since 1893 with the subject of this sketch. Milo S.

Morrill was a good citizen, liberal and public spirited. In his will he bequeathed \$1,200 to the town of Canterbury for a receiving tomb, any balance to be applied toward the erection of a library building or for the purchase of library books; \$1,000 to the trustees of the Congregational church at Canterbury Center; and \$500 to the State Y. M. C. A.; the two last items in trust, the income only to be used for the purposes of the two organizations.

WOODBURY LANGDON.

Woodbury Langdon, New Hampshire's wealthiest resident, died at his home, the historic John Langdon mansion, in Portsmouth, October 24. He was born in that city, October 22, 1836, the son of Woodbury and Frances (Cutler) Langdon, and in the sixth generation from Judge Woodbury Langdon, brother of Governor John Langdon. Early in life he engaged in the dry goods commission business in New York and was very successful. He was a director in various banks, insurance companies and railroads and had been vice-president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. He was appointed in 1890 a member of the New York rapid transit commission which created the great subway system in that city and was also a member of the famous Committee of Seventy which secured the non-partisan election of William L. Strong as mayor. He had been vice-president of the Union League Club since 1889. Since retiring from active business in 1911, Mr. Langdon had made his home in Portsmouth, with a beautiful summer place at Fox Point, Newington, and had taken a deep interest in the affairs of the locality, especially the Portsmouth hospital and Children's Home. Mr. Langdon married Edith Eustis Pugh and after her death, Elizabeth Langdon Elwyn, by whom he is survived.

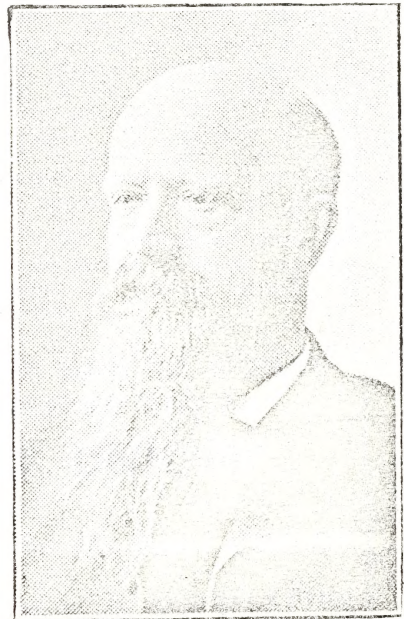
DANIEL R. COLE.

Daniel Reed Cole was born in Gilsum, August 20, 1835, the son of Asa and Sarah (Pitt) Cole, and died in Keene, Sept. 20. He had resided in Keene since 1858 and had held many positions of trust, including service on the board of assessors and supervisors, in the city council and legislature and for 20 years as county commissioner. He was president of the Cheshire County Savings Bank and vice-president of the Citizens' Na-

tional Bank of Keene and had been for many years the head of the firm of D. R. & F. A. Cole, grain dealers. He was a leader in the Republican party councils and affiliated with the Unitarian church. He is survived by a son, daughter and grandson, all of Keene.

ALFRED H. BROWN.

Alfred Herman Brown was born in New Ipswich July 14, 1838, the son of Herman and Sophronia (Prescott) Brown, and died October 4 in Canterbury, where he had resided as proprietor of a general store since 1861. He was appointed postmaster, March 28, 1862, and held the office, with the exception



THE LATE ALFRED H. BROWN

of a few years, until his death. He was a Republican in politics and a member of the Legislature in 1876-7. He also was town clerk for many years and prominent in such local activities as the Lyceum Village Improvement Society, town fair and library. He is survived by one son, Fred H. Brown of Concord, three daughters, Miss Josephine M. Brown of Canterbury, Mrs. Mary P. Cody of Newton Highlands, Mass., and Mrs. Alice M. Perkins of Loudon, and by seven grandchildren.

JOHN T. BUSIEL.

John Tilton Busiel, second son of John W. and Julia M. (Tilton) Busiel, was born October 12, 1847, in that part of the town of Gifford now included in the city of Laconia, where he died October 7. The late Governor Charles A. Busiel and Frank E. Busiel were his brothers. He graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1864 and from Harvard College in 1868, being a member of the Institute of 1770, Hasty Pudding Club, Alpha Delta Phi, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Med. Fac., etc. He was third marshal of his class, editor of the Harvard Advocate and a member of Phi Beta Kappa with a Commencement Day thesis. After his graduation he became a hosiery manufacturer in Laconia and so continued until his death, taking a leading part in the affairs of the town and city as selectman, member of the legislature and constitutional convention, trustee of the city library, hospital and Congregational church, etc. He was for many years president of the People's National Bank and the Laconia Savings Bank. A daughter, Miss Helen J. Busiel survives him.

LEONARD WELLINGTON.

Leonard Wellington, born in Walpole, September 12, 1841, the son of William and Achsah (Kidder) Wellington,

died October 15 in Keene, where he had studied and practiced law since 1866. He attended Mt. Caesar Seminary at Swanzev, the academy at Bernardston, Mass., Kimball Union Academy and the Albany, N. Y., law school. He had served as solicitor of Cheshire county and as member of the Keene board of health and was a member of the Congregational church and Masonic fraternity. He is survived by his wife, who was Harriet Lyon Chandler, and by two sons and four grandchildren.

CHARLES E. QUIMBY, M. D.

Dr. Charles Elihu Quimby was born in New Ipswich, June 21, 1853, the son of Prof. Elihu Thayer Quimby, who was the head of the department of mathematics at Dartmouth College from 1864 to 1878. The younger Quimby graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1874, received his medical degree from the University of the City of New York in 1878 and after one year in Somersworth began the practice of his profession in New York City and so continued until his death on November 7. He was connected with the medical faculty of the University of the City of New York continuously from 1889 and was the author of many important contributions to medical journals and encyclopedias.

WHY SHOULD A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAN OR WOMAN
READ THE GREAT NEW HAMPSHIRE DAILY—
THE MANCHESTER UNION?

BECAUSE:

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THE FLAG AT HALF-MAST

Armistice Day, 1921.

By Samuel C. Worthen

Flag of our Fathers, sadly wave
In this sweet autumn breeze!
In memory of our sacred dead
Who sleep beyond the seas.

In rhythm with each fluttering fold
Hearts throb with grief and pain,
Still longing for the loved and lost
Who'll ne'er return again.

Hearts, mourn!—but may the day ne'er come,
While these rock-bound hills shall stand,
When sons of ours shall not dare to die
For love of their Native Land!



Christmas Thoughts

*A gift that grows in value, and appropriate
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A savings account encourages thrift.

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